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# LONDON

IN

# THE OLDEN TIME;

OR,

## TALES

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INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE

MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF ITS INHABITANTS,

FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By
the H. Lawrence.

the eye explores
New manners and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores:
Nor rough—nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity—but strew'd with flowers!—*Warton.*

LONDON:

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN;

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1825.

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# PREFACE.

To exhibit a faithful picture of ancient London, from the period when she first raised her head as a great mercantile city, and to delineate the superstitions, manners, and customs of her former inhabitants, has been the object of the following sketches. In the prosecution of this design, great and, it is hoped, successful pains have been taken to preserve the general costume of the successive periods, the prevailing habits of thought, and peculiar superstitions. As few anachronisms as possible have been admitted; but, as it is well known, great discrepancies exist in the works of our earlier historians on important points of history, it may surely be permitted to an author, amidst various and conflicting details, to select that view which shall be best adapted to his purpose. To those who recollect that admirable view of the state of society in Europe, in Mr. Hallam's most interesting and elaborate work on the middle ages, the follow-

ing pictures of the wealth, luxury, and civilization of the ancient inhabitants of London, may probably appear too highly coloured; but, the author would remark, that the view is confined to *London exclusively;* and, that it must be remembered, that from the absence of those facilities for internal communication, which the present day so eminently possesses, maritime towns, during the middle ages, enjoyed almost exclusively the advantages of foreign commerce.

The merchant of Spain and Italy,—of "ye Staël yard, Bruges, and Alysaundre," brought the furs of the north, the wines and spices of the south, and the delicate and superior manufactures of the east to London; while, in districts remote from the metropolis, the very names and uses of such luxuries were unknown. The "uplandyshe manne" gazed with admiring wonder at the rich attire of the citizen, while the baron, whose estate was commensurate with a county, shrank from wealthy competition with the London merchant, whose ships had maintained the honor of England on the waves, and whose board had been graced by the presence of three sovereigns.

The supernatural agency introduced in the following tales, although differing from the commonly received superstitions, is in strict accordance with the belief of those times. The "faerie" of the middle ages was an enchantress, endowed

with supernatural power, unearthly beauty, and eternal youth—not the tiny span-long being of a later superstition. The ghost (perhaps improperly thus named) of the same period, was the vampire, the identical body resuscitated by infernal agency—not its shadowy resemblance; while the necromancer was the sage endued with lofty powers, and extended knowledge—not the drudge and bond-slave of the powers of darkness. The minuter peculiarities of dress and manners are derived principally from the ancient metrical romances, so that, if they have not the charm of beauty, they have at least the claim of correctness.

Two of the tales in the following series appeared some time since in a periodical work, but they have been both altered and enlarged: should this unpretending little volume meet the approbation of the public, a second series, illustrating other localities of London, and exhibiting other characters, will appear.

From the period of early childhood, when the wild ballads of Mr. Southey were spelt out with intense delight, and when his vivid pictures of past ages threw a charm around an infant mind, and gave a tone of thought and feeling, which has peopled many a waking dream, and dissipated many a nightly one, every subject relating to

the "olden time" has exercised a spell-like influence over the mind of the writer; and, in passing through the noisy and crowded streets of London, the old church spire, the mouldering archway, the quaintly carved projecting house-front, have often awakened that train of long cherished associations; and, to reduce to some definite form these shadowy illusions, to "seize ere they fade" these vanishing day-dreams, has been the object of the following sketches.

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New Troy I hight, whome Lud, my Lord surnam'd,
London, the glory of the western side:
Throughout the world is lovely London fam'd,
So far as any sea comes in with tide.

GEORGE PEELE, 1585.

# THE OLDEN TIME!

The olden time! aye, the olden time!
Tho' wild the fable, tho' rude the rhyme,
Oh! dear is a tale of the olden time.
Those days of marvel and mystery,
Those times we never again may see,
When life was a wild and a gorgeous dream,
A meteor glancing with fitful beam;
When the knight prick'd forth with his lance in rest,
To far distant lands at his ladye's behest;
When the Templar rushed to the Holy land;
When the Troubadour wander'd with harp in hand;
When the rosy garland of gay Provence
Wreathed bloomingly round the warrior's lance;
When the outlaw dwelt 'neath the greenwood tree,
Chasing the red deer merrily;
And England's yeomen battled stour
On the fields of Cressy and Azincour.

The olden time! aye, the olden time!
Tho' harsh the diction, tho' quaint the rhyme,
O! dear's the romaunt of the olden time.
For all was then bright, and strange, and new,
And nought was certain, yet all seem'd true;
And truth was fable, and fiction drest
Her witching phantoms in truth's own vest:
The goblin bestrode the midnight blast;
The shrouded ghost thro' the cloister past;

And forms of beauty surpassingly fair,
Spread their gossamer wings on the viewless air;
And spirits from heaven, and angels bright,
Rose with dazzling sheen on the hermit's sight;
And faerie maids bore the brave knight away
To live in joyaunce, and youth for aye.

Yes, dear are the fables of olden time!
So sweetly witching, so rudely sublime
Are the strange wild marvels of olden time.
For the sage would his mighty tome unfold,
While heroes, and sages, and monarchs of old,
And forms of unearthly beauty, would pass,
Beaming in light o'er his charmed glass;
And his was the power that unlock'd the store
Of knowledge and might, which the Magi of yore
Had snatched from the Demons—and his the skill
With pure gold, from rude dross, his alembic to fill;
While the chalice of immortality
Gleam'd enticingly fair to his gifted eye;
While earth and ocean, and heaven and hell,
Lay open before the mighty spell,
And the stars in their courses kept watch sublime;
O! high were the visions of olden time!

But all hath pass'd,—and the half-erased stone,
The ivy-wreathed column nodding alone,
The oriel windows' rich tracery,
The cloisters' delicate imagery,
The pointless lance, and the rusted sword,
The crumbling parchments cherish'd hoard
Of awful signs, rich with mystery
Of Cabala, or deep Alchemy,
And the missal with fadeless colours still bright,
Or the time-worn scutcheon of once-famed knight,

Or the rude minstrels' half lost rhyme,
Is all to us of the olden time;
Save those visions so witching, so wild, and high
That rise when we muse upon days gone by.

And, therefore, most dear art thou to me
Old Troynouvant; for I ne'er can see
Thine ancient bridge, nor thy mystic stone,
Nor list the mellow and silvery tone
Of the bells of St. Mary Overy,
Nor that history teeming structure see,
Thine age-bleached Tower, nor thy civic hall,
Nor the ruined fragments of thy wall,
Nor thy Templars' time-worn effigies,
But pageants of elder days round me rise:
Romance resumeth her whilom reign,
Thine age-past glories beam bright again,
And the pride, and the pomp of chivalry,
In vanishing beauty fleet swiftly by.

And, as the minstrel in slumber bound,
Listed sweet music stealing around,
Awaking, essay'd to catch that strain
Of unearthly sweetness, but all in vain;
Yet, still with weak hand the chords would try
Of that magic and heaven-born melody;
Thus, so sweet, but so matchless, to me appears,
Thy faerie bright vision of long-past years:
And thus, tho' all skilless, with powers too scant,
Would I trace thy fleet shadows, old Troynouvant,
And shew thee, as witching, as vividly bright,
As thou risest at times to my eager sight:
Alas! alas! I never may braid
A garland well worthy to crown thy head:
Yet, tho' scant, and tho' rude, the offering be
The best that I may, would I bring to thee.

# QUEEN MAUDE'S FREEDMAN,

## A LEGEND OF ST. KATHERINE'S.

Ye proudly speak, sayde the Barón,
  Ye shall be hanged all three;
That were great pitie, sayde the quene,
  If any grace mought be.
Then, good my lord, I you beseech
  "This yeoman" graunte to mee;
Madam, sith it is your desire,
  Your askyng shall graunted be.
The quene, I wot, was a glad weoman,
  And sayde, lord, gramercye!
Now, I dare undertake for him
  That trew manne he shall be.

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY.

# QUEEN MAUDE'S FREEDMAN.

## A LEGEND OF THE 12th CENTURY.

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COULD a present inhabitant of this great and opulent city be transported back to the days of our first Henry, and behold the low and scattered houses, built of unhewn stone, and roofed with straw, the irregular streets, almost impassable from pitfalls, the churches not rearing their sharp pointed and delicately wrought arches, or supporting the airy spire, or richly pinnacled tower, but constructed of rude materials, with the low unornamented arch, the wooden steeple, and but scantily furnished with glass windows; could he observe the rude but massive wall skirting the river, which, unfettered by embankments, unimpeded in its course save by the one fragile wooden bridge, bore on its ample current the osier bound shallop, the unwieldy carrack, or the high-decked galley of the Norman adventurer; or, when turning to the north, his eye rested on the dark shadows of the forest of Essex and Enfield Chase,

extending even to the eastern wall of the city, where the red deer bounded in tameless freedom, and the boar and wild ox sought refuge from the spear of the hunter, and beheld the sterility around, unbroken, save by the small portions of cultivated land that surrounded the little villages of Hochestone and Iseldune, or the lately founded pious establishments of St. Mary Spital, and the nuns of Clerkenwell; could the present inhabitants of London recognise in this rude scene,—the "lady of the kingdoms"—the modern Tyre? Yet, pre-eminent among the cities as she now stands, more marked was her pre-eminence at this early period; for within the hallowed circle of her rude walls, liberty sought her first asylum from the stern genius of Norman polity. The burgher of London, even in these ancient times, boasted that "lyke and after the maner of olde Troye," the bondsman who remained a year and a day within her privileged walls, cast off for ever the yoke of servitude; and with proud exultation he pointed to the precious slip of parchment, conceded by the pitiless conqueror, which declared him "law worthy," and which accorded him the important rights of bequeathing his own property, and of being judged at his own tribunals. Humble, rude, unadorned as yet with gorgeous structures and towering palaces, London lifted her head,—

the city of refuge,—the sanctuary of liberty,—the privileged burgh,—whose high immunities the mightiest baron, or the prowest knight, dared not to violate.

And along the miry streets, with billmen, and bowmen, and knights in chain armour, adorned with golden collars, bearing iron maces, and huge battle-axes, in rude but imposing pomp rode Queen Maude, in her long vest of white linen, confined by a broad golden girdle, her mantle of purple cloth garnished with a rude embroidery of vine leaves and eagles, with large open hanging sleeves, almost sweeping the ground, in her wimple of crimson silk, edged with gold wire, which, enveloping her head and shoulders, was drawn in thick folds across the bosom, and passed over the chin, even to the under lip (a Norman token of royalty), her forehead encircled with a band of gold, while a quaintly engraved reliquary of the same metal, enclosing a piece of the true cross, was suspended from her bosom. Thus attired, surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels of noble birth, in similar, but less costly attire, with her knights and billmen, rode Queen Maude, on her milk white palfrey, to visit the shrine of St. Ethelburga, in the ancient abbey of Barking. As the gay procession slowly advanced through the miry streets, the monks of St. Bartholomew, with their

prior Rahere, came forth with the consecrated banner, the smoking censers, and the hymn of gratulation, to welcome their munificent patroness; while the bells of St. Giles's, of the house of Cripples, rang out a merry peal, in honor of their charitable foundress; and the burgess left his merchandise, the housewife her distaff, the serf set down his heavy burthen, and the child quitted his play, to greet with rude, but heartfelt acclamation, the niece of Edgar Atheling,—the queen of Saxon blood,—the devout and benevolent wife of our first Henry.

The queen, and her picturesque train of attendants, rode along past the wall of the highly privileged house for secular Canons, dedicated to St. Martin, by the brothers Ingelric and Edward, and beside the church of St. Alban; and the half-ruined palace of king Athelstan, into the narrow way, called, from its vicinity to the palace, King Adel Street, at the end of which, the low straw-roofed, unadorned Earlderman's Berry, lifted its rude structure. My good seneschal, said the queen, attracted by a tumult, in which the retainers of the powerful Hugh de Grantmesnil, Baron of Hinckley, were conspicuous; ride forward, I pray ye, and enquire the cause. It is nought but a strife between the vassals of Grantmesnil, and some Saxon bondsmen, who, doubtless, have fled away from their lord, replied the

seneschal, with a look of contempt. Nay, enquire the cause, I pray ye, said the queen, with a sigh for the hard fate of her enslaved countrymen—enquire the cause, for Grantmesnil is fierce and revengeful.

Ere the seneschal, who with no accelerated speed rode forward, had reached the crowd, a fair youth, whose bright complexion and clustering locks, no less than the loose vest reaching to the knee, and cloke clasped on the shoulders, indicated him of Saxon race, regardless alike of the menaces of the billmen, and the uplifted maces of her attendant knights, forced his way to the queen, seizing the quaintly broider'd rein of her palfrey, vehemently imploring her protection, and resisting, with the strength of despair, the forcible attempts of her attendants to disengage him. My fair youth, said the queen, waving her hand for her attendants to quit their hold, and casting a look of sympathy on her young countryman, as her ear drank in those Saxon accents, so hallowed by all the recollections of her early childhood. What can I do for ye? We are three brothers, bondsmen to the Baron Grantmesnil, but we escaped from him and came hither—may we not be free? St. Michael! exclaimed one of the baron's retainers, who had rushed forward to seize him, shall a bondsman, in spite of his lord, be free? Yes! and in despite of all men,

if he sojourn a year and a day in this good city, replied Alfune, prior of the house of Cripples; such is the law granted by holy King Edward, and confirmed by our late King William, and which none dare gainsay. My fair youth, resumed the queen, alas! I can do nought in this case, the Portreve must determine it. The Saxon youth quitted not his hold of the queen's bridle, but implored her for the sake of his race—for the sake of St. Erkenwald, the patron of London,—and holy St. Edward, just advanced to the honors of canonization—and for the sake of our lady, at least, to accompany him to the Portreve, who was now sitting in "Hustynges." What patriotic Saxon, what pious Catholic, could resist the force of these adjurations? The queen bade her attendants go forward, and heedless of the angry and sullen looks of her Norman attendants, rode into the Earlderman Berry, the Saxon youth still clinging to her bridle rein. At the unexpected entrance of Queen Maude, the Portreve, clothed in his scarlet gown, arose from the elevated stone seat, from whence he had been dispensing justice according to the laws of the Confessor, and offered his respectful homage. The earlder men, who surrounded him, welcomed with loud acclamation their Saxon queen, and a gleam of joy lighted up the features of the youth, who stood before the rude tribunal, whence jus-

tice was dispensed in almost patriarchal simplicity. Ye must bring forward your witnesses, said the Portreve, resuming his seat; they must be good men, and true, and law-worthy. We will call Saewold, son of Leofnoth, the goldsmith, and Brightmer, the red-haired, of Edric's hithe, and Elfstan and Stigand of King Adel street, to prove we have dwelt here since Martinmas twelve month, replied the elder brother. The witnesses swiftly came forward, while the mail-clad Baron Grantmesnil, darted a look of contempt at the Portreve, and clenched his hand menacingly at the Saxon youths. The witnesses, laying one hand on a roll of parchment containing almost the only copy of the gospels within the city walls, and lifting up the other hand to heaven, deposed to the two elder brothers having sojourned more than a year and a day within the city, concluding with the old Saxon oath—"In the name of Almighty God, as I stand here, true witness, unbidden, and unbought, so I oversaw with mine eyes, and understood with mine ears, what I have now said." They are *freedmen*, Baron Grantmesnil, said the Portreve, free of the king's own burgh, and ye may not take them hence.

The enraged baron darted a look of indignation on the Portreve, but such had been the vigorous policy of the three first Norman monarchs, in curbing the power of their nobles, that, although

surrounded by retainers, prompt to execute his every command, and bold enough to have encountered far greater numbers than were now standing around, the lord of twenty-five fiefs, and of the whole forest of Charnwood, lifted not his hand against his enfranchised bondsmen. The youngest is mine, said the irritated baron, for these Saxon churls only spake to the two elder. He came with his brothers, replied Elfstan, of King Adel Street. No, answered Saewold, he came the day after the high wind that blew down part of the Berry Kennyng Tower, beside Aldersgate, and unroofed the church of St. Giles of the Cripples' house. That was on the eve of St. Alphege, said the Portreve. I know not saints' days, nor care for any, save of our patron St. Michael, and our blessed lady, returned the Norman baron; but, I know this Saxon boy was with me, ere I came to do suit and service to the king last Pentecostide. He shall go with me, and so help me St. Michael, if he hang not on the first tree.—Stay, my son, exclaimed prior Alfune, of the house of Cripples, interposing between the fierce baron and the Saxon youth, remember, it is a sore and crying sin to keep Christian men in bondage, much more to put them to death. What trouble is here, said the queen's seneschal, in a low voice, to a knight who stood beside him, and only about a Saxon bondsman; by our lady!

I had as soon hang a Saxon as shoot a deer, saving the benefit of the venison. He shall go with me, and shall hang on the first tree, reiterated the enraged baron—what! shall a Norman lord seek his bondsmen from town to town, and then find that they are free?

My good Grantmesnil, said the queen, who had hitherto watched the proceedings in silence, laying her delicate white hand on his mail-covered arm, while the Saxon youth, though seized by the iron grasp of his lord, still clung to her bridle rein—grant *me* this youth. Nay, I pray you, good Baron Grantmesnil, surely a knight can never refuse the prayer of a lady? The baron stood a moment irresolutely, for the two strongest feelings in the high and energetic character of the Norman were striving for mastery, the desire of vengeance, and respect to woman: the chivalric feeling prevailed, and, relinquishing the boy, he exclaimed—had King Henry himself asked this boon, I had not yielded, but what Norman can deny the prayer of a lady: come, my brave yeomen, let us depart. By St. Michael, exclaimed Grantmesnil, giving utterance to his suppressed rage, and violently striking the ground with his mace, as he passed without the city boundary, I would I had joined Robert de Belesme and Mortaigne; for, if Saxon churls may gain their freedom, the knight and the baron

need learn to plough and sow themselves. Sathan, confound these privileged burghs, it was not by shutting up bondsmen in walled towns, that Rollo conquered Normandy, or William gained the crown of England.

The queen alighted from her palfrey, and taking the Saxon youth by his right hand, led him before the Portreve,—"Bear witness, all ye now present, that this youth is free, within the walls or without, in the gate, or in the way, and let him bear the arms of a freedman." The lance and the sword, the weapons appropriated to freemen, were, after the old law, put into his hands, and a joyful shout arose from the assembled multitude. And now, young freedman, continued the queen, what will ye do? I will go to the Holy Land, and fight against Mahound and the Paynim, replied the Saxon boy, still grasping delightedly the lance and the sword: what better can I do? My good Portreve, said the queen, well pleased at the determination of her young freedman, take charge of this youth, and see that he has all things necessary provided, that he may go on his high and blessed pilgrimage.

Methinks I have done almost as well to-day, as if I had gone to the shrine of St. Ethelburga, said the queen, as, quitting the Earlderman Berry, she took the road toward her palace at Westminster. I have saved the life of a fair youth, who

may, through the grace of the saints, become a worthy soldier of the cross, and do deeds worthy knighthood. A Saxon churl do deeds of arms, exclaimed her seneschal indignantly, forgetful of the queen's parentage, I would forfeit my fair gold collar, and the six yard land in the manor of Braching, in Hertfordshire, which I gained from Bertrand de Plessiex, if he should do aught worthy of knighthood. Time alone will shew, replied the justly offended queen, and I pray our lady ye may some day lose your wager.

Years past on, but Queen Maude heard no tydings of her young freedman, and she sat among her maidens in her palace of Westminster, watching their swiftly moving delicate fingers, plying the needle to decorate with a gorgeous pattern of golden stars and eagles, a silk mantle for King Henry, to be worn at his approaching "cour pleniere," at Pentecostide. The apartment in which Queen Maude and her attendants sat, beguiling the hours with conversation on that subject which most engaged all hearts and all tongues, the recovery of the Holy Land, was lofty and spacious, the upper arches of the large plain windows were glazed, rushes strewed the floor, hangings representing a boar hunt in rude embroidery, covered the walls; while, along the upper end of the room, behind the high-backed, ponderous, carved and gilt arm chair, a silken

curtain, beautified with a strange representation of what the fair embroiderer intended should be angels, but which, from their distorted limbs and rueful contortions of feature, bore a far greater resemblance to the emissaries of Sathan, was spread out in all its beauty. A small carpet of silk and wool, stretched in front of the royal chair, on which was placed a footstool, supported by silver gilt lions; beside, a table ornamented with plates of silver, displayed a fair assortment of gold and silver vessels; while, at the eastern end, two large silver candlesticks held perfumed wax tapers, burning constantly before the silver gilt crucifix.

What news have ye, Gundreda? said the queen, as she watched the delicate fingers of the damsel, untwisting the silken threads for her embroidery: have any more pilgrims returned from the Holy Land? there is talk, that a fair and noble lady, a Soldan's daughter, hath come, replied the damsel. She is not a worshipper of Mahound, I hope, said the devout but superstitious queen. No: replied Gundreda, she hath been converted by her husband, a Christian knight; and father Ralph, of the house of the Holy Trinity, beside Aldgate, is to bring her hither, should you wish to see her. O! greatly, returned the queen, how blessed are her eyes, for they have looked upon the fair towers of Jerusalem, the lady and sovereign of

all Christendom! Sweet Marie! what is it to be queen of England and Normandy, to such blessedness as the pilgrim feels when he first sets his foot on that holy ground, which has been hallowed by the footsteps of saints, and apostles, and even of our blessed Lord? Geoffroi de Gaimar hath made a lay concerning this knight and the Soldan's daughter, which I will sing to ye, returned Gundreda, joyfully laying aside her needle; and, taking a small harp, which she placed on her lap, and striking a few notes in a species of recitative, she commenced in the Norman French, the following wild lay:—

O fair! most fair! is the east countrée
With its bowers and groves of spicery,
Fairer than aught our eyes may see;
For the sun shines clear on its golden towers,
And bright are its rivers, and fair its flowers;
Yet, better, I ween, 'twere for man to be
The wretchedest wight in Christentyé,
Than a paynim king in the east countrée.

Alas! and why is this sweet land given
To paynim who never can enter heaven?
Alas! that Mahound and his devilish band
Should rule o'er this holy and beautiful land!
And, therefore, the Christian knight
With lance and banner hies over the sea
To the sunny plains of Galilee,
And dons him for the fight,
And lifteth the red cross manfully:
Brave knights! our lady watch over ye!

The evening cometh misty and grey,
A lonely pilgrim wendeth his way,
A stranger he in the east countrée,
And he looketh around full mournfully,
For no town, nor tower, nor aught can he see;
When, lo! in sooth, I tell ye true,
A goodly castle riseth to view;
The huge portcullis on high is hung,
And widely open the gates are flung.

The pilgrim entered that castle tall,
But squire, nor warder, nor seneschal
Are standing there; nor in lofty hall
Are knight or lady seen;
But, in the midst, on her perch of gold,
A merlin sitteth right fair to behold,
With collar and jesses sheen;
While on the pavement these words appear
In a quaint and wondrous charactére.
"Watch, and fast, and silent be,
Till seven days and nights shall flee;
Then, make thy choice, and choose thee well,
What thou ask'st I must give by hidden spell."

Seven days and nights have past away,
While alone in the hall did the pilgrim stay,
Nor 'ate, nor drank, nor rested him,
And his strength is gone, and his eye is dim.
When, lo! a damsel, tall and fair,
With merlin on wrist is standing there;
Her wimple beseemed of silver sheen,
Her kirtle and mantle of forest green;
Her face was fair as fair might be,
Like roses resting on ivory;

And her eyes as the sun-beam bright,
(I tell ye in sooth, among ladies all,
A fairer damsel ne'er stood in hall)
And she said, "young pilgrim y hight;
I am of the race of faerie,
Ask now, what shall be done for thee?"
The pilgrim sank on his bended knee,
"O! grant I may prove a valiant knight,
Courteous in hall, and stour in fight,
Thro' the grace of our lady Marie."

The faerie lady smiled and said,
"Young pilgrim, a worthy prayer hast thou prayed;
Thy spurs shalt thou win right gallantly,
For a faerie steed will I give to thee,
And the Soldan's daughter thy bride shall be."

The pilgrim joyfully lifted his head,
But the faerie dame was evanished;
And merlin, and castle, and towers were gone;
He stood in the greenwood all alone;
Save that, beside him, a milk white steed
With housings, and trappings, of golden weed
Stood feeding: I doubt not right glad was he,
He mounted the faerie steed joyfully,
And sung, EXALTABO DOMINE.

Who is yon knight, on his destrere* white,
Forcing his way thro' the thickest fight?
Where the shout of battle the air is rending,
And the Moslem spears before him are bending

* Destrere, war-horse.

Like reeds in the brook, when the north wind blows;
And he waveth the red-cross banner on high;
Sweet Marie, protect him from all his foes!
Like St. George, he maketh the paynim fly:
And the crescent of Mahound fadeth away
Like the moon's weak beam in the dawning day.
"Bring him, my knights, right swiftly to me,
For great and high shall his guerdon be."

Thus spoke the king of Jerusalem,
When, in graceful meekness, that young knight came:
"Ask, Sir Gilbert, ask now free,
Tell me what shall be done for thee?"
"Guerdon, King Godfrey, I ask thee none,
But let me go forth to the Soldan alone,
And pray him to set our prisoners free,
And his daughter Mathildis give to me."
"Art wode! young knight? I say thee no,
A perilous service were this I trow,
And for seven good towns would I lose not thee,
Flower of all England's chivalry!"
But still said that young knight, "Let me go."

The Soldan sitteth in his gorgeous hall,
'Mongst his nobles, in jewels and purple pall;
And gold, and gems, and spicery,
Richer than aught our eyes may see
Are there (for the wealth of the east countrée
Passeth all thought. O! heavenly powers,
Grant that this rich land may soon be ours).
And joyful are they, and their cups go round,
And they bless the name of their god Mahound;
When aloud the warder cried,

"Here cometh alone a red-cross knight."
Then, loud laughed the Soldan, "by this fair light,
He shall hang on my highest tower ere night."

The knight rode in thro' the portals wide,
He stood the Soldan before—
"What would'st thou of me," the Soldan cried?
"Two guerdons do I implore,"
Said that brave young knight: "set our captives free,
And thy daughter Mathildis give to me."

Then loud laugh'd the Soldan—"nay, gallant knight,
When I look at thy squires, and thy noble train,
'Twere pitie thy prayer should be made in vain,
And yet I must say, in King Godfrey's despite,
Thou shalt hang on my highest tower ere night;"
"Refuse me not," said Sir Gilbert, "I pray,
Until thou shalt hear my good steed neigh."

I would ye had seen that faerie steed,
How he arched his neck, and reared his head,
And neighed out, loud and clear.
The sky gan darken, the hail fell fast,
There was lightning, and storm, and howling blast,
And the Soldan shook with fear.
"Young knight, I may not contend with thee,
My Christian captives shall all go free."

"O! well hast thou neighed my faerie steed,
Now once, once again I pray,
Or away from the Soldan, I ne'er shall speed
With that sweet and lovely may.
Now, Soldan, again I say to thee,
Let thy daughter Mathildis go with me."

"No! no! said the Soldan;" when lo! the steed
Arched his fair neck, and y'reard his head,
And again neighed loud and clear.
The earth shook sore, with a fearful sound,
And the devilish temple of King Mahound
Hath fallen, and lieth in ruins around,
While the paynim far and near,
With fear and terror, and sore dismay,
Bethought them it was the judgment day.

"Now yield thee, Soldan, now yield to me,
Let me but ask that sweet ladye,
If she will go along with me;
If, when she cometh, she sayeth no,
Hence, by my faith, she shall never go;
"Twere a deed unworthy chivalry."

The ladye came from her latticed tower,
Bright as the rose in her summer bower,
Or the lily that lifteth her fair flowers high,
Or the sun when he laughs in the clear blue sky;
For, I tell ye sooth, ye never might see
A damsel so noble or fair as she
Thro'out all the realms of Christentye.
And, joyful, she greeted the Christian knight,
And stroked the mane of his destrere white:
O! true was the faerie's prophecy,
That the Soldan's daughter his bride should be,
For, off have flown, with the lightning's speed,
Knight and ladye, and faerie steed!

As the wild lay concluded, the tramp of horses, and confusion of voices, was heard in the court-yard. Perchance the Soldan's daughter hath come, said the queen, arousing herself from her wild dream of the Holy land, and the faerie, and

the red-cross knight. Go forth, Gundreda, with my damsels—bid her welcome! see that all honor be done her, and bring her to me. O! that strange and wondrous land of the east, continued the credulous queen, nothing doubting the verity of the marvellous story which had just been sung; what wonderful things do our pilgrims behold there, and what mighty deeds do they perform through the special grace of heaven!

Gundreda soon returned, leading a lady of commanding figure, but closely veiled, surrounded by a numerous company of damsels. Welcome, fair lady! said Queen Maude, joyfully rising from her chair, and extending her hand—welcome to this Christian land. The stranger lady gracefully bent her knee, and lifting the rudely broider'd hem of the queen's kirtle, prest it to her lip, while the damsels, with looks of astonishment, scarcely unmixed with fear, gazed at the gorgeous jewels which decorated her neck and arms, and the exquisite embroidery which adorned her robes; where flowers of every form and colour, mingled their varied hues in natural gracefulness, and seemed to the wondering eyes of the fair Anglo-Norman embroiderers, to be the result of skill little short of magic.

Nay, rise I pray you, continued the queen, and lay aside your veil, and tell me about the marvels of your wondrous land; and that fair city of

Jerusalem, which I would willingly lay down my crown to behold. The lady arose, and threw back her veil; and, while the fair-haired and blue-eyed damsels of the north gazed wonderingly at the thick tresses of bright jet that fell on her shoulders, and half shrunk from the flashing of her large dark eye, she opened a small casket, and laid on the queen's lap gems of such uncommon size and surpassing brilliancy, as had never before sparkled in these far northern regions. Ye must be of faerie, exclaimed the queen, for I never saw jewels so beautiful as these. Reject not this trifling gift, said the lady in broken accents, observing the strange feeling which her presence seemed to excite, and which she probably considered was in consequence of her belonging to the hated race of the Sarazins—well may I offer these jewels to one who hath bestowed on me more valuable gifts. My fair lady, replied the queen, I know you not—you can therefore owe me nothing. But where is the Christian knight, your husband? The lady turned to her attendants, who quitted the apartments. But who can describe the joy of Queen Maude, when, in the Christian champion who had so bravely maintained the cause of heaven, she recognised the young Saxon whom she had liberated from bondage. Bid my seneschal come hither, said the delighted queen, my prophecy

hath been most wonderously fulfilled, for the Saxon bondsman hath become indeed a worthy knight. Come hither, my trusty seneschal, continued Queen Maude, with patriotic exultation, that one at least of her debased and enslaved race had been deemed worthy of the honors of chivalry—your land is forfeit, for this youth, whom years since I redeemed from bondage, hath done great deeds of arms against the paynim, and hath converted and married the Soldan's daughter. It is yours, replied the mortified seneschal; but, St. Michael, he added in a lower tone, as he hastily quitted her presence, who had ever thought of a Saxon bondsman winning his spurs, and doing deeds of knighthood.

My good father Ralph, said the queen, addressing the prior of the Holy Trinity beside Aldgate, ye must grant me that parcel of land without Portsoken, and the mill in the shambles, in lieu of six yard land of the manor of Bracching, in Hertfordshire, which my seneschal hath forfeited to me. I will build an hospital thereon, and with the value of these jewels, which are too rich and beautiful for me to wear, I will endow it; for, how can I do enough, seeing that heaven hath so highly honored me, in being the means of saving this young knight from death, and of converting the Soldan's daughter. This is the feast of St. Katharine, continued the pious and

grateful, though superstitious queen; the hospital shall be dedicated to her, and the poor who shall enter it, shall especially pray for the success of all Christian knights, who go forth, not only with lance and banner, but in the might of heaven, against the powers of darkness, and the accursed wiles of Mahound. And now, my brave Sir Gilbert, and my fair lady Mathildis, what shall be done for ye? Of wealth we have great store, and of honor we shall have enow, replied the young knight, if ye will but suffer me still to bear the title of Queen Maude's freedman.

Such is the history of the foundation of this goodly house, said the prior of the hospital of St. Katherine's beside the Tower, as, many years afterwards, on the anniversary of its titular saint, he related to his delighted brotherhood the tale of Queen Maude and her freedman, and the Soldan's daughter, and all the supernatural adjuncts with which the wild imagination of the Norman bard had embellished it. Yes, my brothers, a right marvellous tale, but true as the epistle of King Abgarus, and the gospel of Nicodemus; I would that our pious and charitable foundress had but lived to see these days; for, our great and learned, and far renowned lord of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, is son to that fair lady MATHILDIS, and

QUEEN MAUDE'S FREEDMAN.

# THE MAGIC CRYSTAL.

## A TALE OF TOWER ROYAL.

I know not where I am, or what to do;
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists.

1st Part, HENRY VI.

Look within this glass, she cried,
Tell me, what is there descried?—KEHAMA.

# THE MAGIC CRYSTAL

## A TALE OF THE 12th CENTURY.

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Tower Royal, where the merchant now calmly pursues his speculations in Mexican mines and Columbian loans, derives its designation from being the site of a fortress of impregnable strength, occupied by King Stephen, as a strong hold for himself and his Flemish mercenaries, during his turbulent and eventful reign; and, although in the present day scarcely a sound of the busy metropolis can be heard, at that period, it echoed with the loud neighing of the war-horse, the heavy tread of the mail-clad warrior, and the din and the clash of arms.

It was late in a dreary November night, when William d'Ypres, the brave and devoted follower of the changing fortunes of King Stephen, surrounded by a select band of bold and trusty retainers, rode into the court-yard of Tower Royal.

The flickering light of the huge torches, borne by the attendants, who came forth to welcome their returning Castellan, gave to view a rude company of warriors, some on horseback clothed in shirts and hoods of mail, bearing long narrow shields; others on foot, armed with merely an iron breast-plate and gorget, and wearing conical steel caps; others, apparently destitute of armour, holding huge bills, or bearing immense bows and sheaves of rudely-formed arrows. In the midst of this wild but picturesque group, with an eye of fire, and an arm of might, and a brow of command—a fitting personification of the feudal system—sat William d'Ypres, in his shirt of mail and plumeless helmet, his leathern acton reaching to his knee, and his iron boot armed with an enormous prick spur, on his destrere, who, protected by a kind of armour formed of small iron scales fastened on cloth, pawing the ground, seemed impatiently to await the moment when the esquires should lead him to his stable.

Flinging the rude bridle to one of the esquires, and motioning his hand to repress the noisy gratulation of his attendants, William d'Ypres alighted, his iron footstep rung along the flinty pavement, and he hastily strode into the hall.

The seneschal, with his wand of office, advanced with looks of wonder to welcome his

master's unexpected return; the young page, in his short silken surcoat, lightly stepped forth, bearing the rich silver cup of spiced pigment; and the fool, with his motley coat and long eared cap, shook his bells, and brandished his cocks-comb with a thousand merry grimaces; but in vain. Through the assembled groups of retainers, who were idly stretched on the rushes before the blazing log fire, or seated on the rude benches, singing snatches of old rhymes, William d'Ypres past in silence; the priest of the household, father Odo, a monk from Waltham Abbey, advanced with his *benedicite*, but it passed unheeded, and quitting the hall by a narrow and winding stair-case, the bold Fleming pursued his way until he reached a small apartment, where, throwing himself on the tapestried couch, which formed its only furniture, he proceeded to relate to the obsequious churchman the cause of his unexpected return.

'My masses and offerings are all vain; we have been bewitched, and deluded through the snares of the devil. A most devout elevation of the eyes, and the sign of the cross, was father Odo's only answer. I kept the festival of St. Martin most devoutly, resumed the bold warrior, and gave great largesse to all the monks of Waltham; I kept a special fast moreover, and payed six fair

besants for six masses; I got a monk who is learned in the stars to find me a lucky day; and yesterday I offered my green mantle, worked with peacocks in purple and gold, at the high altar; but all in vain: again did father Odo elevate his eyes, and again most devoutly cross himself.

We took the road to Stansted this morning, and right gladly did my followers proceed, when a thick fog came on; yet onward we journied, and thought we had well nigh arrived at Montfitchet castle; when, behold, we were on the road to London!—some imps of darkness doubtless turned our horses' heads, and caused that thick fog to surround us. It must have been so, returned the acquiescent priest; alas! we might have expected it, seeing that this cunning sorceress will do all she can for her father. I feared ill luck from the morning, for I stumbled on the threshold; moreover, I twice met a Jew; and, as I said matins, I tried three times ere I could begin; though *that* might be through the malvoisie I took last night, drinking to your good fortune. She is a fearful witch! Did she merely help her father by riding out, like the empress Maude, in fair and open battle field, returned the bold Fleming, while an involuntary shudder shook the iron frame that had never blenched amid the shock of arms, I could not blame her, nay, I could love her for her

daring; but, to sit in her bower, casting spells, raising fogs, and conjuring up spirits, like a worshipper of Mahound or Termagaunt, is an accursed thing. I heard fearful things of that lady Bellesante, long since, resumed father Odo; even when I was in Waltham Abbey, she charmed an arrow out of the shoulder of a man, which brother Egfrid declared could never be cured; she only put some salve, and said some words, when the arrow head came out, and the man was well in three days; moreover, one Pentecostide she came to our abbey, and while she was there kneeling so devoutly before the high altar with her uplifted blue eyes, and delicate hands crossed on her breast, like the picture of St. Agnes, in the Waltham missal, or rather like Sathan, when he tempted St. Dunstan, a fearful storm came on. We rang our bells, and sprinkled holy water, whereat (methought) lady Bellesante became sorely troubled, yet—ere the storm was well over, she arose to depart; but great damage was done, part of the cloister was unroofed, our lady's image was cast down, and her right arm broken. Abbot Geslebert declared he surely thought that Sathan would have cloven the roof to carry the sorceress off. Against knight and yeomen, replied the hardy warrior, whether they come with the lance, or the sword, or the bow, I know what to do,

and no one can say William d'Ypres ere blenched from greatest odds; but, against sorceries, and magic, and conjurations, holy father, what can be done? I bethink me now of a tale I heard concerning her, how she hath a magic glass in which she sees every thing that is done; so that she is always prepared to fight against us, and not with swords and lances, but with the powers of darkness. Put yourself under the protection of the holy church, my son, replied father Odo, ye need not then fear the powers of hell. So I did, and paid for masses, and gave my mantle, and fasted too,—but in vain. Say not so, my son, returned the wily churchman, had it not been for these offerings, you and your gallant company might have been led into some bog, and hardly escaped drowning; instead whereof, behold, doubtless through the intercessions of my holy brethren, ye are safe at Tower Royal. It is true, replied the repentant soldier, though, alas! my plans are all broken. Cheer up, my son, cheer up, and let not this hand-maiden of Sathan see in her magic glass that ye are cast down; a fearful end will come to lady Bellesante: ye remember the story of young Plantagenet's grandmother, the countess of Anjou, how, after years of sorcery, she went to church, and Sathan cleft the roof asunder, and carried her off bodily. I remember it well, said,

William d'Ypres, for they shewed me the cleft in the roof of the church, when I was last in Flanders, so that no Christian man can doubt it. And such an end will be lady Bellesante's, my son; she hath sold herself to Sathan for a given time, and he will carry her off some dark night.

Relieved by this comfortable assurance, and invigorated by the plentiful sprinkle of holy water, which father Odo most liberally bestowed upon him, William d'Ypres felt his fears vanish completely away. They fight against Sathan, and Mahound too, in the Holy land, said he, and why should we in this most Christian land be afraid of a sorceress? His armour was hastily laid aside, and singing a stanza of the celebrated "Chanson Roland," he returned with a cheerful step to the hall; there, to comfort his gallant retainers after their toilsome march, he liberally sent around the drinking horns replenished with ale and mead; three times did he drain the mighty silver bowl, drinking confusion to the witch ladye, until at length, overcome by wine and wassail, William d'Ypres sank beside the rude table in dreamless slumber.

While the bold Flemish adventurer, with his rude band of retainers, were unwittingly pursuing their way to London, a young knight, leading a weary and heavily caparisoned charger, ap-

peared on the road that led to Stansted Montfitchet. He was clothed in linked mail, a huge bow was slung across his shoulders, his long lance and narrow shield, displaying for its device a rude representation of that fabulous animal, the wivern, were borne in his left hand, while the right conducted his destrere by the quaintly embroidered rein.

The young knight seemed to have come from a distance, and he frequently stopped, looking anxiously around, as though to discover the way. This was no easy task, for the large tracks of waste land stretched on either side the scarcely discernible road, the blackened and mouldering wall, and fragments of half burned timber, were all that gave proof of town or village lately occupying the spot, where the fox now kennelled, or the stag sought refuge from the hunter. A little stream, trickling from a neighbouring hill, crossed the road, and the young knight, gently loosening the chanfron from his destrere's brow, led him to the rivulet. While he thus stood, some women cautiously approached, but at the sight of an armed man, precipitately fled, and every endeavour of the youthful warrior to recal them to point out his road, but added wings to their flight. The heavy tramp of horses and armed men ere long struck on his ear, and hastily leading his

destrere from the stream, the young knight, looking fearfully around, struck into the neighbouring forest. A company of bold and gallant yeomen now appeared, with an aged man on horseback, whose white wand shewed him to be seneschal to some noble house, at their head; and, reckless of the desolation around them, they were joining in a wild and joyous lay:

O! many a fair thing may ye see,
But fairest is my sweet ladye!
She sitteth lone in her silent bower,
Fresh and fair as the springtide flower,
And looketh down from her turret's height,
Like the May moon y'clothed in light:
The moon is fair in sooth I grant,
But fairest is ladye Bellesante!

Many a noble thing ye see,
Noblest is my fair ladye!
The falcon on his perch of gold,
At Tournay fight the destrere bold,
The eagle sailing thro' the air,
The lion rising in his lair,
Noble all these in sooth I grant,
But noblest is ladye Bellesante!

Many a sweet thing may ye see,
O! sweetest is my fair ladye!
The violet in gay springtide,
The rose bush in her summer pride

The yellow genet* fresh and bright,
The queenlike lily's cup of light,
All these are sweet in sooth I grant,
But sweetest is ladye Bellesante!

Ah! I would that our fair lady with her learning would drive away that King Stephen; and his worthy castellan, William d'Ypres, exclaimed one of the company as the lay concluded, and tell us whether her brothers are yet living in the Holy land, and preserve our goodly castle from those cursed Flemings. Ye expect our fair lady to do more than she may be able, replied the seneschal; alas! if things go on as they have done, men may truly say that the saints are asleep! Ere the seneschal had pronounced these last words, the young knight came out from his covert, and courteously saluting the company, enquired the road to Dagenham Tower. It is far to the east, Sir Knight, was the answer, and thanks to William d'Ypres and his Flemings the road is more easily lost than found. The saints be my guides, returned the young knight, two monks from Waltham abbey led me beyond their lands this morning, and shewed me the road; for I am a stranger in these parts, outlawed by King Stephen, and I

* Genet, the flower of the broom.

purpose going on pilgrimage beyond seas. That were great pity, Sir Knight, returned the seneschal, I would that all knights, who maintain young Plantagenet's cause, were in England, and then might King Stephen be forced to flee; now, I pray you, fair sir, come with us to our baron's castle, a swift steed would not reach Dagenham ere curfewtide, and, with your wearied destrere, morning would dawn before you arrived. I will go with you, replied the young knight; to what baron belong ye? The puissant Baron Montfitchet, returned the seneschal; alas! my noble lord hath met with sore troubles, for his eldest son was slain at the battle of Winchester, and Sir Aylmer and Sir Lucas have been four long summers in the Holy land, and no tydings have we heard of them; else my puissant and noble master, who never blenched on the battle field, had not suffered that evil Fleming to take from him that strong tower, next Baynard's castle, in London. The young knight, and his newly found companions, now resumed their journey, and ere long arrived at the stately castle of Montfitchet; which, placed on a commanding elevation, surrounded by its wide moat, protected by its outer and inner rude but massive walls, and its single gate of entrance, protected by drawbridge and portcullis, reared its towering keep, and, flanked

by strong buttresses, and bearing at each corner a strong tower, frowned in sullen and unadorned grandeur from its lofty eminence. Such was the castle which the young knight now entered, and which, although the residence of one of the richest and most powerful of the Anglo-Norman barons, was, except in the chapel and the lady's bower, destitute of the now indispensable luxury of glass windows.

The aged baron was in one of the towers when the seneschal and his company arrived; perceiving a stranger, he instantly descended, and, according to the rules of Norman courtesy, went outside his gate to entreat the unknown knight to enter. Without question whence he came, or whither he was bound—without enquiry even as to his name, the knight's destrere was duly stabled, himself led to the bath, and the richest vestments of the baron offered for his use. He was then led into the hall, placed on the high raised platform at the upper end, termed the Dais, where the mighty wassail bowl of silver, a custom borrowed from the Saxons, was presented; the young knight gracefully raised the bowl and drank to the hospitable baron. Fair Sir Knight, by what name shall I greet you? then first enquired his host. Sir Edgar, of Wivernhoe, replied the young knight, one who is about, through the

grace of our lady, to seek fame in other lands. Wassail to ye, Sir Edgar, returned the baron, lifting the bowl; a sharp sword, a resistless lance, and the praise of the lady, and song of the minstrel, be yours.

Room for the lady Bellesante, cried the seneschal, and, surrounded by a numerous company of knights, pages, and attendant-maidens, a fair and stately lady, clad in long and richly embroidered robes, her hair braided with gold and jewels, and her wimple wrapped only to the chin (the token of her being a baron's daughter) now entered the hall. The young knight was led up to the fair lady, and, sinking on one knee, he gracefully pressed to his lips the white hand she extended to him. The sumptuous supper, the principal meal of the Anglo-Normans, was quickly served up, and the young knight, ignorant of the fearful character of the lady Bellesante, gazed on her fair face, and listened to her sweet voice, unconscious she possessed any claim to witcherie beside that of beauty.

Several days passed on, and the young knight still remained the guest of the Baron Montfitchet; when, one day, as Sir Edgar returned with the baron from hunting in the widely extended forest of Essex, lady Bellesante's page, cautiously approaching him, made signs for him to follow.

He ascended the narrow winding staircase, and soon found himself in the lady's bower. I have sent for you, Sir Edgar, began the lady, to enquire of you the message that the abbot of Waltham sent by you to Dagenham Tower; for, truly, it were a dangerous place to send a friend of Plantagenet's to. I know not the message, fair lady, returned the knight, it was to Sir Walter the Castellan; but, as he, like myself, cannot read, I was to give his chaplain the letter. Will you let me read it? said the lady smiling. The young knight drew back, and looked with a feeling of surprise mingled with awe at the lady who could be able to decipher the abbot's letter, and drew from his bosom a small slip of parchment, bearing the seal of the abbey, and curiously enveloped in silk. The lady glanced her eye hastily along it,—are you aware of the devilish craft of this holy abbot? O! lady, wrong not the holy man, he shrieved me, and absolved me, and bade me go in peace. Hear what he has written, Sir Knight!—"Geslebert of Waltham sendeth greeting—we send you Edgar de Wivernhoe, the bearer; take and keep him fast, as a traitor and outlaw, for our lord the king." Holy saints! can a holy abbot deceive? exclaimed the thunderstruck young knight. He saith truly, I am an outlaw. My father, one of the few of Saxon race who were

permitted to retain their lands, took part with the empress Maude. When peace was concluded between the empress and king, through the kind offices of that brave earl of Gloster, I kept possession of my father's inheritance. On the feast of St. John's, the king proclaimed a royal hunt, and two days all the barons and knights hunted in the new forest; on the third day a tall stag was roused, and we all right joyfully bent our bows, when my arrow, by luckless chance, wounded the horse on which King Stephen rode. His uncle's death, my Saxon race, and the part my father had taken, made him doubt not but it was wilfully done. Five hundred nobles and the lands of Wivernhoe, to him who shall bring me the head of the traitor! cried the king; and, unless my good steed had well borne me, I had been headless ere morning. That is the cause, then, of the holy abbot of Waltham's letter, replied the lady; for, knowing your history, he wished, doubtless, to betray you into the hands of Aubert de la Pont, who now holds your lands, and is brother to Sir Walter, the Castellan of Dagenham Tower. Look quickly through this, Sir Knight, she continued, taking up a broad gold ring, in which was a crystal. The young knight started back—I use not sorcery, lady! Nay, nor I, but did not St. Dunstan use gramarye? and St. Wil-

fred see things afar off? An appeal to a saintly legend, at this period, was far more effective than an appeal to reason; the young knight felt its force, and at once took up the wondrous crystal. What see you? O! blessed saints! can it be true? the abbot of Waltham, and Aubert de la Pont, are talking together. The young knight withdrew the ring from his eye, and they were no longer visible. Oh! fair lady, let me not suffer the illusions of Sathan. Here is no deceit, Sir Edgar, look through it again. Are not the outer wall of this castle, and the oak trees beyond, more clearly visible? They are; yes, and far beyond them stand the abbot and Aubert,—a third joins them, his acton is red, he wears a broad collar—Aubert holds a poterner,* it is filled with silver, he has given it to the abbot, the abbot puts it under a thornbush, beneath two maple trees; he pulls the bush over; alas! that money is doubtless the price of my head. Now, Sir Edgar, take your bow, said the lady, shoot right eastward. The young knight bent his trusty bow, and the first arrow sang through the air. Again, Sir Knight, shoot farther. Well shot, truly!—take a third, Sir Knight, draw your bow closely—shoot, as King William shot at the battle of Hast-

* Poterner, a leathern purse.

ings—the third arrow flew and alighted midway between the castle and the spot where had stood the worthy abbot. At day-break, Sir Knight, go forth, I will bid the warder let you pass; mark the direction of the first arrow, take it up, follow on to the next, on to the third; then look eastward, and shoot three more, follow them, near the last will you discover the thornbush, take up the poterner and return. Aubert de la Pont holds your lands; it is but fair, then, that you should take his purse. With feelings of astonishment, at the almost magical skill of the lady, and gratitude for her advice, the young knight retired; the next morning, at day-break, he went forth, and following lady Bellesante's advice, soon returned with the money-filled poterner. The powerful earl of Essex, Geoffry de Magnaville, soon after arriving, Sir Edgar announced his intention of joining his gallant band. Farewell, then, Sir Knight! said the aged baron and his fair daughter; farewell, until springtide! and then may we give you hearty welcome beneath the banner of Plantagenet. The young knight, with many adieus and many thanks for the hospitalities he had received, set forth on his journey, the image of lady Bellesante still floating before him, according to his fluctuating feelings; with her magic glass, as a sorceress invested with super-

natural beauty to allure and betray her too credulous admirers; or, as the fair and noble descendant of a high and ancient house, whose superior intellect gave her additional claim to homage and admiration. The latter notion was most consonant with the feelings of a young knight who had received such marked attentions, and such important assistance from so fair a lady; and remarking to himself, "if she had been a sorceress, how could she wear a cross," he dismissed every derogatory feeling from his mind.

King Stephen kept his Christmas in London; and at Tower Royal, the mighty feast, to which all were welcome, and which lasted twelve days, was held. The miry roads leading to London, in despite of wind and snow, were crowded with knights and esquires, heralds and minstrels, churchmen without number, and a goodly array of "fayre damoyselles," all anxious to witness the shows, partake the feasts, and participate in the general gaiety, which, on those occasions, made the ancient term "merrie Englonde," so appropriate a designation.

The spacious hall was filled with prelates, earls, barons, knights, and fair and noble ladies, clad in pall and minever, and glittering in gold and jewels. At this mighty feast, elegance and tasteful arrangement were alike unknown; but, there

was much of barbarous splendor, and rude magnificence. King Stephen in his richly embroidered robes, and his broad gold collar, wearing the crown of England on his brow, sat beneath the scarlet canopy at an elevated table, surrounded by the officers of his court. Fifty knights, in rich armour, mounted on noble chargers, brought the repast in huge silver dishes, each holding sufficient provision for the whole court of aldermen; yet, though such delicacies as crane, and swan, and porpoise, graced this royal festival, still, in some respects, the banquet of the "Olden Time" was at least as imposing in appearance as the modern dinner.

The "princely peacock" with his gilded train was as picturesque an object as the modern Christmas turkey; the "boar's head garnished brave" might compete the palm of excellence with the modern calf's head; and the kingly sturgeon in his silver dish, made as noble a figure as that first of modern dainties, a green turtle. Ale, wine, mead, and pigment, flowed in continued streams, and amidst the clang of the drinking cups, the shrill cry of the hawks that roosted above, the neighing of the chargers below, and the scarcely less noisy converse of the vast company, the song of the minstrel, and the lay of the disour, broke, but at intervals on the ear.

And, well pleased was King Stephen to behold the goodly company; and, as he watched the warlike countenances, and knightly bearing of his nobles, the crown seemed more firmly placed on his brow, and he smiled with more than usual contempt at the pretensions of young Plantagenet. His favorites marked his complacency, and many a boon was solicited, and many a "chartered wrong" obtained from the capricious good nature, or politic foresight of the monarch. My brave and trusty Castellan, said the king, addressing William d'Ypres, what shall we do for you? Great has been your bounty, my liege, replied the gallant Fleming, you have granted me the fair tower of Montfitchet beside Baynard's castle, grant me also a fair lady to preside in it. Well said, my trusty Castellan, replied the monarch, we will give you one of our wards, with a fair face and broad lands, to reward your faithful services. Your three wards, Sire, returned the high justiciary, are already disposed of. Edith de Bayning has been given to Walter le Forté for his good archery, when he brought down the white doe with his first arrow. I remember it well, said the king; but, there is the heiress of Hadleigh and the daughter of Robert de Walsingham. True, my liege, but lady Maude, of Hadleigh, was carried off by her uncle, the

bishop of Ely, during the late wars, and she hath taken the veil in Sopewell nunnery; and the lady Muriel de Walsingham hath paid twenty marks of silver into the exchequer for leave to continue unmarried *two* years. My liege, resumed William d'Ypres, are there not some barons not present here, and who have borne arms against you? Let me, and my gallant company, besiege their castles, burn their towers, and win me a wife by my good sword. The Baron Montfitchet is not here, said King Stephen, and as you, my brave Castellan, hold the strong tower of Montfitchet, why should ye not hold the castle also? beside, *there* is a fair lady. Many thanks, my liege, for the castle and lands, but, sweet Marie forbid, I should take that lady Bellesante! She hath a magic ring, wherein she sees all that is done throughout the world. St. Michael! to think how I have suffered through her sorceries. The holy abbot of Waltham well knows, when last Martinmas I set out to lay siege to their castle, how we went the wrong way, and were almost lost in fog, solely through that witch-ladye's sorceries. Methinks, interrupted the wily abbot, it is strange that men should go beyond seas to fight Sathan, when there are strong holds of his even in this most Christian land; the father of this fearful witch sheltered that outlaw and traitor

young Wivernhoe, and sent him off safely beyond seas with that excommunicate templar, the earl of Essex: moreover, this sorceress conjured up a poterner—that with Aubert de la Pont, whom God assoil, I hid under a thorn-bush—next morning, when I sought it, it was gone, and close beside lay that letter I charged that traitor Wivernhoe with; methought he might be back again to seek it, so Aubert and I waited until Curfewtide, to seize him. Sweet Marie! an armed company came nigh, and De Magnaville at their head. Here's goodly game, my merry men, said that lover of all evil, bend your bows, bold yeomen. Alas! they bent them, and Aubert fell dead by my side: truly, had it not been for the especial care manifested by heaven, even for the meanest of its servants, my life had been extinguished also. An English croisade, then, and against Montfitchet castle, exclaimed the gallant knights who surrounded the king. Nay, said William d'Ypres, his superstition almost overpowering his valour, what if this witch should turn us all into stones, or cast us into a seven years' sleep, as the minstrels sing of the farie Viviana. Be not dismayed, my son, said the holy abbot, ye shall go in the might of the church, and fiends shall have no power against ye; our consecrated banner shall be carried before you, and I myself will go

in the midst, bearing our box of relics, for great treasure have we in our abbey of Waltham; there is the thumb nail of St. Antony, a string of St. Dunstan's harp, a corner of St. Joseph's garment that he wore when he cleaved wood, and a shoe latchet of our ladye: can sorcery withstand these? O! no my son, Sathan would flee away from the very meanest of them! We will go, was the general cry, and William d'Ypres found himself at the head of a numerous company; for the hardy chivalry of those days dared not to doubt of success, under the guidance of a priest, and the auspices of a box of relics. We will keep our determination secret till spring, and then let the witch ladye look to it, said the well pleased Castellan of King Stephen.

On the eve of our lady, a goodly company of knights and their retainers, with William d'Ypres, and his turbulent Flemings, heard vespers in the noble abbey church at Waltham, and, animated by the exhortations of the holy abbot, and perhaps yet more by the hope of plunder, they joined in the service with great devotion. It was an edifying sight to behold with what spirit these gallant knights elevated the points of their swords, when the gospel was read, in token of their readiness to support it; and yet more edifying to see how they spat on the ground at the name of Sa-

than, to express their utmost abhorrence of all the powers of darkness.

On the morrow, with the consecrated banner elevated before them, and the invaluable box of relics, borne by the sacristan in the midst, the gallant company set forth. Go in peace, my children! go, and prosper! was the valediction of the worthy abbot. I would gladly have accompanied you, but my weapons are spiritual, and, until I hear news of your success, my time shall be spent in watching and prayer.

Fourteen days did Abbot Geslebert wait for tydings; evening after evening he sent out messengers toward Stansted, but in vain. He commanded a fast to be kept, and the whole convent, in sackcloth and ashes, implored the aid of the heavenly hierarchy in behalf of William d'Ypres, who had generously promised the abbey a seventh of all he should obtain. Such disinterested prayers were necessarily crowned with success; the monks had scarcely risen from their knees, when a messenger arrived with the welcome intelligence that the banner of the Flemish adventurer floated over the lofty towers of Montfitchet. Let us rejoice in the Lord, my brethren, who hath given our holy banner a success, which would have been denied to men unassisted by our prayers, was the delighted exclamation of the

abbot as he entered the chapter house. The gallant company who departed hence, bearing our banner and relics, have fought right valiantly, and fearful was the end of the sorceress. When the brave knights had forced the inner wall, and stood close under the keep, they called to the baron to deliver up that evil sorceress, but he refused; the noble company then sought to force the outward tower, when a fearful noise was heard —the northern tower burst into flames, and high in the air the witche ladye and Sathan were seen, tall as the steeple of Stansted church, and then vanished in brimstone. Sir Walter de la Pont was so sorely affrighted, that it is feared he will run stark wode, for the devil with his horns and his hoofs was most dreadful to behold. So perish all the enemies of our holy church! and a loud amen was returned by the wondering convent.

Years past away; war soon again broke out; and after years of turmoil and warfare, the suffering and impoverished people hailed joyfully the accession of young Plantagenet to the crown of England. The coronation feast was held with all the splendor that marked the festivals at this period, and free access was afforded to the vast crowd, who pressed to solicit redress of injuries, or gifts, or favors. Among the multitude, a woman closely wrapt in a large mantle, accom-

panied by two pilgrims bearing palm branches in their hands, and escallop shells on their esclavynes, entered the hall. Way was instantly made for persons of so much sanctity, and they stood before the king's footstool. A boon, my liege! exclaimed the woman, and uncovering her face, displayed to the wondering company, the features of ladye Bellesante. Hear her not, my liege! cried the agitated abbot of Waltham, it is an evil spirit that speaks in her form; doth not all England know Bellesante de Montfitchet was carried off bodily by Sathan, more than five years since? The lady cast a look of proud contempt on the abbot of Waltham. King Henry, you see before you three descendants of an ancient house, whose castle has been burnt, and whose fiefs have been alienated through the wiles of this holy abbot, and the rapacity of William d'Ypres; since that Fleming hath been forced to fly, Walter de la Pont, and this abbot, have divided the lands between them. Hear her not, King Henry, exclaimed the abbot, Walter de la Pont can witness, that he saw her carried off by the evil one! I will maintain it with my good sword, cried Walter de la Pont, who now ranked himself among the adherents to King Henry, and who was naturally unwilling to lose his broad lands. Then maintain it against us, replied the pilgrims. Think

ye, that after having fought twelve years in the Holy land, we will not fight for our inheritance and our sister? The lands are forfeit, returned the abbot. Hugh de Montfitchet vowed them to the holy church, but through the sorceries of this hand-maiden of Sathan, he revoked his gift. It is false, replied the lady, indignantly looking around. As heaven is my witness, I use no sorceries, and I will assoil myself by any ordeal. What is the ordeal of fire, or water, to one invulnerable by spells? said the crafty abbot. Let her assert her innocence by a Christian champion; if any would put lance in rest for a convicted sorceress. I demand a champion, then, replied the lady, flinging down her glove, and looking anxiously around; for she well perceived that she was eyed with horror and dismay by the too credulous company.

I will be your champion, lady, exclaimed a voice from behind the king, and will prove ere long Walter de la Pont lies in his throat. The astonished lady looked up, and recognised the well-remembered features of young Edgar de Wivernhoe, who formerly sought refuge in her father's castle. Many days have passed, fair lady, since you shewed me yonder worthy knight, and the holy abbot beside the thorn-bush; to you, therefore, I owe not merely my high station,

as earl of Suffolk, but even my life; truly, then, am I most fitted to be your champion. Let the combat be held at eight in the morning, to-morrow, said the king, and let the accuser and accused, with their friends, meet in Smithfield, and God defend the right.

The lists were enclosed on the following morning, and a vast multitude assembled to witness the guilt or the innocency of the lady Bellesante, proved by the solemn verdict of heaven. On this awful occasion, no shouts of joy, no clamorous vociferations burst from the assembled populace; for it was not a trial of knightly prowess, not a strife for the smiles of beauty, that they were about to witness—but a solemn judicial combat, sanctioned by ancient usage, and hallowed by religious ceremony.

Ere long, the earl-marshal, and the high constable, in complete armour, took their stations within the barrier. The heralds, in their party-coloured tabards, guarded the entrance, and the prior of St. Bartholomew, and his attendant brethren, with a brightly illuminated copy of the gospels, stood in readiness to swear the combatants. Walter de la Pont, and the earl of Suffolk, now entered the lists, and reverently laying their hands on the gospels, swore, that they had, "neyther eaten, nor drynken, nor done any

thynge, wherebye ye lawe of Godde myghte be over-borne, or ye lawe of ye devill exaltede." The esquires each presented their steeds to their respective masters—the heralds proclaimed their titles, and the cause there to be tried by battle. The earl marshal then gave the signal, and while the lady, in whose cause the lances were couched, addressed her fervent prayers to the heavenly hierachy for the safety of her grateful champion, the combatants, with the swiftness of lightning, rushed on each other: it was but a moment, and the lances lay shivered in fragments beside them; still they kept their seats, and slowly, and firmly backed their noble chargers to the opposite sides of the lists. The combatants received fresh lances, and again they rushed forward; Walter de la Pont was unhorsed, and, assisted by his antagonist, slowly arose from the ground; the esquires now advanced in silence, and led away the horses—short swords were put into their hands, and again they rushed to the combat. A few moments, and it was over,—Walter de la Pont lay stretched on the ground. A clamorous and deafening shout arose from the long silent crowd, and lady Bellesante, erewhile an object of distrust and horror, was now greeted with smiles of affection, and words of gratula-

tion by the credulous nobles, who bowed unquestioningly to the decision of Heaven.

It must be so, sighed the holy abbot of Waltham, mortified at the failure of his projects. I would we had but sworn this champion on our holy relics at Waltham, Sathan would have had no power then; for father Odo, as well as Walter de la Pont, who now lies dead, could declare, that lady Bellesante made off fast enow when the holy relics were near.

But a short time elapsed ere the brothers of the lady Bellesante were restored to their hereditary possessions, and the champion received his usual reward—the hand of his vindicated lady.

At the close of the marriage feast, lady Bellesante advanced toward the huge fire that was blazing on the hearth-stone, "I vowed to our ladye, that if she would aid me, and bring me out of trouble, I would destroy this ring—my prayer has been heard, and I fulfil my vow." The countess of Suffolk took the fair gold ring, with the magic crystal from her bosom, and cast it into the flames; the superstitious company rejoiced, for they considered it the triumph of grace over evil; but the king, who was remarkably free from the credulity of the age, lamented its destruction.

It is better as it is, my liege, replied the lady Bellesante; for he who in this unenlightened age is elevated above his fellows, stands but a mark for their fear, or their malice; the valley basks in fertility and sunshine, while the mountain top is exposed to the blast and scath of every tempest.

# LORD CANTELOU'S MINSTREL,

## A TALE OF ST. BRIDE'S.

There none was
A better harper in any place;
For he who myghte hys harpyng heare,
He should thynke that he were
In one of the joyes of Paradys:
Such melody in hys harpyng is.—Syr Orpheo.

Then loud agen King Estmere played,
And Adler loud did singe:
Lo! here cometh the minstrel I wis
To carry thee from the king.—King Estmere.

# LORD CANTELOU'S MINSTREL,

## A TALE OF THE 13th CENTURY.

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COMPLIN* was sung in the church of St. Martin le Grand, and the canons regular of that ancient and highly privileged foundation leaning idly over their quaintly carved desks, were carelessly following in various time, and in most discordant voices, the rich and pealing tones of the noble organ, which but imperfectly concealed their execrable psalmody. They seemed thinking of any thing but what they ought: at the confession, no knee was bent; at the psalms, no head was raised. The *Nunc Dimittis* was sung by sitting choristers, and *Alma redemptoris mater* died away on their tongues. This was not surprising, for the rich steam of savoury viands which ascended from the convent kitchen, unfor-

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Complin, the last of the seven services of the Roman church.

tunately too near the church, had completely overcome the devotional feelings of the worthy canons; and in their eager anticipations of the good things of this life, they were well content, like many more, to be unmindful of those of the world to come.

A loud knocking was heard at the gate, and every eye was simultaneously raised from the fair and illuminated missals, which, "bounde in deere's lether and garnishede wythe claspys and bourdons of sylvere," laid open before the worthy brotherhood; and the organ would have been unaccompanied by voices, had not an aged canon so deaf that nothing could disturb his devotion, continued the tune. The blessing was hastily pronounced, and the canons were tumultuously quitting the church—Ah, brothers! said the sacristan, it is well for ye father Vitalis is from hence; or, instead of your goodly supper, ye might have lentil pottage, and a *miserere* to sing at midnight. The admonition of the more conscientious sacristan passed unheeded; for, who, whether monk or layman, would listen to unpleasant truths, when a good supper invited his attention. Away they proceeded to enquire of the porter, who had so importunately demanded admission. It is Sir Fulco Tracey, I hope, said the first canon delightedly. I bade him be here be-

times, for he sings a goodly song over the wassail bowl; and, moreover, hath been as far as Cyprus, and can tell many wonderful things. I trow it is rather Adam de Orleton, of Watling Street, replied another; I gave him notice, at confession, that father Vitalis had gone hence, and that we should be merry; and a marvellous story hath he to tell us concerning the man that was hanged at the Elms,* last Wednesday, for deer stealing; how he came down from the gibbet, and walks every night, right over against the gate of the king's palace of St. Bride. Truly, I am glad Adam de Orleton is coming, rejoined a third, *then* perchance we may hear about the new tallage. Hugo Brisett saith it will be on the Jews only; but, alack! King John is too much a Jew himself to let Christians go free. There is also a story abroad concerning a young knight, who, they say, will lose his head: but, porter, who hath come? A man in a large cloak came and prayed shelter for the night. Ye gave him a loaf of bread and a draught of beer, and sent him off according to our rule, I hope, said the charitable brother Wulpho. Nay, father, replied the porter, ye had been loath for me to have done so, for methought I saw a harp beneath his

* The Elms, now Smithfield.

cloak. Heaven send he may be a minstrel! ejaculated the young canon, for then with Sir Fulco Tracey and Adam de Orleton to tell news, and a minstrel to sing lays, with store of good wine, methinks we may pass the night right merrily.

He is a minstrel, I'll warrant me, said the porter; but will ye come and see him. The two worthy canons proceeded to the hostrey (a large out-building devoted in convents to the reception of strangers—from whence, after making known their name and degree, they were led, according to their rank, to the kitchen, the guest hall, or the superior's private apartments), where they found a middle aged man, wrapt in a large cloak termed an esclaveyn, who, perceiving the reverend brothers, drew from beneath his cloak a small harp, and making a low obeisance, in rather a monotonous strain, not unlike the ancient chants of the Roman church, commenced the following address:

Good even to ye, holy men,
I pray your charity;
To give me shelter for the night,
And well your bounty I'll requite,
For the grace of lady Marie.
For many a romaunt can I say;
Or, would ye song or virelay;

Or, wondrous marvels of romance;
Or, choice Sirventes* from Provence;
Or, legends of great verity;
Listen, and I will sing to ye.

Many a romaunt can I tell—
Ogier le Danois fierce and fell;
Partenopex and Charlemagne;
The lion tended Knight Ywaine;
How Roland, and his brave vassals
Fought and fell at Rouncevals;—
Or, how Sir Tristrem brave and free
Wandered, making sweet minstrelsy.

I've tales of England many moe—
Wade and his boat Guingelot;
How king Brut came o'er the sea;
How king Arthur's chivalry
Wandered forth to every land;
How Hornchild gained high command;
Or, how Sir Bevis fame did win
On battle-field 'gainst the Sarazin.—

Or, would ye tales of faerie—
The lays of fair dame Marie;
I'll sing,—how roamed the wolfish knight;
How Emare in beauty bright
So sadly with her little child
Floated over the waters wild;
Or, how Sir Lanval brave and stout
Was snatched by gentle Tryamour
Into the land of faerie:
All these sweet lays I'll sing to ye.

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* Satirical songs in the langue d'Oc.

Then, not in vain, ye holy men,
I pray your charity,
To give me shelter for the night,
And well your largess I'll requite,
For the love of lady Marie.

Aye, truly, ye shall have shelter for this night and the next too, with plenty of malvoisie to boot, exclaimed the delighted young canon, as, joyfully anticipating the various marvels with which the minstrel should amuse them, they led him into the refectory.

The spacious refectory of the wealthy house of St. Martin's le Grand, with its rudely carved rafters,—its wainscoated walls, its ponderous oak tables, its silver cross, and its gaudy painting of the holy Family, where gold, azure, and vermillion, vainly strove by their brilliancy to compensate for the harshness of outline, flatness of shadow, and the thousand sins against perspective and expression which characterized the earlier productions of conventual artists,—was filled by a goodly company of black canons and their friends; among whom, Sir Fulco Tracey, dressed in the tight vest and short mantle of the period, and Adam de Orleton, in his long gown and broidered hood, fastened beneath his chin with a "brooche of moste cunnynge workmanshippe," sat conspicuously at the upper end of the table.

It was a splendid supper with which the canons

of St. Martin indulged themselves in the absence of their superior; for the gastronomic science was not unknown to our worthy ancestors, and the servants of the church, then, as at present, gave unquestionable evidence of their partiality for the good things of this life. Delicate napery adorned the tables; a beechen trencher, a knife, and a loaf of wastel bread was placed before each; and drinking cups, mostly of silver, and many richly chased and standing upon feet, in defiance of ecclesiastical denunciations, and the prohibitions of numberless councils, adorned the table.—And, there were "eels y rostedde," "jollys of salmone," "stewed lampreys;" that far-famed conventual delicacy—"mortreaux," the mulliga tawny of the olden time; haunches of the red deer, that dish of ballad renown; "crustade royalle" and "blanch manger," celebrated by our feast-loving Chaucer, and marvels in the culinary art, and miracles in confectionary, that might have excited the envy even of a modern French cook.—Nor was wine lacking; for, to borrow the tempting catalogue wherewith the king of Hungary endeavours to console his fair daughter under her imagined loss of the "Squyer of low degré,"

"There was Romney, and Malvesine,
Both Ypocras, and Vernage wyne,

Mount rose, and Respice eke,
Algrade, and wyne of Greeke,
Antioch wyne, and Bastarde,
Pyment alsoe, and Granarde,
Wyne of Rhyne, and Muscatele,
Both Clarv. Pigment. and Rochelle:"

all dealt out by no niggard hand; while the large potations of the reverend canons, and their well-pleased guests, would have utterly astounded a modern drinker.

Invigorated, and refreshed by their plentiful meal, the good company seemed determined now to make up for lost time by all talking together. They say a dead man walketh right afore the palace gate, Sir Fulco,—how cometh it to pass? I know not, replied the knight, but the watch and ward are so sorely affrighted, that I doubt whether Sir Henry Audeley will get them to stand. He must be some unchristened man, said father Wulpho, for I remember in the last great plague when, many dead men walked,—they were all Jews, or Lombards, or Templars; and ye know they are worshippers of Mahound, though we may not say so openly. Nay, brother Wulpho, did not Hugo de Ballard walk six hours after he died, yet he was a christened man, and moreover was shriven and housell'd. Ye know well enow, methinks, why Hugo de Ballard walked, replied bro-

ther Wulpho,—did he not defraud the church of St. Botolph beside Aldersgate, of five marks' worth of silver, when he made the cross for the high altar;—I mind it well, as though it were but yesterday; for father Odo was sent for, and there was the dead man clinging to the door-post, crying out, "Take me to St. Botolph's!" aye, a fearful thing is it to think of defrauding the holy church. This man hath been put to death for deer stealing, replied Adam de Orleton the citizen. O our sweet lady! when I think of the gallant yeomen that year by year are hanged for the sake of brute beasts, methinks it is enough to make all the dead rise; seeing that the king, and the nobles, mind not the living. It is an awful thing, replied brother Wulpho, that men, whom our Lord himself redeemed, should die for a savage beast. It is an evil law, and a cursed law, exclaimed the minstrel; and, my masters, if it please ye, I will sing ye a goodly ballad, setting forth the judgment of heaven on king William, for his great and cruel oppressions; for he loved the tall deer as though he had been their father.

Arise, young Sebert, take thy bow
Boldly into the greenwood go;
Take thine arrows, and shoot me three,
In the name of our blessed Marie.

Nay, my grandsire, nay, not to night,
Let me but wait until dawning light
I'll chase the red deer, and the dun,
And nobly we'll feast on venison:

For to-morrow the king, with hound and horn,
Chaseth the stag ere break of dawn,
With knight, and baron, a merrie route
Ranging the forest all about.

...

And I that goodly sight might see,
Hiding beneath the greenwood tree;
Then, loud and fierce, the old man cried
Curst be their sport, whate'er betide!

Three sons had I who knew no fear,
And well they chased the good red deer;—
But, they were taken by the king's decree
And hanged upon the gallows tree.

I took mine arrows, I bent my bow,
And day by day thro' the chase did go,
To avenge the death of those gallant three
Brave youths who were hanged on the gallows tree.

Alas! why failed my trusty bow,
Why mine arrows missed I may not know;
But heaven will avenge on the king ere long
My fair sons' death, and my bitter wrong.

I had a dream but yesternight;—
Our lady came to me yclothed in light;—
Bid thy Sebert arise, and take his bow,
And eastward into the greenwood go.—

'Neath the maple tree shall he take his stand,
Tho' the deer may speed by, he shall hold his hand

Till a milk white doe boundeth o'er the lea,
Then shall he shoot his arrows three.

Young Sebert into the forest hath gone;
The king and his son came riding on,
With hound and horn, and merrie shout,
Ranging the greenwood all about.

Keep near, my son, did King William say,
For goodly sport shalt thou see to day,
The rangers have roused a milk-white doe
And at her, thou alone, shalt bend thy bow.

The red deer rushed past in tameless pride,
With their fair arched necks, and antlers wide,
And the delicate hind fleeted swiftly by,
But, young Sebert, may not his good bow try.

'Tis sunset;—the chime of the even-song bell
Floateth silvery and soft over wood and dell;—
When hark! the shout and the loud halloo—
For the rangers have roused the milk-white doe.

Now up, young Sebert, thy shafts prepare;—
The first whizzed shrill thro' the yielding air;
Again, and again, the arrows fly—
But the milk-white doe hath fled harmless by.

Woe! woe! to king William! aye, bitter woe,
Thy son lies slain,—not the milk-white doe!
She shall gambol again 'neath the green wood tr
But thy son shall never more hunt with thee.

There was joyaunce at morning in Winchester,
For a mighty feast did the knights prepare,
And largesses great were the barons bringing,
And merrily all the bells were ringing:—

There was sorrow ere night at Winchester,
The king is weeping beside a bier,
And dolefully sad is the death-bell knelling,
And mournful the chant for the dead is swelling.

Arise, now, my grandsire, and be not woe,
Tho' I bring not the stag, nor the milk-white doe;
For fearful tydings I bring to thee—
King William's fair son lies slain by me!

Heaven speed thee, my Sebert, O! welcome here,
Tho' thou bring'st not the doe, nor the good red deer;
For thou hast avenged right wondrously
My three sons whom he hanged on the gallows tree!

A goodly ballad, exclaimed the citizen, as the last sounds of the cadence died away on the harp, aye, a goodly ballad! I would that king John could but hear it. It would be in vain, replied Sir Fulco Tracey, for our king is more fierce and vehement for these forest laws than his father, or his brother, whom God assoil. Amen, said the citizen, shaking his head at the recollection of the prowess and gallant bearing of Cœur de Lion: alas! Sir Fulco, I often stand by the river side, and think on that fair morning when our brave king Richard set out to the Holy Land, with his knights, and barons, and the knights of St. John, with their fair banners, and the Templars with their white mantles and red crosses:—our lady! methought, it were enow to

make Mahound flee away at the very sight;—O! and those merry days of minstrelsy that used to be! They have all vanished, returned Sir Fulco, and a lay of Provence, or a new romaunt, have I not heard since I left Cyprus; save from a fair young knight whom I now have in keeping until he shall lose his head. What! have you the custody of that young knight who was sent up from Winchester? enquired the citizen. Yes; and a goodly young knight is he; skilful on the harp and the vielle: he speaks the langue d'Oc like a Troubadour; and he is courteous, and gentle, and debonaire, as Sir Tristrem in the romance. And what is this young knight's name, good Sir Fulco, eagerly enquired the minstrel. Sir Fabian de Cantelou.—Alas! my fair young master! involuntarily exclaimed the minstrel. The exclamation past unnoticed save by the citizen, who beckoned the minstrel aside. O good master de Orleton, is it true indeed, that my noble Sir Fabian is in durance? Alas! ye know, how through that traitor Fitz Maurice, my noble master lord Cantelou, and his fair son Sir Fabian, were outlawed, and forced to flee away—Alas! that was a sorrowful day; so I made a lament, and called it a lament for lord Cantelou, and it was sung in the castle-hall, and the convent refectory, and the lady's bower; and truly, master de Orleton, I felt some-

what of pleasure to hear that lay sung far and wide; when, the foul fiend sieze him! that traitor Fitz Maurice, who took lord Cantelou's lands, and his fair castle, caused me to be put in durance in Bridgenorth Castle from Pentescostide to Candlemas. The saints only know how long I might have lain there, with no solace save my harp, when queen Eleanor rode beneath my tower a hawking, and I was singing a lay of Provence;—then she stopped, and listened, and questioned the warder who I was, and wherefore I was in durance; and queen Eleanor went and prayed my release of the king, because I sung the lays of that bright and sunny land where she sojourned in her young and joyful days; and she offered me also livery, but I would not; twenty-five years had I borne lord Cantelou's cognisance, and I will never wear other. And wherefore came you hither, Eustace de Helston, returned the citizen. Alas! master de Orleton, I could not bear to see the fair castle where lord Cantelou dwelt, and the woods where he hunted, possessed by that traitor. So I wandered about, and methought I would come to London, where, as there is great resort of strangers I might chance to hear some tidings of my noble master and his fair son:—but now, sweet Marie! what may be done to rescue him?—Cannot you do

somewhat for my fair Sir Fabian, good master de Orleton? remember in the last tallage, ye had been sorely mulcted, had not lord Cantelou, mine honored master, spoken to the justiciary for ye.

All the saints are my witnesses, replied the citizen, that whatever man may do would I do for him, and could Sir Fabian but escape from prison, I would gladly convey him to Normandy; but, how shall we get to him? Did not yon knight say that Sir Fabian was in his keeping, replied the minstrel? Yes, but the palace walls are thick and high, who may enter them? and even did ye, of what avail, against a band of yeomen, with stout bills and six foot tough yew bows, is a swordless minstrel? It is true, master de Orleton; but yet,—I am a skilful tregitour;* and when I shewed my skill at St. Swithin's priory, near Winchester, pray heaven, said the prior to the sacristan, that this may not be an illusion of the evil one! so much did they wonder at my art. Ah! art is more than might! Heaven speed ye, then; for more faithful minstrel than ye, never had baron. I bethink me of a plan, good master de Orleton, and all the saints be my witnesses, if I rescue not my fair Sir Fabian ere

* Tregitour, a juggler.

three days be past, or hang beside the forester at the Elms!

King John sat by his huge log fire, in the ancient palace of St. Bride. The room was large and lofty, the walls were hung with diapered tapestry; neatly strewed rushes covered the floor, and a small carpet of silk and wool, was spread beneath the royal chair; a rich canopy of damask, on the front of which the lions of Anjou grinned and lifted their right paws most royally, overhung the monarch, who, attired in silken robes adorned with quaint embroidery, with his rich gold collar, and jewel-studded belt, sat in a huge arm-chair, whose high back, richly carved and gilded, displayed the aforesaid lions enclosed in a bordure of trefoil, while a silver footstool was placed at his feet. And around, doing suit and service, stood the great officers of his court, the justiciary in his scarlet mantle, the high constable with his truncheon of command, the earl-mareschal with his warder, and the horn slung around his neck; while the seneschal, the chancellor, and a numerous company of knights and pages, were wandering listlessly about, and casting many a reproachful look at the darkened windows, against which the wind blew, and the snow beat, rendering the preparations for the anticipated tournament altogether useless. My lord

seneschal, said a knight entering, a strange outlandish man is at the palace gate, and he prayeth to see the king. Let him come in, cried that privileged and cherished servant of our earlier monarchs, the fool, leaping up from before the fire, where he lay jingling the bells on his long eared cap; let him come in, I say, for our king and he will be two strange ones together. He is a black man, continued the knight, he weareth a towel about his head like a sarazin, and a tabor hangeth round his neck, and he has a harp in his hand. Let him come, my liege, exclaimed Sir Fulco de Tracey, who as warder of the keep stood among the nobles, it may be Abarbanel, chief minstrel to the king of Grenada, and we shall have much sport. Let him come in, said the king, by the feet of our lady, methinks the saints have sent him to make us merry this dull afternoon.

Oyez! oyez! oyez! Barons, knights, and esquires all! cried the fool, gazing with a mixture of fear and wonder on the black complexion of the minstrel, here is Sathan come forth from his kingdom of darkness, to visit his brother the king of England. Come forward, good king Sathan, "'tis merrie when gossips meet."—Peace, fool, growled the surly chancellor, away.—Nay, good master chancellor, methinks I had better bid *ye* away, for Sathan will carry ye off without

doubt; the king's chancellor would be so useful below. The black minstrel advanced toward king John, and kneeling down bent his head to the ground. Whence come ye, and who are ye? enquired the monarch. My name is Abarbanel, chief minstrel to the king of Grenada, replied the minstrel, in broken French, and I have come from afar, solely to see the state and wisdom of the far renowned king John. Human nature has undergone no alteration in the lapse of ages; king John smiled as graciously as any modern member of the holy alliance at the wily compliment of the disguised minstrel, and commanded him to exhibit his skill. And many a wild lay, and many a wondrous romance did the minstrel sing; and with many a sleight of hand trick, now consigned to the canvas booth of a country fair, but which at this early period the minstrel performed in the palace hall, to the great admiration of monarch and noble, did he beguile the hours.

Many thanks do I owe ye, Sir Fulco Tracey, said the crafty minstrel as the night advanced, for remembering my poor skill, and speaking well of it to the king, if it please ye I will sing ye some lays of Provence, and do some other tricks of tregitourie. Let him come to your tower, whispered the chancellor, such a skilful tregitour I never yet saw. He shall come, replied Sir

Fulco, and that fair young knight who I have in durance shall see him; why should he not have one merry night before he dies?

Eustace de Helston, fervently returning thanks to all the saints, for their aid hitherto afforded him, entered the upper room of the prison tower, and beheld his brave young master seated between two knights, his eyes sorrowfully fixed on the ground.

Now, minstrel, a lay or a roundel, said the chancellor, when a knocking was heard at the door. We are undone! exclaimed Sir Fulco de Tracey, it is the seneschal, and we shall be sorely mulcted for keeping the minstrel in the Tower.

Let me in, master chancellor, an Sathan have not carried ye off. It is only the fool, exclaimed Sir Fulco, unbarring the door; he had better be within than making such disturbance without.—Now, minstrel, begin. I have a store of lays, fair sir, answered he. Will ye one of Spain, or sunny Provence? or of England? Aye, replied the chancellor, nothing outlandish. The minstrel tuned his harp and commenced the following rude ballad:

It was on the feast of Trinity,
A young knight pricked forth right gallantly;

His spurs were gilt, his armour bright,
His bold destrere for the field was dight,
His blazon'd shield round his neck was slung,
And bright from his lance the long pennon hung;
While all who saw him shouted with glee
Fair knight! may our lady watch over thee!

Doth this young knight seek the tournament?
Or the press of knights? or the merriment
Of the castle hall? for there would he stand
More fair than Sir Tristrem with harp in hand
Alas! he hath rode to the battle field,
And he coucheth his lance, and he lifteth his shield,
Against the lion, that lion so grim
Who hated his race, and who hateth him;
O flower and grace of all chivalry!
Sweet knight, may our lady watch over thee!

'Tis the feast of our lord's nativity,
But, that valiant young knight, O! where is he?
He is not in bower, nor in castle hall,
Nor at tournay fight mid the nobles all;
His lance is broken, his squires all slain,
His destrere neigheth for his master in vain;
While, sadly in donjon keep lies he,
And his death-bell is tolling drearily!

As the sounds died away, the minstrel looked anxiously at the imprisoned knight to obtain some sign of recognition. The fate of the hero of the ballad, had evidently struck him by its similarity to his own, and he sighed deeply. By our lady, a dismal lay, said the chancellor;

why, minstrel, we called ye to make sport and glee, and thou hast given us a ditty as dismal as *De profundis*: Eustace de Helston looked earnestly again at the hapless young knight, and replied, Noble sir, I bethink me of a livelier lay, but, as it is a respondel, some one must take it up; if that young knight could but try it, we might make right pleasant melody.

The wily minstrel struck a few notes of a lively air on his harp, of which indeed Sir Fabian had composed the words, and thus sang he:

Leonore, my ladyé love, wake thee now!
For the sun hath climbed the mountain's brow,
He hath cast off his vapours, and looketh about
To find the sweetest and fairest out:
O! long and weary his search may be
For the sweetest or fairest, till thou he shall see.

Sir Fabian, fixing his eyes intently on the minstrel, immediately took up the respondel, and in a sweet voice continued:

O! waken me not from my joyous trance:
I had dreamt of the bowers of sunny Provence,
Of her orange groves, and sky of deep blue,
Of her roses so matchless in scent and hue:
O! why did you bid those visions flee,
Alas! I am far from my sweet countrée.

Noble sirs, said the joyful minstrel, I have just remembered a pleasant and marvellous story

of a fair Christian knight who was captive among the Sarazins; the paynim dogs doomed him to die;—I am a good Christian, noble sirs, though my face be black, for I make the sign of the cross, and spit on the ground at the name of Mahound; —it is a goodly lay, and thus begins it:

Arising from her rest,
  Damascus' lily flower
Hath donn'd her silken vest
  And hasted from her bower;
And, wrapt in mantle sheen,
  With fairy step she past
The outer court, and barbican,
  And she hath reached at last
The Donjon Keep, where young Sir Guy
Bemoaned his sad captivity.

"O! gentle knight, could gold,
  Or pearls, or gems of price,
But move those foemen bold,
  By the joys of Paradise
Thy ransom should be paid
  Before the morning light;"
But, to the paynim maid,
  Thus sighed the gallant knight:
"Sweet lady! vain thy power will be
To free me from captivity."

"Arouse thee, gallant knight!
  Great joy I bring to thee,
Ere long, in armor bright,
  Thou shalt ride forth joyfully;

For art is more than might,
And fraud can force withstand,
And ere the dawning light
Shall blush along the land,
As thought, as air, as ocean free,
My knight shall go forth joyfully.

The minstrel paused, for, skilful in reading countenances, he discerned a frown of suspicion lowering on the brow of the chancellor. It is a wild lay, noble sir, but it is one I learned in the east, and truly, I may say, the end is better than the beginning; for the lady sent her page, for she was a faëry, on his goblin steed from Damascus to Antioch, from Antioch to ——. It may be a pleasant tale, said the chancellor, interrupting him, as the frown vanished from his brow, for, possessing no imagination, he thought it impossible for any minstrel to fabricate so long a story, but we will have somewhat merrier.

Eustace de Helston, satisfied that Sir Fabian was now acquainted with the object of his visit, with a light heart and animated finger again struck his harp, and many a merry wassail song, and many a lay of sunny Provence, beguiled the remaining hours.

The bell of St. Martin's is chiming for lauds,

* The midnight service.

exclaimed the chancellor,—we must take the parting cup. Suffer me, fair sirs, said the minstrel, briskly rising, to minister to ye; and, with profound respect, he handed the cup to each; and well in that short space of time did he exercise his art as a tregitour, for, ere it had passed from the hands of the cupbearer to the lips of the knight and the chancellor, a strong soporific had been infused.—Farewell, Sir Fulco,—look to your prisoner, said the chancellor, half asleep. Come, minstrel, another draught. Well pleased did the minstrel again lift the wassail bowl to the lips of the chancellor, and well pleased did he receive the noble which the drowsy baron threw into it.

Now, Sir Fulco, said the minstrel, as the chancellor with unsteady steps departed,—I have a choice sirventé on King Lewis, and one whom I need not name. Sir Fulco! Sir Fulco! open the door, cried the chancellor and send one of your knights.—Our lady! doth not the dead man walk; by the mass I saw him just now all in a blue light. Sir Fulco! Sir Fulco! O! Sir Fulco send not me, exclaimed one of the knights who was guarding Sir Fabian, ye know I never shrank from perilous service against mortal man, but when the deadr ise and walk, methinks the living may well flee away. I saw him just now,

exclaimed the horror-struck chancellor, as he entered, and the watch and ward saw him too, with the halter about his neck,—O for some holy water, and a night-spell, alack, mine hath gone out of my head.

Peace! peace! replied Sir Fulco, come let me lead you. Peace! indeed, returned the chancellor sullenly, methinks there is no peace when dead men walk.

My good fool, said the minstrel, as Sir Fulco, leading the affrighted chancellor, departed, go softly to the door and lock it; for I will sing ye a merry lay, and Sir Fulco may stand without, nor shall he come in till he has given great largess.

That I will, said the fool, joyfully rising, I owe that proud knight a grudge, for when he was singing one of his long outlandish songs I struck up, "Come trowl the brown bowl to me" for the honor of merry England, when he knocked off my cockscomb.

Now, my masters, continued he, locking the door, and flourishing the massive key with a look of mischievous cunning,—now rede me what I shall do with it? What you please, replied the minstrel. Well then, there it goes, exclaimed the delighted fool, throwing the huge key out of the window. Now, fair sirs, sit down, and solace yourselves by thinking how to get out. What

noise is that? said one of the knights, in a half dreaming voice. Only the key in the court yard, below, the fool hath outwitted the minstrel. I'll cudgel ye soundly, exclaimed the now awakened knight rising. Will that bring up the key? replied the fool with provoking coolness.

A thick rope which Eustace de Helston had secreted, was swiftly fastened to the iron staple of the window; it was but a moment; Sir Fabian sprang toward it, and ere the awakened knight could arouse his sleeping companion, the prisoner had descended the rope, and the minstrel was following. Help, help! were the unavailing cries of the knights, while the fool, overjoyed at his successful mischief, danced about, laughingly exclaiming, Ah! fair sirs, I would counsel ye to save your breath to sing a *miserere;* I said the fool had outwitted the minstrel, but the minstrel hath outwitted all three.

Sir Fabian and his faithful minstrel alighted close beside the river. On, my fair Sir Fabian, on, pass the outward wall of Castle Baynard, ye shall meet good master Adam de Orleton, who, ere to-morrow, will convey ye into Normandy.

How shall I repay you, exclaimed the liberated young knight. Talk not of payment, fair Sir Fabian, when for so many years I have eaten your meat, and drunk of your cup. I vowed if

I might but ensure your escape, to become a lay-brother in the house of St. Martin's le Grand. Farewell, my fair Sir Fabian, for I will hasten to perform my vow.

The following morning strange rumours were afloat, and the citizens, with looks of horror and consternation, listened to a fearful tale of the dead man who had been accustomed to take his midnight walks before the gate of St. Bride's palace. Amidst various and conflicting statements, and many different versions, the following was the most generally received story:—This hanged man, at the witching hour of midnight, had entered the prison tower of the palace, where Sir Fulco Tracey and the king's chancellor were superintending the removal of a prisoner, and inspired, doubtless, by the doer of all evil, he threw the chancellor down stairs, almost strangled Sir Fulco Tracey, and bearing off the prisoner, who it was supposed he threw into the river, finally returned, after his arduous exertions, to his gibbet ere cock-crowing. This was certainly a sufficiently marvellous tale, but it was not the less credible on that account: and the citizens, in a paroxysm of terror, rushed to the Elms, and, fortified by the exhortations and holy water of the priest of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, they took down the body of the night-walking felon,

and consumed it in a large fire. As this was the most approved and orthodox method of quieting perturbed corpses, it is not surprising to find, that, after this triumph over the powers of darkness, the worthy citizens slumbered in peace. But, great was the terror that pervaded the palace of St. Bride; the watch and ward men declared they could not go on duty, and Sir Fulco Tracey and the king's chancellor frightened the cowardly and superstitious monarch nearly out of his senses, with their fearful accounts of this supernatural visitation. King John, who, ever since he had taken so large a portion of the churchmen's money, had been, from time to time, piously threatened with the signal vengeance of heaven, now began to fear that it indeed was about to visit him; and, anxious to propitiate the favour of the saints, he postponed the expected tournament; made a vow of pilprimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket; promised the high altar of St. Paul's a new silken covering; and expressed his determination to present the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor with a crown of "moste marvellous workmanshippe." To defray all these expenses, the worthy monarch imposed a heavy fine on the Jews, "solely," as his proclamation set forth, "for the honour and glory of God."

Conformably to his vow, Eustace de Helston presented himself at the gate of the noble house of St. Martin's, and prayed admission as a lay-brother; alleging, that his determination arose solely in consequence of the awful events of the preceding evening. Father Vitalis, the superior, overjoyed to find that the visitations of Sathan had been instrumental in leading new votaries to the church, most devoutly consigning the joyful minstrel, in his assumed character, to the evil one, most willingly admitted *him* to the privileges and immunities of the house.

Many years past away ere Eustace de Helston had again the satisfaction of seeing his noble master; for whose sake he was well satisfied, in his assumed character, to be anathematized. At length, King John was succeeded by his son, and most of the outlawed nobles returned to the land of their fathers. At the close of one summer evening, as Eustace de Helston was sitting in the cloisters, amusing the reverend canons with tales of his eventful life, his attention was attracted by the tramp of horses, and the appearance of a noble cavalcade. Great was his surprise, when the seneschal, who led the train, rode up to him and courteously enquired whether Eustace de Helston was yet living; and great indeed was his joy when Sir Fabian, now a middle aged man,

and Lord Cantelou, came up and greeted him. My faithful minstrel, the saints be praised that I see you once again. I have returned to my broad lands, and fair castle, you must go with me, and my fair lady Isabel shall thank you for your great fidelity. Many thanks, my noble master, returned the minstrel, but I vowed if I might but rescue you, to become a lay-brother here. Suffer me, therefore, to remain among these holy men, to pray for your welfare, and to think on that joyful evening when Lord Cantelou was saved by the craft of his faithful minstrel.

Eustace de Helston lived to an advanced age; and when at length he departed, a splendid tomb, and a noble funeral, bore witness to the gratitude of Lord Cantelou. "Hys obsequey was done reverentlye," to use the words of Froissart; for a charity of four priests and six choristers to say masses for his soul, and two hundred marks for a "fayre altare tombe," in the northern aisle of the church of St. Martin, were bestowed on the memory of the faithful minstrel. And there reposed the effigy of Eustace de Helston, his hands clasped in ceaseless devotion; while, around, the following legend might be read:—

Eustace de Helston : gist : yci :
Dieu : de : sa : ame : tien : pytie :
E : Jhesu : le : Filtze : a : mercye :

# RAYMOND LULLY, THE MULTIPLIER,

## A TALE OF VINTRY QUAY.

A stone besides
Imagined rather oft, than elsewhere seen;
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought:
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up, unbound,
In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.

PARADISE LOST, BOOK III.

# RAYMOND LULLY, THE MULTIPLIER,

## A TALE OF THE 13th CENTURY.

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It is with feelings similar to those that arise when we view the first red streaks of morning, or watch the unfolding blossoms of spring, that we contemplate the progress of society in England, from the middle of the 13th century. The ages of darkness and barbarism had passed away, and a general impulse toward improvement, and a general awakening of mind, proved that the shades of night were rapidly giving place to morning. The mighty struggle for freedom was accomplished; our rich and energetic language began first to display its stores; commerce spread her sail to far distant regions, and the merchants of Bruges, of Venice, of Barcelona, and Amalfi, mingled with the Hanseatic and Danish adventurers on the quays of London. Flemish tapestry decked the best room of the citizen; Cyprus lawn veiled the fair features of the London dam-

sel; and the city dame, at high festivals, displayed her gorgeous tippet of inwoven silk and gold, wrought in the loom of the Saracen maiden. The arts arose from their sleep of ages; the missal displayed its brilliant colourings; the "boke of romaunts" shone with "claspys and bourdons of sylver," and bright silken coverings; the virgin saint, in fair proportions, smiled from her lace-worked and fillagreed tabernacle; the mitred effigy frowned with the stern expression of the living prelate; and the recumbent knight seemed ready to start up from his placid slumber, and lift again his broidered pennon, as the footstep echoed along the aisle. And, Gothic architecture arose in all her gorgeous magnificence; the clustered column, the pointed arch with its frost work tracery, the richly carved key-stone, and the gorgeous oriel window,

"Closed well wyth ryall glas,"

displayed its goodly array of confessors, apostles, and martyrs, glowing in purple splendor and golden radiance; column surmounting column, and arch intersecting arch, in every combination of architectural beauty, raised the mighty fabric to the clouds; and it stood in towered and pinnacled grandeur, firm as the rock temples of the east—aery and delicate as the work of faery

hands. Nor was science unawakened, though her advances were not marked by equally important results; for the delusive visions of hope were mistaken for the sober realities of truth, and the high imaginings of an ardent mind took place of experiment; and the sage watched the stars, to learn the destiny of men and kingdoms, or brooded over his crucible to discover the grand magistery; or sought in the poisonous vapours that floated around him, the elixir of eternal youth. Yet, amid these wild theories, and profitless speculations, of ardent, energetic, and enthusiastic minds, truths were elicited which have laid the foundation of modern science; and the astrologer, the cabalist, and the votary of Alchemy, "claim (to borrow the words of a distinguished writer) to be the intellectual progenitors of a Bacon and Newton."

It was on a fine summer's evening, towards the close of the 13th century, that the various groups of citizens who were amusing themselves on the Vintry quay,—then the wharf at which French and Spanish vessels landed their merchandise,—were surprised by the appearance of the seneschal and hospitaller of the abbey at Westminster, who anxiously enquired whether a certain vessel, from Bayonne, had arrived. For more than two hundred years, great hostility had ex-

isted between the inhabitants of London and Westminster, which the successive abbots of that rich establishment had been much more anxious to increase than to soften; and the queries of the officer, therefore, received the surly answer of, "Your lordly abbot may come, and enquire for himself, the citizens will not help him." To have remonstrated, or to have attempted to chastise the rudeness of the populace, would have been equally vain; the quay was crowded with the lower orders, and the seneschal, fully aware that even an uncivil answer might raise a tumult so desperate that there would be little chance of his ever again seeing Westminster, merely beckoned his attendants to keep near him, and endeavoured to beguile the time by entering into conversation with the hospitaller.

It was a gay sight to behold the seneschal on his noble charger, with his murray-coloured silk mantle adorned with the cognizance of the abbot in massive silver, bearing his white wand of office; and the hospitaller, clothed in the black habit and white cross of his order, as though in contempt of the rules of St. Benedict, mounted on a gallant grey palfrey; with the numerous servants of the abbey, all clad in murray-coloured liveries, armed with spears and round leathern bucklers, two of whom were gently leading the abbot's

own mule, whose dark satin-like skin well set off the gilded bridle, crimson foot-cloth, and embroidered saddle. Look, Eadmer! said a gigantic savage-looking man, in a coarse canvass frock, bound with a broad leathern girdle, in which was a huge Sheffield whittle, addressing himself to a young man similarly clothed, who was lying on a heap of rubbish, with his quarter-staff beside him; Look at the train of the proud abbot of Westminster, and the silver badges, and the mule's gold trappings, and the bonny grey horses, shall we brook it, man? No, up!—up to the old cry of "Mountjoye, and down with the abbot of Westminster!"—Holy Mother! answered the young savage, half raising himself from the ground, and gazing with ferocious delight at the gold and embroidery that glittered in the setting sun, I would play my quarter-staff about their heads as though I were thrashing wheat, were it only for that silver badge and gallant gold bridle.—I would join you against the seneschal, said another; he's a layman, but it's ill luck to touch the church. Oh! it was a glorious time last Martinmas ten years, when we spoiled the Jews, and took their gold rings from their fingers, and their fine cloth mantles, and their silver drinking cups, and tall bright candlesticks, and hanged them, for the love of God, by

the dozen.—By St. Nicholas! returned the first speaker, I never slept better than the night after I stopt the prior of St. Mary Overy, and took his seal, ring, and eighty marks, and his goodly scarlet mantle. Priests always have things worth taking. Oh for yon bonny grey, that the old priest knows not how to manage; Mountjoye! Mountjoye! up, revenge the death of Fitz Arnulph! vengeance is never too late.* This interesting colloquy was broken in upon by an authoritative voice exclaiming, Back! keep back, there! do you wish for a seat in the stocks to-night?—No, no, master constable, said the principal speaker, no stocks for me, or you may rue it; set me in the stocks, and you shall have a bonfire at your house shall give better light to London than that the aldermen have put up in Bow steeple. The constable well knew the desperate character of Wulfric the devil, and at once determined to have no dispute with him. We know you are brave and determined, returned he, but we must keep peace in the city; there's good space between Ludgate and the Abbey for

* In the year 1222, the abbot of Westminster raised a tumult, in which many citizens were wounded, for revenging which outrage Constantine Fitz Arnulph, with many others, was hanged on the following morning.

hanging, if you must be at your old trade.—What trade would you have me follow else? resumed Wulfric; your poor citizens are ground down with tallages and queen's gold, and the vassals of the barons are mere slaves; outlawry for me, and a full purse without labour! my father hangs in chains on Shooter's Hill, and *his* father's head was stuck on London bridge; the halter will end me, and I always pray our ladye's grace against that day, for I never pass her image without doffing my bonnet; and if I do follow pickynge and pillynge, I ever make the sign of the cross first. Why, when I took ten pieces of burel from the Yorkshire draper, I gave one to the prior of St. Bartholomew!

While this conversation was proceeding, a party of Jews appeared upon the quay, one of whom, who seemed a rabbi, approaching the seneschal's attendants, said, The renowned Raymond Lully, the Catallan whom you wait for, will not be here until the tide turns. The man drew back, with a look in which fear preponderated over contempt, and exclaimed, Why this comes of sorcery!—how should you know whom the abbot Cremer expects? The hospitaller, however, beckoned, and entered into conversation with him; while the citizens, who stood near, looked with eager curiosity, mingled with anger,

on the speakers, and vainly endeavoured to catch some words which might inform them what a Jew and a Christian priest could possibly be talking about; they, however, spake in Norman French, then the language of the higher and more educated classes, and the populace drew back with the vexation that usually attends disappointed curiosity. During this parley the deputy of the ward approached, when the question of—What do the abbot of Westminster's servants here? was addressed to him by half a dozen voices at once; and why do they talk with that dog of a Jew? was immediately added.—I can tell you that, exclaimed a voice in the crowd, the holy abbot uses sorcery and magic, and he loves the Jews because they teach it him.—For shame! for shame! said the deputy, that Jew is a wise man, and has studied for many years the craft of multiplication, which abbot Cremer also studies.—That we well knew, answered the bystanders; did he not send for a black unbaptized heathen from Cordova, and keep him even in the very presence of the shrine of St. Edward? and were not the cloisters burnt down the same year? doubtless, as a judgment on him for companioning with Jews and Saracens: and are not these men waiting for another infidel to teach the pious abbot the craft of the devil?

—Peace! said the deputy, they are waiting for a wise and holy man, with whom the abbot studied at Barcelona, Raymond Lully, I heard of him years since in Spain.—And what is he to do? exclaimed the citizens, with that intense curiosity which ever characterizes a half civilized people: It is said, he comes at command of our king, and it is reported that this Lully hath really obtained the art of making gold; when I last came from Spain, 'twas told that he had put three hundred pounds of quicksilver into his furnace, and next morning there was a mass of pure gold. —But is it not by the aid of the devil?—Oh no! Raymond Lully is an holy man, and he says this power is to be obtained only by prayer, fasting, and almsgiving.—Pray heaven, then, that he may soon set to work, said the citizens, that we may be no longer harassed for queen's gold and tallages.

The long expected vessel at length came in sight, and the confusion usual on such occasions, was increased tenfold by the anxiety of the populace to behold the man who was to fill the English exchequer with conjuror's gold. Wulfric the devil, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity, suddenly seized one of the horses belonging to the attendants, while his worthy colleague, Eadmer, laid the man prostrate with one blow of

his quarter-staff: the tumult became general, and the constable, after vainly calling on the by-standers to preserve the peace of our liege the king,—which all, however, seemed most willing to break,—hurried off to the Tower Royal, for a party of men at arms. In the midst of this confusion, an elderly man, simply habited in the gown and hood of the order of the followers of St. Benedict, attended by two Monks, as plainly apparelled as himself, stepped on shore, and stretching his hand over the bending populace, pronounced the benediction of his order, "*Pax vobiscum!*" Accustomed to the haughty manner, and splendid retinue of the higher ecclesiastics, the citizens gazed with astonishment, not unmixed with disappointment, at the simply habited friar who stood before them; unable to recognize in the studious brow, the sunken eye, and the mild and melancholy demeanour, any traces either of the wealth or the power that should fill the king's exchequer. The seneschal advanced with deep respect, and, in the name of abbot Cremer, welcomed the stranger to England, requesting him, if he felt too tired to proceed to Westminster, to take up his abode at the priory of St. Martin le Grand, whence the abbot himself would conduct him on the morrow. The proposal was accepted, and Raymond Lully was preparing to

mount the splendidly caparisoned mule, when the well-known features of the Jew caught his eye, and he stopt to return his salutation; while at the same moment his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young and handsome woman, who, though plainly habited, and almost enveloped in the folds of her wimple, evidently seemed to have occupied a station rather above the generality of citizens. She was apparently supplicating the Jew with great earnestness, and Raymond Lully, as he listened to her sweet low voice, sometimes nearly inaudible from emotion, felt strongly tempted to enquire her object. He understood, from the by-standers, that she was the wife of a young man who had followed the lucrative, and *then* highly honourable trade of a fishmonger; but that from various misfortunes, he had become much reduced, had borrowed a considerable sum of the Jew, which, together with the exorbitant interest, he was unable to pay, and was now a prisoner in the ancient Tower of Ludgate. Many respectable citizens at the same moment pressed forward to offer their assistance and condolence to Blanche de Rumayne, and to endeavour to make some arrangements with the Jew for her benefit.—What can I do for you? asked Raymond Lully, kindly: shall I speak to the Jew on your behalf, fair mistress?—Oh! first

of the disciples of Geber! most illustrious of adepts! replied the Hebrew, in Lully's native language, Alleyne de Rumayne owes me two hundred marks, but give me a sign—a single word, to aid my discoveries, and I will write a discharge for him. Have we not long heard of thy fame? Did not Samuel Ben Israel, assistant to the wise king of Castile, in his Alfonzine tables, prophecy, that within twenty years the learned doctor of Barcelona would discover the grand Arcanum? Did not Mohammed Seid Hassan, first professor of the far renowned University of Cordova, say, "this Christian priest hath gotten beyond all the children of the faithful,"—give me then a character, a single sign from that renowned book of king Alfonso the wise, which, bound in oak, and clasped with iron, remains in the far-famed University of Salamanca, and by the holy prophets, and by the bones of my fathers, I will pay even *all* this man's debts!—I will not, deceive you, answered Lully, I trust, by faith and prayer, soon to obtain this grand secret; but sign a discharge for this young woman's husband's debts, and I will give you the characters I copied from the renowned '*Libro del Tesoro*,' of Don Alfonso, on whose soul Jesus have mercy! He called for his ink-horn, which one of his attendants presented, and while the Jew was drawing

up an engagement to pay the debts of Alleyne de Rumayné, Raymond Lully drew, on a slip of parchment, characters of such alarming size and strange appearance, that the citizens, who before had crowded round him, drew back at the sight of figures which seemed to them certainly to belong to no other than the devil's own alphabet. The Jew received the parchment, and fell at the feet of the monk in an ecstacy of joy, while Lully gave the engagement to Blanche, who, overcome with gratitude, could only express her thanks by tears; and the three principal personages left Vintry quay, each perfectly happy:—Raymond Lully, that his fame, as an adept, enabled him to perform an act of charity; Blanche, invoking all the saints to fulfil every wish of her generous benefactor; and the Jew, with the golden vision of alchemy floating before his mind, and the elixir of immortal life almost within his grasp.

The following day beheld Raymond Lully in the presence of king Edward; the monarch eagerly requiring a proof of his abilities, and the guileless but enthusiastic friar assuring him, that although he hoped in a short time to attain the important secret, yet hitherto it had eluded all his researches. Disappointed at an answer so different from what he had expected, from the representations of abbot Cremer, the impetuous

sovereign commanded Lully, and the abbot, who stood by, to produce a proof of their art within nine days, or to return in disgrace. We can never hope to obtain the stone, said Lully, despairingly, as they left the royal presence—will the holy saints, whose assistance we crave, be dictated to by earthly potentates?—I know not, and care not, returned the less pious abbot, but this I know, we must find it out in the nine days, or farewell to the goodly abbey of Westminster.—I will try my utmost, brother, said Lully, for your sake, who have so much greater stake than I, who care not for this world's riches. Let us fast and pray then, and let the abbey feed twice the usual number of its poor, and who may tell the result?

Raymond Lully hastened to the abbot's laboratory, filled the bath of Mary, placed the retorts in order, fed the never-dying furnace, and, breathless with anxiety, poured over the crucible, and watched the changing colours of the mysterious liquid. Seven days and nights beheld the patient disciple of Geber gazing with fixed attention on the vessel that contained all his hopes; or, starting from brief and disturbed slumbers, to repair the fires, to watch the crucible, and offer fervent prayers to all the heavenly hierarchy for his success. The eighth day closed, but transmutation

was not effected, and the haughty abbot of Westminster stood beside Raymond Lully agonized with terror and despair. It is not the will of heaven that the secret should be yet discovered, said Lully calmly, but mournfully. Oh! say not so, returned the abbot, with the vehemence of a man who knows that the future fortunes of his life are all at hazard, we *must* obtain it by to-morrow!—Tempt not heaven! replied the resigned monk.—My brother, resumed the abbot, you are wan and faint with watching, suffer me to take your place for a few hours, that you may recover strength sufficient to proceed. Lully at first declined this offer, for the boiling liquid had assumed that ruby hue, which sages of the east pronounce to be the token of approaching transmutation, but he was spent with toil and anxiety; he knew that the abbot was an adept scarcely inferior to himself, and he at length consented to retire to his lowly pallet, and soon lost all remembrance both of his labour and its object.

With the earliest dawn Lully arose, and breathlessly hastened to the laboratory. Blessed Mary! exclaimed the abbot, the work is at the point of consummation! See the golden hue that has spread over the surface. Lully looked, and with feelings that mock description, beheld a brilliant gold colour tinging the whole mass.

In an agony of joy he snatched the crucible from the furnace, and poured out the finest molten gold! "*Gratias agimus tibi!*" exclaimed the grateful monk, sinking upon his knees, "*Venite exultemus Domino!*" cried the abbot, to his holy brethren, and the laboratory was speedily the scene of boundless congratulations.

Great as was the rapture of the abbot and of Lully, still greater, if possible, was that of king Edward. What shall be done for you? said he to the successful monk. Since it has pleased heaven to smile on my endeavours, returned Lully, I only pray that this gold may be used to the glory of God, and to the benefit of Christian people. Let, I pray you, the falling kingdom of Jerusalem receive your aid, and the poor Christian slaves among the Saracens be liberated. —It shall be done, said the king, and Lully departed satisfied.

With many benedictions did abbot Cremer part from his guest, who now took up his residence in the house of St. Katherine, near the Tower; where the two fortunate adepts agreed to pursue their labours and their experiments together.

Between seven and eight years glided on almost unperceived by Raymond Lully; who, ceaselessly occupied in his laboratory, saw months, and even

years, roll unheeded over him. During this time, his blameless conduct and gentle demeanor had rendered him an object of peculiar interest to all the inhabitants of the vicinity; and when sometimes on a summer's evening he took his solitary walk from his cell to the Tower, the young people would crowd around him to receive his blessing, and mothers would bring their infants to be touched by the holy man. Acquaintances he had none, save his fellow-labourer, the abbot of Westminster, and Alleyne and Blanche de Rumayne, who, through his benevolence, were now occupying a superior station among the citizens, and bringing up their numerous family in ease and comfort. Lully was, however, not without causes for distress: the king, for whom he had made this gold, and superintended its coinage, had, contrary to his promise, spent it in his wars against the Scots; the Christian slaves were unliberated, and the kingdom of Jerusalem was nodding to its fall. His remonstrances with the king were in vain, and at length he prayed to be allowed to return to his native country, and spend his remaining days in peace.

It was now full nine years since Blanche de Rumayne stood on Vintry quay supplicating the Jew in behalf of her husband, and she was now sitting in the best room of a spacious mansion in

Thames-street, with the walls hung with Flemish tapestry, the windows glazed, and the floor neatly strewed with rushes. Her wimple was now of Cyprus lawn, her mantle and kirtle of silk, and a carcanet of curiously wrought gold was suspended about her neck. She was sitting attired thus, in the midst of her maidens who were plying the distaff, on a raised seat with a cushion, and a footstool for her feet, when her attention was arrested by the appearance of her husband's ancient creditor, the Jew, who seemed in the greatest distress. She eagerly enquired the reason, and too soon learned that her benefactor, for some unknown cause, had been taken from his quiet cell at St. Katherine's, and hurried a prisoner to the Tower. Sad indeed was Blanche de Rumayne, but her sorrow did not incapacitate her from exertion; so, calling two of her damsels, and bidding farewell to the Jew, she proceeded to St. Katherine's.

Little intelligence could she there obtain. Men at arms had arrived that morning and had taken away Raymond Lully; one of his attached servants had followed, but was refused admittance, and he saw the huge portcullis fall, and the massive gates close in upon him. As Blanche was despairingly retiring, lamenting the hard fate of her benefactor, and forming chimerical plans for

his liberation, she was accosted by a stranger, who, with great vehemence, invoked the blessing of all the saints upon her head; she turned, and beheld Wulfric the devil. A thought instantly flashed across her mind, that by his assistance she might obtain the object now nearest to her heart, the freedom of Raymond Lully. If I ask thy aid, can I depend on thy fidelity? said Blanche to the outlaw. Command me any service, was the reply. For, although characterized by the vices of uncivilized nature, Wulfric possessed the savage virtues of gratitude and fidelity in no ordinary degree. Can I ever forget the pottage those soft white hands brought me every morning, and the leach-craft that healed my wounds? For in one of the frequently occurring tumults of the lower orders, he had been brought by his companions, severely wounded, to the house of de Rumayne, and with the hospitality which marked that early period, he had been taken in, and tended without enquiry. In a few words Blanche told her wishes, and the outlaw swore by the head of his father that within three days Raymond Lully should be at liberty, or his life should pay the forfeit: and well qualified was Wulfric for the office, for a bolder and more successful robber never drew sword; and thick must be the walls, and intricate the locks,

which could resist his strength, or his cunning. He had numerous men at his command; for in those days, when the higher classes were little better than privileged robbers, the populace looked with feelings of sympathy, and even of exultation on men, who not unfrequently avenged their wrongs and oppressions on the haughty noble, and rich ecclesiastic. Nor did Wulfric falsify his word, for at the close of the third day, with Raymond Lully, disguised in the dress of a leper, he stood before Blanche de Rumayne. There was short time for gratulation, for the horn of the king's poursuivant was heard, at the principal gates of the city, proclaiming the escape of Lully from the Tower and forbidding the citizens on pain of death to harbour him. Let me go forth to my fate, said the monk, why should I bring certain ruin on your family? — You helped us when we had no helper, was the answer, and heaven forbid that we should leave you now. He was then conducted to a place of concealment, and Wulfric acquainted Blanche that he had secured a passage for him in a vessel that at sunrise on the morrow would sail for Bayonne.

Never had the hours moved so slowly, and never did the darkness seem so to linger. At length midnight came, and, attended by the out-

law, Blanche conducted Raymond Lully to the door. There was, however, much confusion in the street, the statute lately enacted, enjoining "none to be found out of doors after the curfew bell of the parson of St. Martin's rings out, except they be great lords," seemed on this night to be wholly disregarded, and Blanche almost feared to proceed; the white garment of Lully was, however, a sufficient protection; for such was the fear inspired by that dreadful disease which was indicated by his dress, that the crowds gave way at his approach, as Blanche uttered the usual prayer of "your charity good Christian people, pray the aid of our ladye, and St. Michael, and all the saints, for this poor leper." They soon learned the cause of the tumult. The king had just discovered that his exchequer had been robbed to a large amount, and, justly suspicious that the abbot of Westminster had made gold by the less miraculous method of taking it from the royal coffers, and placing it in his crucible, had committed him and his principal monks to the Tower.

Against imprisonment, and even death, Raymond Lully had borne up; but the doubt respecting his art was more than he could endure. Had he, the first among the disciples of Geber, been for nine years the dupe of a crafty churchman? Had the golden reward of his prayers and alms-

givings been obtained by ill-gotten treasure? It was well that the boat was at hand, or his unsuppressable lamentations would have awakened no slight suspicion. Heaven is my witness, he exclaimed, as they put from the shore, that I am guiltless of this! I thought it strange that without the abbot's assistance I never could effect transmutation, but I considered that our joint prayers might effect what was denied to mine alone. I thank you for your generous aid to one thus lost, and degraded, but what avails it?

Raymond Lully's mortification was not, however, long: when the mind has given itself up to a favourite pursuit for more than twenty years, the spell is not easily broken. I have been deceived, said he, but it must teach me more caution; henceforward I will pursue my studies alone; and the phantasma of the blue lion, and the green dragon, and the red man, and the white woman, again took their wonted possession of his mind. He was received on board the vessel, and Blanche determined to watch until morning; and never was there a moment of intenser joy than when the anchor was weighed, and, favoured by wind and tide, the little barque set sail, and swiftly bore away, for ever, from the shores of England, Raymond Lully, the Multiplier. As she watched till the vessel vanished from her

sight, the bells of St. Mary Overy rang out for matins, and never were devotions more heartfelt, or thanksgiving more fervent, than those of Blanche de Rumayne, as she devoutly told her beads in pious gratitude for her benefactor's deliverance.

Lully returned to Catalonia and resumed his professor's chair; his fame had preceded him, and Jews, Moors, and Saracens, mingled with Christian students to hear the lessons of occult science from so great a master. In sadness and sorrow he assured them that he was unable to effect transmutation, but they believed him not. He fears we shall learn his secret, said they, and therefore he conceals his knowledge. And when at a very advanced age he died, very few would believe it. He has but gone to other countries to acquire fresh knowledge, said they, and in two or three centuries he will again return hither.

Blanche de Rumayne and her husband prospered beyond their most sanguine wishes, and their neighbours had unanswerable reasons for it. They are friends of Raymond Lully, the Multiplier, observed they, and they have the characters which he gave to the Jew. Their prosperity, however, excited no envy, for they were greatly beloved, and when after many years a brass

tablet was placed on the right hand side of the altar of the church of All Hallows, Barking, graced with their effigies, and bearing this inscription,

Of ! yowr : Pytie : gode : Crysten : Pepel : praye
for : ye : Sowles : of : Alleyne : de Rumayne : Armi
sometyme : Lorde : Mayor : of : thys : Citye :
and : Blanche : hys : wyfe : on : whom :
Jhesu : have Mercye :

many a prayer was said, and many a bead was told, over the tomb of the friends of

RAYMOND LULLY, THE MULTIPLIER.

# MABEL DE GYSOURS,

## A TALE OF GERARD'S HALL.

'a fascination fixed
The gazer's eye; for, there appeared to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance,
Something that was not earthly."—JOAN OF ARC.

# MABEL DE GYSOURS,

## A TALE OF THE 14th CENTURY.

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THOSE were proud times, old Troynouvant, when, though pillaged by loans, tallages, queen's gold, and the numberless *et ceteras*, by which kingly rapacity sought to enrich itself from the gains of thine early commerce, thy citizens lifted their heads as the free inhabitants of "thys moste aunciente and honorable cytie," bore the high designation of barons, and assembled in solemn folkmote at the tolling of St. Paul's great bell, to deliberate on questions of high and momentous import; to exclude the justiciary from his long abused power; or to join with the patriots of Runymede in demanding the great charter. Yes! those were proud times, old Troynouvant, when thine earldermen, and their "ryhte honorabil" lord mayor, in their fair gold collars, and appropriated scarlet gowns, rode side by side with the highest nobility, and quartered on their tabards,

and bore on their shields, as goodly a show of bends, chevrons, lions rampant, and rouge dragons, as the baron, whose ancestor wielded the battle axe at Hastings, or lifted his banner, and couched his lance, on the plains of Galilee.

And goodly was the pageant that thy streets presented, when thy civic monarch, with his worshipful brotherhood, and a fair bevy of city dames, rode in solemn procession to the church of St. Paul, to bow before the shrine of St. Erkenwald; when the castellan of the city, in complete mail, bore the Gules banner, displaying the richly blazoned image of thy tutelar St. Paul before them; and the twelve ancient companies followed, and the watch and ward men in their burnished brigantines and glittering steel caps, brought up the rear; and the houses were gay with tapestry and quaint devices; and the casements were gleaming with bright eyes and fair faces, and the shouts of joy and admiration rent the very air. O! for the pen of Froissart, that vivid painter of the pageants of Olden Time, that high priest of chivalry; oh! for his pen, or rather pencil, to paint the gay and lively scene in 1314, when Sir Johan de Gysours, the lord mayor, and his beautiful daughter, and the aldermen, and the city companies, and fair dames in their wimples of Cyprus lawn, and their cloth of Bruges mantles,

assembled before the west door of St. Paul's, to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Erkenwald.

All the beauty of the city, in their gayest apparel, and wearing their brightest smiles, were assembled; and there was the glancing of bright eyes, and the shine of silken tresses, and the glow of many a rose tinted cheek; but the fairest and brightest of all, was Mabel de Gysours; and, as she alighted from her milk-white palfrey, her golden tresses floating unconfined on her shoulders, clothed in a simple vest of white samyte, with her merlin on her wrist, and unornamented, save with a rich collar of diamonds that blazed around her fair neck—every tongue was hushed, and every eye was fixed on the surpassing beauty of the lord mayor's daughter.

O sweet and most beautiful damsel! exclaimed a young knight who stood beside the clustered pillars at the entrance of the church, as he gazed eagerly on the bright vision that passed him; so fair was Morgana when she bore away king Arthur; so lovely was Tryamour, when she came to vindicate the honour of Sir Lanval, and threw aside her mantle, and smoothed her long golden tresses, and stood, amid the beauties of Caerleon, like the rose amid briars, or like the sun when he chaseth the stars. O beautiful damsel! I must

needs liken thee to faerie, for mere mortal never looked so lovely. Alas! I fear there is more truth in what ye say, my fair sir, remarked an aged citizen who stood beside this suddenly enamoured young knight, than ye are aware of; let me counsel ye to tell your beads—say an Ave, and pray to be preserved from the snares of the evil one. You offer strange counsel, replied the young knight, looking wonderingly at the old man, such beauty as that fair damsel possesses, were rather suited to drive away a legion of foul fiends. Alas! alas! youth is wilful! exclaimed the old man, as he followed with a mournful look the young knight, who had now entered the church, and was endeavoring to make his way up toward the high altar, and there feast his eyes on the matchless beauties of the lord mayor's daughter.

My good and old friend, master Hatherley, said an elderly matron, whose rich tippet of d'Ypres needlework, and goodly mantle of crimson ingrain cloth, indicated her as the wife of some substantial citizen; it is a fearful thing to see how Sathan hath blinded the eyes of all; ye heard the shouts, and the joyaunce of the people. Aye, truly did I, mistress Alison, returned the old man, but yet I cannot marvel at it; who giveth such rich banquets to the noble, and such

great largesse to the poor, as Sir Johan de Gysours? Ah, I have lived, as ye know, more than fifty years in Vintry ward, and have long known the noble family of de Gysours; Sir Johan's grandfather was a most noble merchant, his ships went almost as far as the kingdom of the Saracens, but he made a good end, and lies buried in St. Martin's in the Vintry. I have heard my father, whom God assoil, say, that at his funeral, there were four hundred loaves of fine wastel bread given to four hundred poor men; five marks a-piece to fifty of the churches for passing bells, and five hundred wax tapers were carried by the priests and choristers.

Aye, so I have heard, replied mistress Alison, but I doubt if this Sir Johan de Gysours will make as Christianlike an end.

No! no! answered master Hatherley, since that casting out of the Jews, though he may have prospered in worldly goods, he could not have prospered in his soul's weal; what! a Christian to open his gates to shelter Jews? a Christian citizen send twenty of them to Spain at his own cost and charges? He made it worth his trouble, doubtless, for many of them had great store of jewels, remarked mistress Alison, for I mind, Michael Toney, who was passing the Old Jewry, when their synagogue was set on fire, and

many of them killed, by mere chance he found two large silver cups, and a fair clasp of pearls, which one of that accursed race had dropped in his flight; well, Michael picked them up, and went home; but his conscience smote him for keeping such heathenish things, so he went to Sir Ambrose, a worthy churchman as ye know, and priest of St. Margaret Pattens. Sir Ambrose bade him bring the largest cup as a gift for the high altar, and sell the pearl clasp and pay half the price of it for masses; he did so, and behold, he hath kept the other very safely, and prospered since very much. I doubt it not, replied master Hatherley, for he took holy advice, and that is the way to prosper; but this Sir Johan de Gysours careth little for the church, or its servants; let but some heathenish Jew with his fearful spells, and devilish signs ask assistance, and he would sooner bestow money on him than on masses. Most people thought fearful things would happen, when they saw the great court-yard at Gysours hall filled with Jews, with their evil eyes, and horrible black beards, like so many Judases in the miracle play; and especially, when old Eleazar of Jewry lane went in, with his ragged gabardine, and looking as though he had not had a meal for a week—that old Jew physician, to whom that very learned man and, as *some* say, good Christian,

Raymond Lully, gave those fearful signs whereby he made gold. I never could sleep well, mistress Alison, believe me, whilst that old Jew necromancer lived at Gysours hall. I never heard the wind blow, but I trembled; for, methought, Sathan was coming to fetch his own. Well, I trow, he did as much for Sir Johan as he wished; for, in spring, a fair ship fit for a baron cometh to carry this old Jew magician to Spain; he never got there, however, for it was wrecked; a terrible thing is it for a vessel to have Jews on board. Lambert Renger took ten of them into his barge only to carry them down the river, when, behold you, it run aground, and they were all in sore danger of drowning; father Eustace, of St. Mary Overy's, said he saw plainly the cause, a huge black hand pulled the rudder aside, but, as soon as another boat came nigh and Lambert got the Jews into that, behold, the barge righted, and the huge black hand vanished in smoke. However, as I said, Sathan hath gotten old Eleazar, for he was drowned as he voyaged to Spain.

But Sathan hath *not yet* got him, replied mistress Alison, looking fearfully around as she spoke, for I saw him this very day over against the Guildhall, looking about as though he wanted some one.

Saints and angels protect us! exclaimed master

Hatherley, devoutly crossing himself, he hath come from the dead! Oh! mind ye not what a fearful magician he was, how when they opened his great chest there was nought but ashes; how his gold cup was found to be only brass; and how he brought that lady Mabel to life again by his magic. Yes, indeed, master Hatherley, resumed mistress Alison, and put that strange shining collar of some outlandish stones about her neck; whereupon, she changed so handsome that even her nurse scarcely knew her. I always thought there was somewhat of magic about that lady Mabel, said master Hatherley musingly, for if ever I fix my eyes upon her, I may not take them away. Aye, you see plainly *that* must be caused by magic, replied mistress Alison; moreover, pearls and sapphires, and rubies and emeralds, we have often seen, and there are great virtues in them; but, such jewels as these, shining like a row of stars, as that collar doth, have never been seen, save, as I was told by a worthy goldsmith, in the treasury of the Templars, where one was kept: *he* said that they were common among the Saracens, and that the devilish half moon which the Soldan weareth in his cap, is altogether made of them.

Nay, mistress Alison, interrupted a young man who stood near and had over-heard part

of the colloquy, lady Mabel's collar is composed of most precious stones, which the learned call "diamantes." It is hard truly, methinks, because Sir Johan de Gysours sheltered the Jews, that ye should condemn him as a friend of sorcerers and magicians. Did not Raymond Lully, a holy man, who, through prayer and fasting, made gold, and had a liquor, of which if any man drink he shall live as long as he pleases—did not he talk to this very Jew Eleazar, and help him in his studies? Did not the great King Alfonso of Leon, who saw whatever was to come in a three sided crystal, and was learned in the stars—did not he gain great help from the Jews? Moreover, abbot Cremer of Westminster helped many of them.

Master Hatherley shook his head, but answered not.

Now, continued the young man, all London knoweth that our worthy and most honourable mayor followeth these occult studies; but doth he more than many good men, and holy priests have done? Methinks we should hold these learned men in high esteem and repute, for they snatch as it were the power from the hands of the evil one, and force *his* servants to work for the saints; how had our goodly bridge been built?—the workmen could not lay a foundation, but Sir Peter of Colechurch opened his magical book, and called

up fiends and demons, and thus was the work accomplished. How had our late glorious king Edward conquered Scotland, but for the gold that worthy monk Raymond Lully made for him? Alas! ye see since he went from us how badly all things have gone on.

It was impossible for master Hatherley, or his fair companion, to reply to these unanswerable authorities; for the notions which prevailed respecting magic at this period, differed wholly from those entertained in the 16th and 17th centuries, and which spread a moral pestilence over the land.

The lays and romances of the middle ages make the principal machinery of their wild but ingenious fables, to depend chiefly upon magic; and the possessors of these superhuman powers, are seldom represented as objects of fear, and *never* as objects of disgust. Philosophy and magic are strangely conjoined, and the specific term for the one is often employed to designate the other; while the derivation of these occult sciences from the east, and the irrepressible eagerness with which they were cultivated by the Jews, were probably the principal causes why the church fulminated her unavailing anathemas against them; and thus, to the eyes of our forefathers in these earlier times, the necromancer,

the cabalist, or the theurgist, appeared not as the abject and degraded being, who, for a short span of enjoyment, had sold himself to the evil one for ever; but, as a mighty being, who, by the mysterious power of his charmed wand, or the resistless energy of the unpronounceable spell, bowed the spirits of the air to his will, and forced them to perform all his bidding. The science-abhorring priest might denounce, and the ignorant layman might persecute, but there always existed a large class to whom the philosopher was an object of respect and admiration.

Ere master Hatherley could reply, the last echoes of the hallelujah of the distant choir died away, and the rushing of the multitude that filled the church gave signs that the Lord mayor and his train were about to depart.

She is too fair for mortal woman, said the old man mournfully, as, with mingled feelings of awe and admiration, he gazed on features which had never been looked on without emotion. Ah, but that collar! master Hatherley, whispered the city dame, fearfully pointing toward the mysterious circlet of diamonds, that blazed on the white neck of the Lord mayor's daughter; depend on't, there's more than we trow in that magic collar. There is, there is, replied the old man. Aye! look at that young knight, how he treads

in her very footsteps, and seems to see nought but her. Our lady and all the saints help us! exclaimed mistress Alison; with a Lord mayor who follows magic, and a Jew sorcerer who hath come to life again, doubtless for no good;—heaven help this poor city!

The procession descended the steps at the west door of the cathedral; the Lord mayor remounted his richly caparisoned steed, and, surrounded by her attendant maidens and pages, the too beautiful Mabel de Gysours, with a step graceful and buoyant as that of those faerie people, to whose race the admiration of the young knight had assigned her, swiftly mounted her milk-white palfrey; and, while the tinkling of the delicately wrought silver bells suspended from his bridle, gave notice of her approach, the crowd divided and made way before her, with an awe and respect, that expressed itself but in mute admiration.

When we look back on the habits and amusements of our forefathers, we feel sometimes inclined to wonder how they employed their spare time; for those grand resources of the idle and inquisitive, newspapers, were then unknown. Happily, however, for the worthy citizens of the 14th century, news, though on a smaller scale, was as plentiful as now; and, although accounts

from far distant regions but seldom afforded subjects of conversation, yet, in the passing scandal of the day, in well authenticated tales of magic, and in goodly stories of undoubted verity, respecting evil disposed persons, who, for entertaining heretical notions, or not paying their tithes, were most laudably carried off by the devil; in such and similar reports, the good citizens of London found sufficient to amuse, if not to edify, and to send them full of wonder to their respective habitations.

It was thus toward the close of one fine autumnal evening, a party of city newsmongers, among whom was master Hatherley with his nephew, a young Oxford student, and reputed heir, mistress Alison, Sir Ambrose the priest of St. Margaret Pattens, and the other citizen, who had so learnedly vindicated the magic-loving Lord mayor, met beside the fair castellated conduit in Cheap, and inspired, probably, by the genius of the place, for fountains from the earliest periods seem to have been consecrated to the genius of gossiping, —they forthwith began their conversation.

Ye have heard about that young knight who was so struck with lady Mabel, when she went to the shrine of St. Erkenwald, doubtless? began mistress Alison; how he is of high birth, aye, and related to our king, and they say he hath de-

manded her in marriage? I have heard it, replied the priest of St. Margaret, and were it not that he cometh from that heretical place, Tholouse, and that his uncle was a reprobate Templar, I should stand amazed. Young Sir Theobald de Valence, then, is nephew to that Sir Aylmer de Valence, timidly enquired master Hatherley, who lieth beside St. Edward's chapel in Westminster, on a fair altar tomb? Aye, truly, doth he, replied the indignant priest of St. Margaret's, with his hands clasped, and angels beside him, like a worthy champion of the cross, rather than a reprobate and sinner who went with his wicked company to the bishop of Ely's, and hunted in his park, and drank his best wines, all without the holy father's licence; a proper deed truly to put *him* with angels beside him, and saints marvellously carved, and painted, and gilded, all around the sides. And is this young Sir Theobald a reprobate like him? enquired mistress Alison. I know not, but as he was taken over to Provence, when very young, by his priest-despising uncle, I should think him little better; truly, it is a dangerous part to sojourn in; for sorcery is practised there; and fearful heretics who speak against our holy father at Rome, who eat flesh in Lent, and do not believe in purgatory, are there in great numbers.

Ah! happy are we, exclaimed master Hatherley, who live far from all such infidels; though, I have heard strange things about our Lord mayor on these subjects. Indeed, what can be expected from a friend to Jews? Aye! Sir Ambrose, how can a Christian better show his love to the church than by most vehemently hating Jews and Saracens? but, we thought to ask your reverence concerning the collar that lady Mabel weareth; also, about that old Jew necromancer, who hath certainly come from the dead. Our lady and sweet St. Margaret save us! exclaimed the worthy churchman, most devoutly crossing himself—a learned priest long since told me a fearful tale concerning that collar; aye, wrought by demons, bought of an infidel, and put on by a Jew, it is a talisman of awful mystery!

Pardon me, reverend sir, said the Oxford student, I stood close beside that most beautiful lady as she knelt at vespers in St. Martin's, on the eve of the assumption, and I looked narrowly at it; truly, it is of nought but "diamantes," very bright, and large, and doubtless worth a baron's ransom; but still, they are only that new kind of precious stone brought from the east, and called diamantes.

"Aye! marvellous things are brought from the

east, returned Sir Ambrose scornfully, but there are hidden powers in that magical collar that ye little wot of.

There are occult powers in all jewels, replied the student, for a learned professor told me of one that would make a man invisible; also, sapphires will cure all infirmities of sight; for, as he said, the stars have an influence not only on men and kingdoms, but on metals, and gems, and even on plants. Beside, interrupted the citizen who had formerly in St. Paul's porch vindicated the too learned Lord mayor, even if it had come from an infidel, might not a Christian lady wear it without harm? I mind in that goodly romaunt of "Emare," there is much said of a fair mantle all broidered in precious stones, by the ameraylé's daughter for the king of the Saracens, and so beautiful was it, that

> "The emperour sayde on hie
> Sertes thys is of faerie."

and, when Emare with her little child are put in the boat with that rich mantle, and were driven ashore near Rome, it says—

> "The mantil on her shone so bright,
> They were afeared of that syghte,
> For glistering of that weed;
> And in his heart he thought right,
> That she was none earthly wight."

And yet *she* was a good Christian lady, though she wore the Soldan's mantle.

I would that our youth would hear pious legends of saints, and holy men, exclaimed the indignant priest, casting an angry and contemptuous look toward the two young laymen, who dared to hesitate a doubt on this fearful subject: I would that they might cast away these idle and evil romaunts, and tales of chivalry, which too much accustom them to magic, and sorcery, and necromancy. Now, I will tell ye a true story, from a goodly book of legends, written by a saint and an archbishop, whereof lady Mabel's magical collar strongly remindeth me. Ye have heard of king Charlemagne; now, there was a lady at his court whom he greatly loved, albeit she was old; yet she was still beautiful, and so effascinated was he with her, that he never suffered her to leave him; at length she died, but he would not let her be buried. So the king's confessor, who suspected sorcery, went and searched, and found a magical ring under her tongue, which he cast into the lake. The corpse then changed to so old and so frightful, that the king had it instantly buried; yet, such was the magic of that ring, that he never would quit the banks of the lake into which it was cast, but built a palace beside it.

Aye! I thought I was right, when I said lady

Mabel's beauty was owing to her collar, exclaimed mistress Alison, overjoyed that her opinion coincided with that of a reverend churchman; and, perchance, that old Jew sorcerer may take it away again, and then we shall see how she will alter. No! no! replied the learned priest of St. Margaret's, he loves Sir Johan de Gysours too well to do that; but, I have thought, that she probably may not wear it long; for these magical talismans are cunningly worked, when some planet on which its virtue depends is in a right ascendant; now, when that declines the virtue fades away, and the demon by whose aid it was worked may demand it again.

Sweet Marie! but to hear these mysteries of iniquity, exclaimed master Hatherley, with uplifted hands.

Nay, call not the profound, and mighty, and all powerful mysteries of science—mysteries of iniquity! returned the enthusiastic young student. O! what stores of knowledge. O! what treasures of inexhaustible wealth, not of gold, or silver, or precious stones, but of intellect and power! will repay the diligent searcher into these high mysteries. Who is so great as the "philosofre?" He may journey on from country to country, with his threadbare gabardine, and moneyless purse; but nobles shall bow be-

fore him, kings shall rise from their thrones at his presence, and mighty beings, invisible to mortals, shall fly to perform his bidding!

Saints preserve us! exclaimed the astonished mistress Alison, why who but necromancers would talk about mighty beings? Heaven pity you, young man! for, with your notions, if that Jew sorcerer were to meet you, alas, I fear he would have another disciple!

I would learn wisdom and science from whatever source it came, replied the ardent student, and why not from a Jew? Were not his race God's chosen people? and was not king Solomon learned in all wisdom—Aye! and a mighty magician, as the sages of the east have told us? To think of Jews being God's chosen people! exclaimed the horror-struck uncle, methinks ye are not far removed from heresy! All these evil studies have a tendency thereto, replied the priest of St. Margaret's most oracularly; for, by studying men begin to think,—thinking they begin to question,—questioning they begin to doubt,—aye, to doubt even the infallible church, and then do they question her authority, and seek after the Bible, and their end is destruction!

Father Basil of St. Martin's sayeth not so, meekly answered the young citizen who had taken the part of the lord mayor, for *he* saith, he

prayeth that some years hence all men may see and read that book. Father Basil is well known as an heretical priest, replied the irritated Sir Ambrose; and were it not that our lord of London is aged and infirm, he would long since have been punished; ye may know a man by the company he keeps, and is not father Basil confessor to Sir Johan de Gysours?

The shadows of evening had gathered around the worthy citizens, and dews were thickly falling, but they heeded it not. Master Hatherley drew his furred cloak more tightly around him, and mistress Alison wrapped herself more closely in her crimson ingrain mantle; and, as Sir Ambrose proceeded to recount many a goodly legend concerning heretics and sorcerers, they became spell bound to the place; and when, at length, the complin bell warned them to retire, they fearfully took the road to their respective habitations, not daring to lift their eyes, or look to the right hand or the left, lest spirits of darkness, or more horrible still, the fearful appearance of the once drowned Jew sorcerer, should rise on their astonished sight.

Fully imprest with the truth of these mysterious reports, respecting the magic-loving Lord mayor, and his too lovely daughter, master Hatherley, and mistress Alison, wisely determined

to communicate the fearful information to their wondering neighbours; rightly considering it an uncharitable line of conduct to refuse to frighten the neighbourhood out of their senses.

It is amusing to observe the progress of a marvellous story on the minds of news-loving people; how swiftly it advances through the intermediate stages of doubt, wonder, and qualified assent, to a full conviction of its verity; how, those who at first are unwilling to believe it, have usually finished by becoming its most vehement supporters; and thus, for human nature is ever the same, many a good citizen, who at first angrily rejected these evil reports against the highly respected Lord mayor, yielded an unreluctant assent to the mysterious surmises; and innocently wondered how such clear sighted personages as themselves should have been blinded so long; and many a long forgotten story of the expulsion of the Jews, many a simple fact, distorted by malice, into a tale of magic,—and many a fearful accusation of heresy, was secretly whispered against the long prosperous Lord mayor.

Still the rumours took no decided form; months passed on, and Christmas with its store of feasts, and shows, and merry disports, came; and citizens without number hastened to Gysours hall, and nobles pressed around the sumptuous board,

and priests of unquestioned orthodoxy quaffed the rich wines, and partook the princely hospitalities of the Lord mayor, reckless of danger from magic or heresy.

Spring slowly advanced, and at Paschaltide, the streets hung with tapestry, the conduits adorned with pageants, and the citizen in his long furred gown, his party coloured stockings, his beak shaped shoes fastened with silver chains to his knee, and his grotesquely embroidered silk hood; and the gay city dame in her tightly buttoned tunic, her tippet of fair needlework, her close cap bound with silken cords, and her broad girdle adorned with plates of gold or silver; and the newly arrived yeoman in his leathern doublet, with his horn tipped quarter staff: and the picturesque assembly of minstrels, mummers, and disours, all indicated that some festival was about to be celebrated.

A tournament was to be held in Smithfield, and thither, surrounded by his yeomen bearing his cognizance on their arms, and his pages in gay silken vests, from time to time, the gallant knight, in fair and unsullied armour, his scarf bright with gold and delicate embroidery, his casque profusely adorned with snowy plumes, and his noble steed moving proudly beneath the emblazoned mantle, which almost swept the ground, slowly

passed; a splendid personification of the bright and imposing, but fleeting, glories of chivalry.

Again the Lord mayor's too beautiful daughter, in her rich though simple apparel, and wearing the gorgeous but mysterious collar, took her place among the assembled beauties, and received from the courteous knights and less superstitious nobles, the homage which was conceded to her by the lower orders, only from fear of her mysterious witcherie.

The tournament with its pomp and pride, and circumstance, its

> Tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
> Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds,
> Bases, and tinsel trappings—gorgeous knights

has been too often described, to require any detail; let us therefore listen to the conversation that passed between mistress Alison and the worthy priest of St. Margaret's, as they stood without the barrier.

I sorely wished to have your advice, Sir Ambrose, began mistress Alison, for last night as I was returning from vespers, methought I heard some one talking in an outlandish tongue; I looked back, and saints preserve me! who was it but that old drowned Jew, and, our lady protect us from a love of learning!—that unhappy young man, Julian Hatherley, the Oxford scholar

'Talking together, say you?' enquired the astonished priest. 'Aye! in strange, and I'll warrant me, fearful words. I was so sorely affrighted that I shut to the door, lighted the consecrated taper, and said my night spell three times. I thought it would be so, exclaimed the wily priest, and so is it always with youths when they wish to gain learning, and to be wiser than others,—aye, even than the servants of the church; I now fully comprehend the reason why this old Jew sorcerer came to life again, and returned to this country; he had more work to do.

Alas! alas! for this poor young man, said the kind though superstitious mistress Alison, it will break his old uncle's heart, for he intendeth him for his heir, and much money hath he spent on him; could you not, Sir Ambrose, exhort this unhappy young man, and counsel him against sorcery, and necromancy, and learning, and all these works of the devil. He is reprobate, returned the charitable priest, and exhortation will be vain. Ah! heresy and sorcery have reached a fearful height; but now our new lord bishop, father Ralph of Stratford, hath come amongst us, we shall have no more; *he* careth not for noble or king, and ere long we shall see what will be done even with the Lord mayor himself. Alack! what can be done to him? anxiously enquired

mistress Alison. Much! replied the worthy priest, drawing up his head proudly, fully impressed with a sense of the dignity of his calling. I would that holy bishop could but drive out this drowned Jew sorcerer. Alas! is it not fearful that dead people should come and sojourn amongst us, exclaimed mistress Alison, and turn aside silly youths, and make magical collars? Aye, ye will see lady Mabel's collar not long—they are preparing for her marriage; but her time is coming!

It was in vain that mistress Alison enquired, prayed, and importuned the worthy Sir Ambrose, for an explanation of his mysterious remark, and, full of anxiety for the young student, and full of terror at the awful Jew sorcerer, and full of curiosity for the fate of the lord mayor's daughter, she disconsolately returned home.

Preparations for the marriage feast rapidly advanced, and all was joy and gratulation in Gysours hall, and the feast and pageant loving citizens were willing to lay aside their prejudices against the Lord mayor, and to partake his hospitalities and largesse, heedless of the risk they might encounter.

The morning that was to witness the marriage of the gallant Sir Theobald de Valence, and the beautiful Mabel de Gysours came, and the crowd had already assembled around the church; when

the strange and unexpected news arrived, that the beautiful Mabel de Gysours *was dead*. It was in vain that the astonished crowd enquired the cause, no answer was returned; and in their unaffected and deep-felt sorrow, at the sudden death of one so young and beautiful, all recollections of the fearful suspicions they had indulged respecting her, vanished wholly from their minds.

Did I not say ere long her time would come, said the worthy priest of St. Margaret's, addressing mistress Alison (who stood wringing her hands inconsolably), though not in this fearful manner. Alas! it was that cursed old Jew that killed her, sobbed mistress Alison. A fearful judgment this, on Sir Johan de Gysours, for consorting with such awful sorcerers, and using such devilish spells.

It is, replied Sir Ambrose, but ere long, I trust, through the care and vigilance of our new bishop, all these evil doers will be cast out. But she should not be buried in consecrated ground, seeing that her life was preserved by magic, and that by magic she doubtless died.

Not laid in consecrated ground! exclaimed mistress Alison indignantly, her sorrow for the premature fate of the beautiful Mabel de Gysours overcoming every feeling of dislike: not buried in consecrated ground, sweet creature! I would sooner part with my best feather bed—and ye know, Sir

Ambrose, few enow of even the substantial citizens are worth a *feather* bed—than that she should not be laid in consecrated ground, sweet lady!

As may easily be imagined, after the first shock of this most unexpected intelligence had passed away, numberless were the reports that prevailed respecting the cause of the beautiful Mabel de Gysour's sudden death. She had attended vespers at the church the preceding evening, and some mysterious hints were thrown out that she had been followed by the Jew sorcerer into her father's house, from whence, it was reported, he came forth unattended at midnight, bearing somewhat carefully in his hand. It is then perfectly evident, said the mystery-loving citizens, that the time allowed to her finished yesterday evening; and, therefore, the Jew went to reclaim the talisman collar, and seizing it, her charmed life ended.

There was a learned citizen who dealt a little in astrology, for which, at one time he was looked upon by the servants of the church with rather a suspicious eye; but, as he had subsequently most laudably distinguished himself as a persecutor of the Jews, and when their expulsion left him nothing to do against them, as a detector of heretics, the worthy ecclesiastics winked at his

dangerous pursuits, and suffered him to rest in safety.

To him, therefore, repaired many a worthy citizen, well assured of gaining an orthodox, if not satisfactory explanation of these mysterious events; and they returned well pleased with his learned decision.

"The star that was in the ascendant, when the magical collar was formed, had been declining during the past year; and, on the evening on which the death of the beautiful Lord mayor's daughter had taken place, was totally eclipsed; and, consequently, its influence was ended." This answer was most satisfactory to the good citizens; and casting many a fearful and reproachful glance at those bright and mysterious luminaries that were gleaming and sparkling in silent beauty above them, they returned full of awful wonder to their respective homes.

On the following day, the solemn and mournful tolling of the death bell gave notice that the beautiful Mabel de Gysours was about to be consigned to the tomb.

With solemn step, two and two, each bearing a lighted taper, the fraternity of St. Nicholas (whose assistance was always invoked at the funerals of the great or wealthy) advanced in

their rich copes and snowy vestments, chaunting the service for the dead. Unnumbered priests surrounded the bier, on which the still lovely Mabel de Gysours reposed, habited in a simple robe of white serge—a silver cross was placed on her breast beneath her clasped hands, while delicate and swiftly perishing flowers were scattered around; fitting emblems of her early mortality. The mysterious collar no longer adorned her neck; though, contrary to Sir Ambrose's prediction, she yet retained her living beauty: her profuse golden hair, in its sunny richness, streamed across her snowy forehead, and fell in thick tresses on her shoulders—a faint rose hue still tinged her delicate mouth, and the long silken lashes touched her fair cheek so lightly, that the wondering and sorrowful crowd almost expected to see her awaken from what seemed but a placid slumber. The service ended, the spectators retired, and left the fair Mabel de Gysours on her bier before that altar, at which, but the day preceding, she had expected to stand a bride.

But a few weeks elapsed, when Mrs. Alison, in great astonishment, accosted master Hatherley, who, with his magic-loving nephew, was standing beside the conduit in Cheap. So Sir Johan de Gysours hath gone beyond seas, no one knoweth whither; our lady save us from all witcherie!

He is gone certainly, replied master Hatherley, carried off, doubtless, by the evil one whom he hath so long served.

I trow there are many in this good city who serve the evil one much more than Sir Johan de Gysours, replied the young student; methinks, some of the holy brotherhood of the church stand as great a chance of being carried off through his good offices as Sir Johan. Heaven help you, young man, and turn you from your evil courses! exclaimed Mrs. Alison. Well! his property I trow will be confiscate to the holy church, continued master Hatherley, for he was excommunicate. Alack, little enow of his wealth will the church obtain, exclaimed the worthy Sir Ambrose, coming up to them, our reverend father the bishop hath sent to take possession, and behold there is nothing! Well, both Sir Johan and his daughter have escaped the punishment of the church here, but they cannot escape her power in the world to come.

Alas, and who could lay any thing to the charge of lady Mabel, sweet creature! said Mrs. Alison, saving that magical collar; for which, ye know, she paid dear enow.

She was vowed to the church by her mother, who shortly after died, while she was yet a child, returned Sir Ambrose, but her evil, and magic-

loving father would not let her take the veil, and thus defrauded the holy church of its right; our reverend bishop, who feareth the face of no man, enquired into it, and learnt the truth from her godmother, lady Cœlestia, the prioress of Clerkenwell; and truly, had not she been killed by that fearful Jew sorcerer, who would far sooner give the devil his dues than the church, she had been ere now in Clerkenwell priory, instead of lying in St. Martin's.

Ye see the fearful end of evil doers, young man, continued the worthy priest, addressing the old man's nephew, let these awful events be a warning unto you. It is well for priests to speak against knowledge and learning, replied the indignant student, but ye may look far, ere ye shall find a more worthy Lord mayor than him whom ye have forced to flee away.

Doubtless, master Julian, he was a most worthy man and good Christian, and so also was that Jew sorcerer whom it seemeth you know too well. That Jew sorcerer, as ye term him, is a great and mighty philosopher, returned the young student, heedless of the look of horror with which his uncle regarded him. Aye! a mighty philosopher truly, to come again after drowning; to bring people to life or kill them; and turn gold into

ashes, and ashes into gold, replied the worthy priest of St. Margaret's.

He *is* a mighty philosopher, continued the enthusiastic young student, for he is learned in all the mysteries of Cabala, and it is said he can even read in the face of heaven the unpronounceable name—that master spell—that golden key to all knowledge and power, which none but the sages of the east can discover! What! have I been bringing up at my own cost and charges, a reprobate, who consorts with Jew sorcerers, and speaks blasphemy, exclaimed the thunderstruck old man.

The studies I follow are pure and holy, replied the young student, and, it is only to him of unstained life and high integrity, that Heaven will accord these mighty gifts.

"These divine arts are reserved in the divine will of God, and are given to, or withheld from, whom he pleaseth," saith that prince of Arabian philosophers, Geber.

Away! exclaimed the old man, away! shall I, who have always thought as the church doth, and always did as her servants bade me—shall I harbour a friend of Jews and heretics? Alas! I had thought to have made ye my heir, but the church shall possess my property. I had need

to pay for masses, with such a fearful and abandoned nephew.

O! with what fixedness of purpose,—with what ardency of interest,—with what contempt of wealth,—with what recklessness of danger, did the votary of science in those early days pursue his lofty but unprofitable career. The enthusiastic young student heard his uncle's threats unmovedly, and placing his few but precious manuscripts in his leathern poterner, and taking his iron-shod staff, he calmly set out on his toilsome but delightful pilgrimage; not to visit consecrated shrines, or saintly edifices, but to wander among the polished inhabitants of Provence, to visit the spirit-haunted caverns of Salamanca, and to slake his unquenchable thirst for learning at the fountains of eastern science.

Seven years passed away, but no tidings had been received from the long absent student, and Sir Ambrose, exulting in anticipation of his exclusive possession of master Hatherley's property, oracularly assured his parishioners that Julian Hatherley, like the family of de Gysours, had undoubtedly been carried off by the evil one.

At length, late one summer's evening, to the manifest discomforture of the worthy priest, to the evident contradiction of his charitable decision, and to the utmost surprise of all the good

citizens, the long absent wanderer presented himself at the door of his uncle's habitation, in Basing-lane. Opposed, as the old man had always been to the mysterious studies which his nephew had pursued, and enraged as he had been to find him so joyfully relinquishing the visible and tangible benefits of wealth and honor, for the visionary advantages of these phantoms of science, he yet could not but feel deep pleasure, when this, his only surviving relation, wrung his hand and expressed the joy he felt at again beholding his uncle. The old man returned the greeting with warm affection, and gazed with sorrow on the careworn features of his long lost nephew; for study, and anxiety, and watching, had thinned, and sprinkled with premature snow, his once clustering locks; and a hectic flush, just tinging the sallow countenance, had succeeded the bright glow of health which formerly mantled on his cheek. Still, the spirit was unquenched, the high and ardent feeling unsubdued, and when he began to relate the marvels he had seen, or to detail the wondrous pursuits that had engaged his attention, a glow overspread his pallid features, a fire flashed from his sunken eye, and poor, and mean, and feeble, as he seemed, he then looked as though he could indeed command the mighty intelligences of the world of spirits.

And many were the strange tales of distant regions which the long-absent wanderer detailed to the wondering citizens; but the strangest of all was the unaccountable fact, that the long-buried Mabel de Gysours was actually living at the court of the king of Castile, with her husband Sir Theobald de Valence.

It is impossible, exclaimed the astonished hearers: did we not see her on her bier, did we not see her sprinkled with holy water, and are not masses even now said for her soul? impossible! The student repeated his assertion, but they would not believe it.

*I* fully believe it, said the worthy Sir Ambrose, when he next met master Hatherley alone, and I doubt not but that your nephew has talked with her also; but, it was in the caverns of Salamanca. He hath seen her, doubtless, in the charmed glass that professors in that demon-haunted university make use of. O! awful are their deeds! they form a magical mirror, with spells and fearful words, and dreadful incantations—bury it beside a gibbet,—hold it to the opened eyes of a troubled corpse, and afterwards, therein they can see all that was, or that shall be. The old man shrunk with horror from this new and fearful description of the powers of the cabalist; and his nephew too soon observed the averted eyes, and altered

demeanor of his priest-managed uncle. Strange rumours began to be circulated respecting him; and unwilling again to become the terror of the ignorant, or the victim of the bigoted, the still enthusiastic votary of science resumed his travelling cloak, his scrip, and his walking staff, and bidding a final adieu to his superstitious uncle, with a step less firm and buoyant, but with a mind as unsubdued by difficulties, and as ardent in the pursuit of knowledge as when, seven years before, he quitted his uncle's roof, the moneyless student again set forth on his eventful pilgrimage.

Alas! for Sir Ambrose' projects; master Hatherley, though very far advanced in years was still not likely to die, and the disappointed priest began almost to think that had the magic-loving student continued with his uncle, the terrors excited by his cabalistical pursuits, might probably have had the desirable effect of shortening the old man's life; instead of which, free from alarm, master Hatherley continued to enjoy himself, and to defer most pertinaciously the making of his long-promised will.

Another seven years passed on; no tidings were heard from the wandering student, and the unaccountable tale of the still living Lord mayor's daughter had almost faded from the memories of the citizens; when an embassy from the king of

Castile to their young king Edward the third arrived in England.

Anxious to do honour to the illustrious visitants, shows, feasts, and tournaments, swiftly succeeded each other; and, as religion on these occasions invariably mingled her equally imposing rites with the secular amusements, on an appointed day, the young king, with his nobles and the illustrious strangers, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Erkenwald.

And, ever anxious after shows and pageants, multitudes of citizens crowded the aisles, and filled the ample nave of the Metropolitan cathedral; gazing with delighted wonder on the splendid dresses, gorgeous jewels, and picturesque attire of the stranger visitants, and eagerly watching to catch a passing glance at the fair Spanish dames, whose thickly folded, though transparent wimples, more than half concealed their beautiful features.

Our lady, and all the saints be merciful to us! screamed the pageant-loving mistress Alison, who, though far advanced in years, still retained her original partiality for shows and festivals. Our lady save us! she exclaimed, as her rosary dropt from her hand, look! Julian Hatherley, said truly, although a fearful sorcerer!

The wondering bystanders turned their eyes, and with horrorstruck awe, met the too well remembered features of the long-buried Lord mayor's daughter. Yes! Mabel de Gysours, whose effigies in fair proportion had for fourteen years graced the church of St. Martin, now actually stood before them in still youthful loveliness—her snowy neck adorned with that gorgeous and mysterious circlet, and her eyes still beaming with that surpassing brightness, which, to the legend-loving inhabitants of London, was a sure and certain proof of her charmed and supernatural existence. It was but for a moment that the terrified crowd gazed on this unexpected apparition, and with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, they fervently invoked every saint and angel in the calendar to preserve them from the snares of the evil one.

The fearful news rapidly spread through the city, and the populace, in an uncontrolable paroxysm of terror, rushed to St. Martin's church, and demanded that Mabel de Gysours' grave should be opened. In vain did the priest deprecate the sacrilege of disturbing the remains of the dead; the entreaties, the commands even of a churchman were disregarded, and the multitude rushed to their work of destruction.

Ere long, the fair altar tomb, the delicate figure

that reposed above it, and the elaborately carved and emblazoned escutcheons that graced the sides lay scattered in fragments; the rude multitude uniting their strength, raised the ponderous stone that closed the mouth of the vault, but it was tenantless! The crowd raised their eyes from the vacant sepulchre, and gazed with speechless wonder at each other: had this mysterious being been again restored to life? or, had Sathan cast a spell around them—and was it merely a phantom, and not the veritable Mabel de Gysours that had been consigned to the tomb fourteen years since, amid the lamentations of the citizens?

'The mystery is cleared now, exclaimed the goldsmith who had formerly so vehemently exculpated the magic-loving Lord mayor; this Jew, who, whatever ye may say of his sorcery, was certainly a great "philosofre," cast this fair damsel into a deep slumber—to the end, that being considered dead, she might escape from the hands of our lord of London, who had determined she should take the veil; and, ye well know, would have spared neither force nor fraud to have compelled her.'

'A likely story truly, returned the bystanders, indignant at the possibility of a matter of fact explanation of these fearful mysteries, and determined not to be convinced against their wills.

Yes, a likely story, re-echoed master Hatherley, as, supported by his kind friends, mistress Alison and Sir Ambrose, he advanced with trembling steps towards the vault. *I'll* tell ye, good people, what she was, and truly it is marvellous I should never have thought of it before. She was a *faery*, and therefore she *cannot* die; I mind, as well as though it were but yesterday, that when that young knight her husband first saw her, "truly," saith he, "she is a faery, for no mortal ever looked so beautiful." Aye! rejoined mistress Alison, delighted at so marvellous a conclusion to so mysterious a subject, said he not also, somewhat about Sir Lanval who we all know was carried off by the faerie Tryamour? He did, replied master Hatherley, and methinks the story tells of their always being seen once in seven years. That is the manner of all faery people, remarked the priest of the church, for Gervase, of Tilbury, who hath written concerning them, sheweth it to be so; for they, all belonging to the kingdom of Sathan, do once in seven years pay their homage unto him, and after that are they visible, eating and drinking and going about even like Christian people. Our lady preserve this poor land from all such enchantments of the evil one!

No doubt any longer remained on the minds

of the good citizens of London with regard to what race of beings the too beautiful Mabel de Gysours belonged. Was it possible that the terrific appearance of the once drowned Jew sorcerer, the strange fascinations of the mysterious collar, the determinate infatuation of the Oxford student, could be explained away without supernatural agency? The combined authority of legend and romance, the united opinion of priest and layman, determined it could not; and the worthy citizens, very laudably, scouted the *unmiraculous* explanation of the goldsmith.

But a short time elapsed, ere master Hatherley received tidings from his long-absent nephew; he had assumed a professor's chair in the university of Salamanca, where, in investigating the hidden secrets of nature, tracing the stars in their courses, and in lecturing his astonished and admiring pupils on the deep mysteries of Cabala, he enjoyed pleasures far surpassing those of the monarch on his throne, or the knight on victorious battle field. He prayed his uncle to think no more of him, but to dispose of his property to others, for the riches of this world were nothing to the sage who had the treasures of all wisdom at his command.

He is lost! wholly lost! exclaimed master Hatherley, as signing his last will and testament,

he placed it in the hands of his sole legatee, the delighted priest of St. Margaret's. Well! such is the power of Sathan in blinding the eyes of his votaries, that some will not believe in magic and necromancy, and all these snares of book learning; but, truly, had the greatest heretic seen what I have, he would have said there were mysteries of Sathan enow in the story of

MABEL DE GYSOURS.

# THE INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE,

## A TALE OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Hagase el milagro, y hagalo Mahoma.

Let the miracle be done, though Mohammed do it.

SPANISH PROVERB.

# THE INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE,

## A TALE OF THE 14th CENTURY.

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In the 14th century, on the spot where that most excellent establishment Christ's hospital now stands, arose the noble and richly endowed house of the Grey Friars, with its long cloistered walks, its lofty and pinnacled towers, its fair oriel windows, rich in heraldic blazonry and delicate tracery, and its splendid church, inferior in size and grandeur to the Metropolitan cathedral alone, beneath whose lofty and fretted roof two queens (Margaret of France and Isabella) beside princes of the blood, and far-famed nobles, reposed amid the escutcheoned pomp of departed greatness.

That the humble followers of the rule of St. Francis should be so splendidly lodged, and so richly endowed, will not appear astonishing to those who remember the great popularity and rapid rise into public estimation which distinguished all the mendicant orders, but particularly

the Franciscans; and which, as a very natural consequence, excited the bitterest enmity of the established Benedictines; who, inferior alike in learning, and in popular talents to these interloping brethren, most heartily consigned them all to perdition, and not infrequently expressed their charitable belief that Sathan, who had, doubtless, assisted them to gain their immense wealth, would have his own at last.

And wealth brought its never-failing attendant, luxury, into the cells and cloisters of the grey coated brethren; and it required all the metaphysical subtlety, for which this order had always been celebrated, to excuse, if not vindicate, from the charge of inconsistency, the luxurious habits of the followers of the rule of the money-hating, pleasure-contemning, St. Francis.

It was true, would they argue, the rule of the order enjoins spare fast and spring water; but, how could they refuse the muscatel so importunately presented by the merchants of the Vintry, when, doubtless, it was offered from gratitude to heaven? and the delicate cates sent by those pious city dames, who had so largely profited by the holy brethren's ministrations, could they reject without giving offence? and, to offend was to sin. It was true, the rule strictly forbade "riche and fayre apparell," the worthy St. Francis

himself averring, that "a ragged coat drove away the devil;" but, if the fairest hands wrought willingly garments of the finest texture, if the most delicate fingers joyfully plied the needle for their decoration, was it Christianlike for the pious brotherhood churlishly to reject the well intentioned gifts of their fair disciples, and sternly determine to wear coarse woollen and sackcloth? Impossible! No, beloved brethren, exclaimed father Gervasius, the reverend superior, when his decision was solicited respecting the propriety of receiving a fat buck and two pipes of malvoisie which alderman Oxenforde, of Langbourne ward, had presented, in gratitude to the reverend superior for having cast out an evil spirit, which had sorely affrighted divers of his servants, and caused some of his best wines to turn sour: No, my brethren, methinks we may not refuse them, seeing that we are strictly enjoined "*confidenter mendicare*," and wherefore, if we are not to receive? Moreover, although we may not take money, we are commanded to receive gifts; and shall we say what shall be given us? Again, we are bound to eat whatsoever is sent and set before us; then, how can we refuse this worthy alderman's gifts?

These unanswerable arguments, it may easily be supposed, carried complete conviction to the already half-convinced minds of the grey coated

brotherhood. The fat buck and the malvoisie were received with many thanks, and the united convent agreed, that as a *doctor dubitantium*, father Gervasius fully equalled, not only the acute Occam, the subtle Duns Scotus, but even that monarch of syllogisms, the irrefragable and seraphic doctor St. Thomas Aquinas.

And now the worthy brotherhood were assembled in the chapter house, where their reverend superior stood in earnest conversation with one of their warmest supporters, master Hubert Elsing, a wealthy goldsmith of Lombard street; and, from the glow of irrepressible satisfaction, diffused over his broad and rubicund countenance, the grey brothers anticipate the welcome intelligence of some noble gift,—some rich endowment,—or, perhaps, some valuable legacy.

Beloved brethren, at length exclaimed the superior, vainly striving to assume a seriousness suited to the occasion, "*Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus*" (saith the service of the dead); and truly may we say this of that most dear and virtuous lady dame Dionysia de Burgh, who hath but even now departed. Well can I declare her many and excellent qualities, more especially her love to this humble and world-despising brotherhood, who labour after heavenly things with all meekness and diligence. The

praise of the virtuous woman is hers, for, "*Manum suam aperuit inopi, et palmas suas extendit ad pauperem.*" I may not declare all the good deeds of this honourable lady, for time would fail, but I will pray my worthy friend to read this most virtuous lady's last testament; for, truly her works do follow her.

The worthy citizen and goldsmith here arose, and taking from beneath his long furred mantle a scroll of parchment, proceeded to gratify the wealth-contemning fraternity, by reading its interesting contents.

Gentle reader, through the kindness of a singularly respected friend, Leland Oldentime, Esq. a worthy antiquary, well known to the archaiological world by his two invaluable treatises, "On the day of the month on which Troynouvant was founded," and that, "On the colour of king Arthur's beard," I am enabled to present you with an accurate copy of this will, for the benefit of those who delight to drink "of the pure well of English undefiled," or, who would feel interested to contemplate the furniture and apparel of a "city madam," in the reign of Richard II.

"Inne ye name off Godde amen. I Dionysia de Burgh, off Lumbarde streete, wydowe of Syr Johan de Burgh, citizen and goldesmythe, doe here make mye laste testamaunte:

"I doe bequeathe mye howse in Lumbarde streete, ye two howses joyninge, and ye grange uppe by Iseldone, to mye righte trusty friende, Maister Hubert Elsing, and to maister Blounte, citizens and goldesmythes, toe have and toe holde for ye specialle bienfaicte of ye howse of ye graye freres, in ye warde of Farendone.

"I doe leave to fader Gervase, ye superiore, mye fayre hongyngs of d'Ypres tapestrie, alle beautyfied wythe flowres; alsoe, ye Ghent counterpoynte wythe aungells thereupon, togeder wythe ye curtens of redde saye, and ye chares appertaynynge.

"I further doe give, mye two sylver cuppes, beautyfied wythe lyons' heades, and flouryschede alle abouten wythe vyne leves, and ye two parcel-gilte dyshes wythe ye hystories of St. George and ye dragon, and St. Antonye and hys swyne, gravene ryghte cunnynglé thereon, to be putte on ye hie altare on festivalle dayes.

"I doe give mye fayre rynge of rubye, mye fetuouslye wroughten gyrdil clasp of bleu stones and grete pearles, mye kyrtil of purple pall broidered in pointe devise, my wympel of sendell,* florysched wythe golde wyre, and my beste mantell of samyte,† to ye ymage of our ladye standynge in ye chyrche aforesayde.

* Sendell, a kind of lawn.

† Samyte, a very thick kind of silk, very fashionable at this period.

"Mye fayre diamante rynge, off grete powre agenst ye sprites of darcknes, and yatte wythe ye grete sapphyre stone, of marvellous use in infyrmityes of syghte, I doe leve, bye resone of theyre grete vertue, to yatte devoute and holie fader Gervase; and alle mye oder goodes and chattels to maister Hubert Elsinge.

"I wille be berryed in ye chyrche of ye Gray freres, under a fayre marbre tombe, wythe a brasse inlayde, showynge mye name and degree.

"Moreover, for ye furtherynge off ye fame of ye arte and mysterie of ye London goldesmythes, I doe bequeathe five hundred marckes for a fayre chalys of golde, for ye chyrch of ye Gray freres, toe be mayde by ye beste workmanne among ye prentyses of yatte worschipfulle guilde; three hundred for ye coste and charges, and two hundred for ye workman, ye maister and wardens being judges.

"I doe commend mye sowle to owre ladye, to Seynte Michael ye arch-aungell, toe ye blessed Seynte Johan, to ye holie apostells St. Peter and St. Powle, to ye holie St. Fraunceys, and alle seyntes, amen."

Great, truly, is the goodness of this most dear lady, "*beati sunt mortui qui in Domino moriuntur*," exclaimed the pious father Gervasius; see yenot, brethren, how that, through the interces-

sion of the blessed St. Francis, we find favour in sight of all people; like that holy prophet Daniel, who, when he sojourned at the court of the king of the Saracens, jousted even with lions, and overcame them all, through the grace of our ladye; and thus, though we are assaulted by lion-like men, and divers bitter things are said against us, yet we find favour and great honour—why?—truly may we answer in the words of the Psalter, "*Quoniam elegit Deus Sion; elegit eam in habitationem sibi.*"

Good morrow, holy father, said master Blount, the worthy master of the worshipful company of goldsmiths, addressing the reverend prior of St. Bartholomew the Great, as he stood beneath the low arch beside Cloth-fair—ye have heard the news, doubtless?

For, gentle reader, fortunately for the good citizens of London, in the fourteenth century, although newspapers were unknown. there was no lack of newsmongers.

Indeed have I, replied the angry benedictine, but I marvel not; this is not the first time that these wolves in sheep's clothing have entered widows' houses and gained rich legacies,—"Sathan helps his own," and did we doubt that saying, the Grey Friars would force us to believe it; and, moreover, not content with gaining gifts

from every one, they must have a golden chalice, to show how well Sathan can work for them.

Nay, nay, answered master Blount, naturally irritated at this insinuation against his craft, it will, doubtless, be a fair and goodly piece of workmanship, and show the marvellous skill of our London goldsmiths, but it will be solely through the grace of our lady. So ye intend, I doubt not, good master Blount, replied the wily prior; but what if the grey brothers should persuade the workmen to let them have it, and then set some huge black fiend to work, as Gerbertus did, and bind him by a strong spell to finish it ere cock-crowing? We shall see a goodly chalice then. Nay, reverend father, meekly replied the citizen, say not so—the grey brothers are a pious and charitable order, and many great men have belonged to their rule—they cannot employ sorcery. Great men? retorted the charitable prior, reddening with anger, aye, great in sorceries, and conjurations, and all evil works: was not that child of Sathan, Roger Bacon, one of them, and does not all England yet ring of his magic? What holy man could make glasses to see what was done miles off? What holy man could make thunder and lightning? That is Sathan's own work, I trow.

Master Blount was silent; for the fearful tales

of the sorceries of friar Bacon, and the awful mystery of the brazen head, recurring to his mind, he began to fear that the grey brothers might really be in league with the evil one.

You are not aware, my worthy master, continued the malicious prior, what noble presents these wolves in sheep's clothing receive: since last Lammastide only, master Elsing hath sent them a fair silver dish, and alderman Fraunceys a furred mantle for our lady's image in their church, and our worthy Lord mayor, Sir Johan Froishe (I marvel greatly he did so), hath sent them two barrels of muscatel and a bag of spices; and what hath this priory received, the ancient priory of St. Bartholomew the Great?—and why the great, but from its great privileges and sanctity?—And this noble and ancient house, founded by the pious Rahere, and endowed by the virtuous queen Maude, hath received only ten marks which dame Eleanor Basset offered yesterday because it was the feast of kings! Now, whence can it be, save through the aid of the evil one, that gifts and largesses without number should come into their treasury?

It would be a fearful case indeed, if the chalice should be wrought by magic, resumed master Blount; but be assured, holy father, all that I can do shall be done; for I will closely question the

candidates, and enquire whether they be devout, and keep the fasts and festivals of the holy church: methinks, young Drew Berentin will be appointed workman, for no other prentice throughout the whole craft can compare with him; that fair and goodly young man, I mean master Elsing's prentice, who made love to his beautiful daughter Agatha, at which master Elsing was very wroth. Now, the chalice will be safe enow if he hath the making of it, for he is very devout, and tells his beads every morning before the image of the blessed St. Agatha, on the north side of St. Paul's, and I will caution him to go to work warily, not to let the chalice ever be out of his keeping; moreover, he shall get all his tools sprinkled with holy water, and he shall make the sign of the cross always before he begins.

You say right, master Blount, and like a good Christian, replied the prior, great efficacy is there in the sign of the cross,—

"Nulla salus est in domo,
Nisi Cruce munit homo.
Ista suos fortiores,
Semper facit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia;
Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem
Crux reducit omnia."

Ah! holy father, exclaimed the admiring goldsmith, no one need fear the powers of darkness, with such a wondrous and powerful charm as that you have just said; methinks it would drive away all the legions that assaulted holy St. Anthony. It would, my son, and how highly ought the ministers of that church to be esteemed, who are possessed of such important and beneficial secrets; farewell, master Blount, ye will ere long see somewhat of the magic and conjurations of these holy grey brothers, unless Sathan put an end to it, by carrying them off for himself.

Time passes on, the death bell has tolled,—the funeral procession has entered the church of the Grey Friars,—and amidst the blaze of consecrated tapers, the almost suffocating clouds of incense, and the pealing harmonies of the "*Dies Irae*," dame Dionysia de Burgh has been consigned to her "fayre marbre tomb."

And now the wardens of the "worshipful craft and mysterie of ye goldesmythes," with master Blount, as president, have examined the pretensions of the various candidates; while master Elsing has joyfully presented the splendid apparel to the image of the virgin; and the fair silver cups, and the marvellously efficacious rings, to the worthy superior Gervasius.

As master Blount had predicted, Drew Beren-

tin has been appointed maker of the chalice, and, ardently invoking the assistance of St. Agatha, he has joyfully departed; and the reverend superior has prayed the master and wardens of the "craft and mysterie of ye goldesmythes" to partake the hospitalities of their poor and humble brotherhood, while master Blount, unable to forget the fearful insinuations of the worthy prior of St. Bartholomew, with feelings any thing but pleasant, yields a reluctant consent.

What can possibly be more efficacious in overcoming prejudices, subduing hostilities, or promoting kindly feelings, than a plentiful dinner? Master Blount, delighted with the good cheer before him, has forgotten the pious exhortations of the worthy prior; he joins in the merry converse of the holy brotherhood, pledges the worthy superior with right good will, and listens with profound and delighted attention to the wild legend, with which the minstrel, clothed in Lincoln green, now rises to edify the good company.

The tapers are blazing, the mass is sung
In the chapel of Beverley,
And merrily too the bells have rung;
'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity;
And the holy maids are kneeling round,
While the moon shines bright on the hallowed ground.

Yes, the sky is clear, and the stars are bright,
And the air is hushed and mild;
Befitting well the holy night,
When o'er Judah's mountains wild,
The mystic star blazed bright and free,
And sweet rung the heavenly minstrelsy.

The nuns have risen, through the cloister dim
Each seeks her lonely cell;
To pray alone till the joyful hymn,
On the midnight breeze shall swell;
And all are gone, save two sisters fair,
Who stand in the moonlight silent there.

Now, hand in hand, through the shadowy aisle,
Like aery things they've past,
With noiseless step, and with gentle smile,
And meek eyes heavenward cast;
Like things too pure upon earth to stay,
They have fled like a vision of light away.

And again the merry bells have rung
So sweet thro' the starry sky;
For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,
And the chalice is lifted high,
And the nuns are kneeling in holiest prayer;
Yes, all, save these meek-eyed sisters fair.

Then up rose the abbess, she sought around,
But in vain, for these gentle maids;
"They were ever the first at the mass bell's sound,
Have they fled these holy shades?
Or, can they be number'd among the dead?
O! whither can these fair maids be fled?"

The snows have melted, the fields are green,
The cuckoo singeth aloud,
The flow'rs are budding, the sunny sheen
Beams bright thro' the parted cloud,
And maidens are gathering the sweet breath'd may;
But, these gentle sisters, "O! where are they?"

And summer is come in rosy pride,
'Tis the eve of the blessed St. John,
And the holy nuns after vespertide,
All forth from the chapel are gone;
While, to taste the cool of the evening hour,
The abbess hath sought the topmost tow'r.

"Gramercy, sweet ladye!" and can it be
These long lost sisters fair
On the threshold lie calm, and silently,
As in holiest slumber there?
Yet, sleep they not, but entranced they lie,
With lifted hands and heavenward eye.

"O long lost maidens, arise! arise!
Say, when did ye hither stray?"
They have turned to the abbess their meek blue eyes;
"Not an hour hath past away—
But glorious visions our eyes have seen;
O sure, in the kingdom of heaven we've been!"

There is joy in the convent of Beverley,
Now these saintly maidens are found;
And to hear their story right wonderingly,
The nuns have gather'd around
These long lost maidens, to whom was given
To live so long the life of heaven.

And again the chapel bell is rung,
And all to the altar repair;
And sweetly the midnight lauds are sung
By the sainted sisters there;
While their heaven-taught voices softly rise,
Like an incense cloud to the silent skies.

The maidens have risen, with noiseless tread
They glide o'er the marble floor,
They seek the abbess with bended head,
"Thy blessing would we implore,
Dear mother! for ere the coming day
Shall blush into light, we must hence away.

The abbess hath lifted her gentle hands,
And the words of peace hath said,
"*O vade in pacem*," aghast she stands,
"Have their innocent spirits fled?"
Yes! side by side lie these maidens fair,
Like two wreaths of snow in the moonlight there.

List! list! the sweet peal of the convent bells,
They are rung by no earthly hand;
And hark! how the far off melody swells
Of the joyful angel band,
Who hover around surpassingly bright,
And the chapel is bathed in rosy light.

'Tis o'er. Side by side in the chapel fair
Are the sainted maidens laid,
With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,
They look not like the dead;
Fifty summers have come and pass'd away,
But their loveliness knoweth no decay.

And many a chaplet of flow'rs is hung,
And many a bead told there,
And many a hymn of praise is sung,
And many a low breathed prayer,
And many a pilgrim bends the knee,
At the shrine of the sisters of Beverley.

Well, master Blount, how will the chalice go on now? was the exclamation of the worthy prior of St. Bartholomew, soon after; accosting the master of the goldsmiths' company. Admirably, I trust, replied master Blount, and it must certainly be through the especial grace of the saints that Drew Berentin hath succeeded so well; he hath finished two roses on one side, and they are such as were never before seen in gold, and the lilies round the brim look as though they had but just been gathered. Said I not, that the chalice would be most wonderfully wrought, rejoined the insidious prior.

Yes, holy father; but it is through the marvellous skill of this young man, and not by the aid of the evil one. We shall know more about that ere long, replied the prior, for Drew Berentin hath this morning been taken to the palace of the bishop, on great and grievous charges of conjuration; truly, I lament for the poor young man, seeing that the grey brothers have, doubtless,

drawn him in; but we will go thither, and hear the charge against him.

Master Blount, sincerely reproaching himself for the respect and attention he had so lately shewn to so evil and abandoned a brotherhood, followed the delighted prior in silence to the court, where the spiritual lord of London, Michael de Northburg, in his splendid and imposing vestments, the long purple robe, the seamless dalmatica, the embroidered cope and glittering mitre, rising in all the pride of episcopacy, and grasping that rod of spiritual empire, the richly ornamented crosier—surrounded by his chaplains, and a large assemblage of clergy and laity, commenced his address to the awe-struck multitude:—

"Well hath this noble and ancient city thriven since our late worthy king Edward (whom God assoil) cast out that evil and accursed race, the Jews.

"Well hath this city thriven: but, alas! of late years, through abundance of wealth and multitude of merchandise, wares of Sathan hath been imported.

"Fearful spells, and devilish charms, have been brought in amongst us, and men, even men professing love to our holy church, have not

been ashamed to use crystals, wherewith may be seen what is done afar off; and fearful and heathenish signs,* whereby they would seek to compute numbers even as by magic. It is not enough that justice be done to the bodies of men, while their souls are left unguarded,—justice must be done to both. 'As the sun and the moon are placed in the firmament,' saith the bull of the blessed Pope Innocent III. 'the greater to rule the day, and the lesser the night, so are the spiritual and temporal powers,—to the last and inferior, their bodies may be entrusted,—but, to the first, the greatest, *their souls.*' I, therefore, by the authority of this pastoral staff, wherewith I guide the meek, rule the simple, collect the scattered, and restrain the presumptuous, command the prisoner, and his accusers to appear."

The unfortunate young artist was brought in, and a crowd of witnesses, neither remarkable for rank nor respectability, pressed forward to offer their respective testimonies. One averred, that Drew Berentin had declared that the chalice should surpass every other, though he would not say by what means; another deposed, that he had seen the young artist going along muttering strange words to himself; but the last witness,

* The Arabic numerals introduced about this time.

no other than the porter at the priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, delivered the following most veracious statement;—he went the preceding evening to Drew Berentin's work-shop, with the prior's seal ring, and there observed a tall figure wrapt in a long mantle, busily engaged on the chalice,—that he spoke to it, but receiving no answer, he wisely judged it could be no good; whereupon, he made the sign of the cross—when the figure, putting forth a pair of huge black wings, instantaneously vanished, with all the usual accompaniments, of saucer eyes, tremendous claws, and a most fearful smell of brimstone.

What stronger proof of guilt could be possibly demanded than this? The young artist was called on for his defence; but, lost in astonishment at the awful charges which had just been preferred against him, he thrice attempted to speak, but in vain.

Reverend father, exclaimed the superior of the Grey Friars, here are many goldsmiths present who will all aver that this young man is a most admirable worker in gold and silver; here are master Blount, and master Elsing, let them examine the chalice, and say whether it hath not been wrought by earthly hands; moreover, let the prisoner take his graver, and he shall shew that he alone hath been the workman.

A petition so reasonable could not be refused—the chalice was brought, and the graver placed in the young artist's hands; but he in vain attempted to proceed—again and again he essayed, but the strokes were weak and uneven, like the first rude attempt of some skilless workman; and the bishop arose to pronounce sentence on the agent and associate of the powers of darkness.

Reverend father, exclaimed father Anselm, the sub-prior of the house of the Grey Friars, learned men have said, that if a sorcerer compel a spirit to work for him, it must be done within a set time; and, also, that having once given the order, he cannot revoke it. Suffer this young man to be remanded for a given time—let the chalice be placed on the table, the doors being locked, and then if a spirit hath indeed been invoked, the work will be completed.

Your saying is good, replied the bishop, let the young man be kept safely: to-morrow seven days is the feast of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, and then shall he finally be brought before us.

The court was accordingly adjourned, the unfinished chalice placed on the table with the graver beside it, and the bishop himself having carefully locked the door, has departed.

It may easily be imagined that the news of

Drew Berentin's misfortune rapidly found its way to every part of the city, and that many were the comments of the worthy citizens upon it. Indeed, the tale with all its supernatural adjuncts was so admirably suited to the taste of the age, as well as to its superstitions, that it furnished the sole topic of conversation to all the inhabitants of London during the anxious interval of the seven days.

And many a fearful story of satanic agency was told by the wily Benedictines—and many a tale of heavenly interposition was related by the sorrowful grey brothers to their respective disciples—and many a prayer was offered by the beautiful Agatha for the final deliverance of her unfortunate lover.

Now it chanced that the confidential chaplain of the bishop had been confessor to Agatha's mother, and, anxious to hear tidings of Drew Berentin, day after day she repaired to him; often casting a wistful eye on the iron-barred door which shut in that far-famed chalice, whose surpassing beauty had caused all her lover's misfortunes.

Her deep sorrow has touched the old man, and, forgetful of his duty both to the prisoner and to his master, he has at length promised Agatha,

that on the eventful day she shall remain in the adjoining gallery, whence, unseen by the court, she may both hear and observe its proceedings.

The day has arrived—Agatha has been secretly admitted, and with feelings of intensest anxiety she looks out from her hiding place.

The doors are all locked—the bishop will not arrive yet—she is quite alone,—what if she leaves her hiding place, and steals one look at the beautiful unfinished chalice? Alas! curiosity has silenced the suggestions of prudence, and she stands close beside the table, almost unconscious of existence.

The bell has chimed four, but Agatha hears it not; impelled by her evil genius, she has even taken up the graver, and, all unwittingly, is attempting to trace an additional leaf; and there she stands, with one delicate hand laid gently across the chalice, while the other is lightly tracing the outline—her fair hair like a beam of light hangs across her snowy forehead—the white and ample folds of her wimple float like a fleecy cloud around her, while the many tinted light, which streams through the gorgeously painted window, sheds a halo of gold and purple splendor around a more beautiful and ethereal form than poet ever imagined, or visionary ever beheld.

The door has opened—the bishop, his chap-

lains, and the multitude enter, but Agatha sees them not; unconscious, unmoved, she stands the beautiful personification of her titular saint.

The rustling of garments, the noise of many footsteps, the exclamation of the bishop and his attendants, at length arouse the unhappy girl from her mournful dream. The fatal consequences of her unrestrained curiosity rush overpoweringly on her mind—she perceives she is lost, and precipitately flees.

Reverend father, what have you seen? exclaimed master Elsing, pressing forward as he beheld the bishop prostrate on the floor, telling his beads with great devotion.

The holy father hath seen Sathan, replied the well pleased prior of St. Bartholomew, pray heaven he may not go stark wode. The horror-struck crowd drew instinctively back, while master Blount kept his eyes determinately fixed on the ground, fearing, if he lifted them, to meet the withering glance of some huge black fiend. "*Sancta Agatha, ora pro me,*" exclaimed father Anselm slowly rising. "*Apage! Sathanas,*" continued the prior of St. Bartholomew, most devoutly spitting on the ground.

The bishop arose from his knees, and slowly but firmly approached the chalice.

"Blessed are our eyes to have seen this miracle!

—the gold filings are scattered around, and another leaf has been added, but, not by the spirits of darkness,—bring in the prisoner."

Drew Berentin was brought in, and whilst the wondering bystanders awaited in awe-struck silence his fearful sentence, much did the young artist marvel at the benignant smile which illumined the stern features of the spiritual lord of London, but even more at the kindly words which were so unexpectedly addressed to him.

"O virtuous and highly favoured young man, to you hath it been given, even by a miracle, to overcome your enemies; truly, have you received assistance,—but not from the powers of hell,—nor the fiends of darkness, but from the pure and holy hands of the blessed St. Agatha, whom these aged eyes (albeit unworthy) even now beheld, clothed in that heavenly radiance, and arrayed in that unearthly beauty, that belongs but to the kingdom of Heaven.

"Go in peace, my son! go and prosper. And you, father Gervasius, take this holy chalice, even unfinished as it is, place it on the altar; heaven forbid that mortal hands should complete the work of the blessed St. Agatha!"

"*Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum facti, sumus laetantes,*" was the joyful exclamation of the astonished superior, as, reverently bearing the

miraculous chalice, he passed through the discomfited crowd of Benedictines.

The saintly chalice, amid the rejoicings of the highly favoured brotherhood, was placed on the high altar in the noble church of the Grey Friars, where multitudes flocked thither to behold it; and thither came master Elsing, overjoyed at the visible interference of heaven; and thither came master Blount, sincerely deploring his former suspicions; and thither came the heaven favoured artist and his beautiful bride, to offer fervent thanksgivings for so miraculous a deliverance; and, when father Anselm, who had been privileged to behold the heavenly vision, described the surpassing beauty of the Virgin Martyr—the ethereal delicacy of her form—the celestial expression of her face—unconscious that the fair original stood before him, a glow of delight, and, perhaps, of pardonable vanity, overspread the beautiful features of the earthly St. Agatha, as most devoutly she returned thanks to all the saints who had enabled her so well to personate one of their number, and perform, what indeed might be termed,

AN INVOLUNTARY MIRACLE.

# FOR THE RED ROSE.

## A TALE OF ST. HELEN'S.

Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

HENRY VI. PART I.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and down,
And hanged highe on a hill—
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be heaven's will.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

# FOR THE RED ROSE,

## A TALE OF THE 15th CENTURY.

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Who hath ever trod the tangled mazes of the forest, when the greenwood puts forth all her freshness and her beauty, but hath felt a glow of delight—an elation of spirit—far more vivid than the prospect of the loveliest cultivated landscape could inspire?

There is somewhat in forest scenery that tells of wild independence, uncontrolable freedom, in language universally intelligible. The hand of man hath never been there, the ancient oaks toss their whitened arms and lift their green heads to the sun, as though they scorned any other master; —the stag, bounding from the thicket, eyes the intruder on his solitudes with lordly disdain, and fleets away in tameless majesty;—the little brooklet rushes through tangled fern and clustering wild flowers, like a thing of life;—and even the

tiny heather bell lifts its elastic head with an air of freedom.

> Merrie is it in the greenwood schawe
> Among the leavés greene,

Sang some nameless bard of the Olden Time; and we re-echo his song as we feel the fresh breeze fan our cheek, and listen to the melody of the throstle and woodlark, and the distant murmurs of the wild bee.

What wonder was it, then, that the life of a forester, and the bold daring of the outlaw, should have been so congenial to the tastes of our hardy and freedom-loving forefathers, that they should have often turned from the splendid witcheries of romance, to the spirit-stirring history of the outlaws of "merrie Carlisle," and the tales of that prince of foresters, that pride and darling of our gallant yeomanry, the brave and gentle archer of Sherwood? and, that even a lord chief justice should have boasted the "corage of ye English-manne," who, "if he be poore and see another man having richesse, whych may be takyn from him, woll not spare to doe so."

It was probably the inspiring influence of forest scenery, that caused the party of travellers who appeared on the road leading through Enfield

Chase, at the close of a bright autumnal evening, in 1470, to sing so merrily, and to interrupt the joyous ballad so frequently by the loud and general laugh. They seemed to be free from care, or anxiety, and as they stopped beneath the wide spreading branches of an aged oak, the youngest of the travellers hailed the monarch of the forest with the following rude ballad, while his companions right merrily joined in the burthen:

The greenwood tree! the greenwood tree!
He is fair, and tall, and goodly to see;
He lifteth his leafy head to the sky,
And spreadeth his green arms wide and high.
The wind may blow, he hears it not;
The storm may rage, he fears it not;
He puts forth his leaves rejoicingly,
And for king, or baron, careth not he—
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree.

The greenwood tree! the greenwood tree!
Goodly shelter granteth he
To the birds that on his boughs are singing
To the flow'rs that at his foot are springing
His shade is sought by the dappled doe,
When the merry archer bends his bow;
And the hare, and the kid, to his broad shade flee,
For the weak and succourless sheltereth he;
And we will be like thee, greenwood tree!

Then hail to thee! thrice hail to thee!
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!

Who givest alike thy goodly schawe
To the proud barón, and the bold outlaw;
When the north wind blows, may it shake thee not;
When the lightning glares, may it scathe thee not;
But, when we are gone where all shall be,
May thy gallant branches wave wide and free,
Pride of the forest, greenwood tree!

Many thanks, my fair young master, for your goodly roundel, exclaimed one of the three travellers, a middle aged man, whose long furred gown and hood, designated him a citizen of London; ye're a pleasant companion for the merry greenwood, truly. Ye praise me too highly, returned the young man, whose figure was nearly concealed by his large riding cloak, but whose velvet bonnet, adorned in front with a gold buckle, and whose handsomely caparisoned steed, seemed to indicate his station rather above the middle class. Nay, my fair sir, master Poynings doth not, replied the other traveller, an elderly man in the black gown and coif of a sergeant at law; for, methinks, that song were worthy to be sung in merry Sherwood, by Robin Hood and his good company.

Ye go our way, fair sir, said the citizen, again addressing the young man; for master Wynchyngham and myself would be loth to lose your good company. I am bound for London, replied he; but how go you on there—all for the

white rose? throwing up your caps for Edward as ye did when he rode into Clerkenwell fields?

A deadly blight to the white rose! replied the citizen, clenching his hand as he spoke. *That* were dangerous to say in the city, returned his companion, the serjeant at law, glancing a suspicious look at the young man; but, truly, in the merry greenwood, each man may say as he listeth.

Methinks all citizens might be of one mind, returned the citizen, apparently regardless of the risque he encountered in the free expression of his political faith—for what with pilling and polling, taxes and tallages, and so much under the easy name of benevolences *taken*, as no man I'll warrant would of good will *give*, that, methinks, they might all join to call back Margaret, and shout "for the Red Rose." Aye! "for the Red Rose," exclaimed the young man delightedly, waving his bonnet with one hand, while the other was employed in warmly shaking hands with the citizen. Cheer up, my worthy master, before these flowers, continued he, springing from his horse and plucking a large bough of red hedge roses,—aye! before these flowers shall die away, the red rose shall lift up her head again. Heaven fulfil your prophecy, my fair sir! replied the citizen, joyfully receiving the rosy emblems of his

political faith, and waving them with an air of triumph. St. George, knight of our lady, send success to the red rose, and a deadly canker to the white! And are *you* for the red rose, continued the young man, addressing the sergeant at law? Aye, truly, my fair sir; I was with Sir John Fortescue in France, when he was tutor to the young prince; yes, the red rose, say I; what? are Englishmen to be told that Edward de la March hath a *right* to the crown; I wot well our barons did not fight at Runymede to give any man a *right* to the crown. Hath not both houses of Parliament acknowledged Lancaster for three descents—than what other right dare be set up. Heaven grant our noble queen Margaret five hundred citizens like you, master Poynings, and a recorder like you, master Wynchyngham, returned the young man, and alderman Clopton might be glad to flee away, and alderman Crosby would be fain to leave his tall and princely house for the first comer. Ah! they are all for the white rose, replied the citizen, shaking his head; but, truly am I much indebted to alderman Crosby; for, last Easter, when my prentice went out into Finsbury fields to shoot with the long bow, and set a red rose in his cap, I was brought into sore trouble about it, and should have been hea-

vily mulcted but for alderman Crosby's good offices; he is a worthy and a princely citizen, an honour to our ancient and honourable city, save in regard to the white rose. You are master Poynings, the draper, of Candlewick-street, then, said the young man, enquiringly, for master Contarini hath often spoken about ye.

What, my fair sir, do ye know Contarini, the rich Venetian merchant of St. Botolph's-lane, exclaimed master Poynings, delightedly. Aye, truly, I am going thither. Then, I pray you, my fair sir, that I may see you whilst with him; for, truly, it is comforting to talk with one who is so warm a friend of the red rose. Well, I have been six long weeks from London, and truly it is great joy to me to look on those spires of my sweet and goodly city, and think I am about to enter her again.

She is a sweet and goodly city, and a most ancient one too, replied the serjeant at law, for whom antiquity had far greater claims than beauty; for London, or Troynouvant, was founded by king Brut, 1170 years before the year of grace, being about the time that Gideon was judge over Israel. So ye said, master Wynchyngham, replied the citizen, in that famous speech ye made in the cause of Farringdon against the liberty of St. Martin's le Grand; wherein ye set forth, how

that London hath all—*This* was what I said, master Poynings, "that our city hath extant such dignity, liberty, and royal custom, as was, from ancient time used and had," mark me closely, master Poynings, "in the great city of Troy." I mind it well, master Wynchyngham, a marvellous speech it was,—commend me to serjeant Wynchyngham, said alderman Landoise, for he doth not only talk about the rolls of Parliament, and the city charters, but he beginneth at the beginning, and sheweth how it was of old time, in the great city of Troy;—he's a learned man, quoth he. Why, truly, master Poynings, meekly answered the delighted serjeant, endeavouring to receive as humbly as possible the gratifying compliments of his friend,—it hath cost much labour, aye, and hard study; for Bracton, and Glanvil, and Britton, are not to be read like the Canterbury tales, or Sir Lancelot of the Lake, and such like; but great benefit is there in beginning, as alderman Landoise saith, at the beginning. Ye know people say they are free-born Englishmen, because of the great charter, or, perchance, they say, because of the laws of king Edward the Confessor; now, my late honourable master, Sir John Fortescue (whom God assoil) sheweth the true reason of the Englishman's freedom to be—because it was a mixed government

under king Brut, there being both Trojans and Italians therein. Commend me to ye for a good lawyer, replied master Poynings, delighted at the high antiquity of his franchises; well, should I get by any mischance into jeopardy, methinks I cannot but do well with so learned a man as ye to aid me.

Conversing on various subjects, the travellers crossed the wide city ditch, and, passing under the strongly fortified and portcullised gate, above which, as one of the tutelar saints of London, St. Erkenwald, adorned with mitre and crosier, raised his hands as in the act of bestowing his blessing on the passenger, they entered Bishopsgate-street.

It was an interesting and picturesque scene that Bishopsgate-street exhibited at this period; the long lines of tall houses, their projecting stories supported by dolphins, or angels; their plaister fronts, adorned with quaint and fanciful devices; their low arched, but richly carved doorways; their wide diamond paned casements, and their high pointed gabels yet bright with the rose tints of evening; and far above, the airy and richly pinnacled spires of the city churches gleaming with reflected light against the deepening blue sky, like lances of fire,—and, along the wide and neatly paved causeway, the fur-hooded

citizen—the black monk of the holy Trinity—the *"frater sancti Crucis,"* with his silver cross in his hand, and wearing the same sign in red cloth upon his mantle;—the fair city dame, her gown closed in front with studs of silver, with the mitten sleeve, the reticulated head dress, and the broad studded girdle, almost concealed from view by her large mantle; or, the lay sister of St. Helen's, in her plain black hood and mantle, passed slowly along, or stopped to gaze at the unglazed shop windows so gaily adorned with pots of flowers; where the apprentices, holding their flat worsted knit caps in their hands, stood awaiting the summons of their customers.

I must call on my sister-in-law, the prioress, said master Poynings, as they approached the high wall that enclosed the priory of the nuns of St. Helen's; and ye, my good friends, will go in with me.

Nay, replied the serjeant at law, I may not this evening, but I pray you give my humble and hearty service to my lady prioress. I shall not stay long, master Wynchyngham, but as I am going onward with this fair young gentleman to master Contarini, methought I would ask her what she might want against the feast of St. Michael, which the ladies of this house keep always most reverently. Dame Alice spake too of a new

altar cloth of silk and gold—but I pray ye come in with me.

I may not this evening, master Poynings, for John Lystote's cause cometh on to-morrow, concerning his fulling mill on the Wall brook, which Henry Rayner and Ralph Bury say, hath in some way stopped the water course. Well, farewell, master Wynchyngham, heaven speed your cause; but *you*, my fair sir, will come in with me;—by what name shall I call ye, for truly, we have had so much to say, I had e'en forgotten to ask ye before. Walter Fitzhugh, returned the young man, smiling.

Master Poynings alighted, and knocked with no light hand at the strong iron-bound postern gate of the house of St. Helen's. The upper part of the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the shrill voice of sister Amy, the portress, "an honeste aunciente weoman in lyvinge, ne jangler, ne royler aboute, ne chider, ne tydings bearer, but suche as hathe trew witnesse of her goode conversacione" (as Alfred of Rieversby recommends in his rule), was heard enquiring who demanded admittance. At the well known voice of master Poynings, the door was quickly opened, and, returning with a good humoured nod, the reverent curtsey of the ancient por-

tress, the draper and his new found young friend took their way to the prioress's own parlour.

The room which bore this designation was of moderate size, and lined with wainscot, carved in square compartments of fluted work of various sizes. The chimney, with its huge fire place, capacious enough to have dressed dinner for the whole convent—and its far projecting mantle-piece, displaying the arms of the house, supported by two angels in neatly executed carved work, advanced into the middle of the room as though pursuing the large bay window which retreated into a deep recess. On the oaken window seats, lay cushions of crimson cloth, adorned with knots of flowers in neat embroidery, the work of the holy sisterhood, and joint stools covered with similar tapestry stood about the apartment. Two small greyhounds (those greatly cherished favourites of convent maidens) adorned with collars of curiously entwined crimson silk and gold thread, lay on a mat beneath the window seat; while the embroidery frame, with its various tinted skeins of silk,—the desk with the silver tipt inkhorn hanging beside it,—the snowy roll of vellum,—the brightly illuminated copy of the Golden Legend,—and, the small breviary bound in purple silk, with the initials of the lady

prioress worked in gold thread on the cover,—all bore witness to the varied and superior accomplishments of dame Alice Ashfield, prioress of the house of the nuns of St. Helen's.

Ere long the lady prioress entered, attended by two of her nuns, and warmly greeted her brother-in-law, and gracefully welcomed the young stranger. She was tall and fair, and in her countenance and deportment, much of sweetness was mingled with an air of command. She wore the dress of the Benedictine order, the plain white tunic, and the black hood and mantle; but the tunic was of the finest linen, and the mantle of best broad cloth. Her beautiful hair was not suffered to appear beneath the amess—that unbecoming bandage of white linen bound on the forehead; but, a wimple of fine lawn was plaited in delicate folds on each side the face, and across the bosom; while the cross, suspended from her neck by a small chain of gold, and the ring, which, as prioress, she wore on her finger, were beautifully wrought and enamelled.

So, I have returned, my fair sister, at last, and all well I trust. All is well, replied the prioress, and I pray heaven to continue it. Alas! how much warfare and turmoil have we witnessed. And ye may witness more, ere long, my fair sister. Heaven forfend, replied the lady prioress, lifting

her eyes to heaven;—alas! was it not intended that Christian men should all live together in unity, peace, and great concord? instead whereof, have we not seen men, christened at the same fount, praying at the same altar, and who should have slept in peace in the same church-yard, meet each other on battle field, and lose their lives in fierce and deadly contest. Alas! heaven knows, during all the last war, no psalm was so sweet to me as "*Da pacem Domine;*" and peace hath come at last. Nay, sister, it hath not—for call not this *peace*, when the friends of the red rose are mulcted and half ruined, and the nobles who supported it, forced to flee away! The prioress shook her head but answered not. Ye *once* loved the red rose well, my fair sister; but, alack! since ye have taken the seventeen marks yearly of alderman Crosby, for the ground rent of his fair mansion, and since he hath given five hundred marks to your church—farewell to the red rose. Ye shall have alderman Crosby's answer to that, ere long, replied the prioress, smiling; he was in the church at vespers, and now I expect him here.

The young stranger arose and wrapt his cloak around him. Farewell, master Poynings, I must proceed to Contarini's. Nay, my good friend, I will go with ye, as soon as I have spoken to alder-

man Crosby; for, truly, though he mounts the white rose, and I the red, yet he is a right worthy gentleman. He is, answered the young man, and were all our enemies like him, the red rose would lose many a partizan.

Alas! and is it not great pity, then, that men who so esteem and speak well of each other should meet as enemies? said the lady prioress, sighing. Nay, my fair sister, answered the draper, we are only enemies in some sort, not fierce and deadly foes; did I meet alderman Crosby under the banner of York, I would fight him stoutly, and so would he pay me home again; but, after the fight were ended, why should we not shake hands, and be good friends; aye, even better friends for our fighting? But where's master Fitzhugh? He went out e'en now, answered one of the attendant nuns. Well, methinks, he might have stayed until I spoke to alderman Crosby, for I meant to take him home with me, and we would have had a tankard of malvoisie together, for the love of the red rose. Do ye know him? enquired the prioress—I met him but e'en now as master Wynchyngham and I journied from St. Alban's; but he's a goodly youth—he sings a roundel like Sir Tristrem, and he is for life and limb for the red rose; ah, if what he said be true, ye will be wonderously as-

tonished, and alderman Crosby sorely cast down, ere long.

St. Helen be gracious to us! ejaculated the portress, as the young stranger alone, and closely wrapt in his cloak, past her with a hurried step. Ye were not afraid of showing your face just now, and truly it was one well worth looking at; but why ye should run past alderman Crosby, as though ye'd been robbing a hen-roost, or been brought like an idle prentice lad before him,—and wrap up your face in that cloak like father Benedict, of St. Peter's, in a sore fit of the ague, I know not; truly, methinks, it is not for the honour of our ancient and noble house, for persons to come out of it who will not show their faces.

Gentle reader! pardon here a short digression, which, though, like a cross road, it may seem to take you out of the high road of the narration, will yet, in the end, bring you nearer.

How many grievous charges has poetry brought against philosophy, for rudely demolishing her air-woven fabrics, and melting away her faery frost work;—and how many equally grievous charges may be brought against history by those tender enthusiasts—lovers of "every thing sweet and every thing fair," for the stern witness which in so many instances, she has borne against their

brilliant and *beau ideal* imaginings. Among the most fondly cherished illusions of these sentimental visionaries, is the notion that the holy nun was a species of semi-etherealized being—an angel destitute only of wings.

Alas, for the visionary, when he opens the "Monasticon," and reads, "Item, yatte none of ye susters, use ye ale-house,"—"Yatte they schalle eschewe all tydings bearynge and evil spekynge;" or, "whether anye susters havynge money, cheryshe themselves wythe goode ale." Indeed, it seems, incontestibly proved that the love of good cheer and gossiping, were the most easily besetting sins of convent-maidens. It was in vain that the canon directed—the bishop enjoined—or the council commanded—obedience to the two grand principles of the Benedictine rule, silence and spare diet. It was in vain, that censure was succeeded by denunciation—and denunciation by anathema—against the contumacious;—the holy sisters contrived, by numberless artifices, still to indulge themselves in wild fowl and venison,—still to "cheryshe themselves wythe goode ale"—and still to establish communication with the whole neighbourhood, for the important purpose of receiving and distributing news, in despite of prohibitions, of councils, or censures of the church. In the convent of St.

Helen's, however, the special injunction that "the nuns should not have keys of the postern gate;" and the firm, but gentle, rule of dame Alice Ashfield, in a great measure represt these disorders; and the sisterhood of St. Helen's might have been most terribly distrest for news, had not the before-mentioned portress taken great, and successful pains, to supply them. Seated at the postern gate for the greater part of the day, sister Amy was accustomed to invite the different inhabitants of Bishopsgate, and of the eastern parts of London, to walk in and rest themselves on the well-worn oaken bench that stood beneath the covered archway—and the well pleased passengers repayed with news the comfortable accommodations she afforded them. In process of time, the postern-gate of St. Helen's became quite a mart for city intelligence; and so authentic was the information received there considered, that if any worthy inhabitant of Bishopsgate, or Lime-street, was startled by a tale of wonders too great even for his capacious belief, he enquired at the postern-gate of St. Helen's, and vehemently maintained, or sturdily rejected it, according to the answer he received there. It was even currently reported, that alderman Joscelyn, of Bridge-ward, was seen one afternoon between nones and vespers, the time usually de-

voted in convents to gossiping, enquiring of the portress the cost and charges of alderman Crosby's new service of parcel gilt plate; and that, moreover, Sir Benedict, priest of St. Peter's, Cornhill, called more than once to learn the particulars of an undoubted miracle, which the monks of the holy Trinity, scandalized at the success of the grey brothers in that line, had just been performing.

The gentle reader may therefore be well assured, that by leading him to the postern gate of St. Helen's, we afford him access to the fountain head of city news; and he will listen with interest, if not with respect, to the converse of sister Amy and her gossips; and join in regret with the society of antiquaries, that the worthy portress did not keep a diary, after the laudable custom of more modern elderly ladies, to chronicle at full length all the marvels and the scandals of these eventful times.

Well, mistress Bassett, said sister Amy, addressing an elderly matron, the widow of a worthy draper, and aunt to master Poyning's apprentice, a few days after the last conversation—well, good mistress Bassett, what a world we live in! nothing stable—nothing certain—here to-day, away on the morrow—what shall we say to it?

Aye, what indeed, mistress Amy: well, "'tis ill wind that bloweth nobody good;" I've just come from master Poynings, and there's he, and his daughter Constance, all in their best clothes in honour of the news—and master Wynchyngham, and that new friend of his, master Fitzhugh, methinks they call him, and there are the best tankards out as though it were Christmas time—and "St. George for queen Margaret"—"a long voyage to Edward"—and "the Red Rose," all washed down with cups of malvoisie;—they seem going right wode for joy of the news. Quentin, poor lad, is quite beside himself; there's he and the men drinking charneco, and singing "Robin Hood" and "Chevy Chase," till Candlewycke street rings with them. Quentin heard the tydings this morning when he was out in Finsbury-fields with his bow and arrows, to shoot at the pricks, as ye know it hath been commanded for prentice lads, on pain of their masters fining a noble—a fearful sum, truly! The boy's a good shot already, though he began but last Easter; well, away he runs home for joy of the news, and leaveth his good bow of witch elm, and his two arrows behind him. Master Fitzhugh was there before him, though, telling all about it, and Quentin saith he is sure he is some noble gentleman in disguise, for he knoweth every thing.

Well, what will my lady prioress do now, said sister Amy, musingly; she will be pleased because master Poynings is; and, moreover, king Henry is good and holy; whereas, in my simple opinion, king Edward is more fit for this world than the next, but more fit for the kingdom of Sathan than for either; but then, alderman Crosby will be sorely cast down, and, methinks, the five hundred marks he gave toward our church was out of thankfulness for the good fortunes of king Edward, and if so, we shall get no more.

Well, mistress Amy, perchance alderman Crosby will turn,—Lord Warwick hath, and why should not he? Nay, nay, good mistress, alderman Crosby will not turn for any man. But how will he do *now*, seeing he is sheriff,—and rides about with his fair collar round his neck, and commands all men to keep peace in the name of the king? Now, king Edward was king yesterday, and to-day it is king Henry; now, if that learned gentleman, master Wynchyngham were here, I would make bold to ask him how it was in the time of king Lud, who, they say, built the gate. Methinks, those times of king Lud must have been comfortable times for all Christian people, for there was no fighting for red and white roses then.

Aye, they were the good old times, I'll warrant

me, returned mistress Bassett, they had no foreigners among them then; and I heard master Wynchyngham say once, in Guildhall, that every one did as he listeth. Well, mistress Bassett, this is a joyful day for master Poynings, but I should much like to know who that master Fitzhugh really is.

On this point, however, sister Amy could not obtain satisfaction: that he was not destitute of property, appeared evident, from the liberality with which at Christmastide he scattered his testers and half nobles; that he was not of mean parentage seemed obvious, from the respect with which he was treated by the rich Venetian merchant; but nothing certain could be discovered; and sister Amy, and her gossips, unable to form any correct opinion respecting him, very charitably determined to believe "he could be no good." Still, Walter Fitzhugh was a constant guest with master Poynings and his fair daughter; and he made himself so pleasing to the father, by his enthusiastic devotion to the house of Lancaster, and hearty, but generous, opposition to the partizans of the white rose; and so interesting to the daughter, by his extensive knowledge of "Launcelot du lac,"—the "faictes et gestes of the noble and valiant knight Hercules,"—"the goodly romance of Perceforest," and the other

voluminous tales of chivalry which formed the sole literature of the age,—that had the surmises of the postern gate of St. Helen come to their knowledge, they would have treated them with contempt; for, surely, if mere Christian charity "hopeth all things and believeth all things," what will not decided partiality hope and believe?

"Every white muste have its black,
And every sweete its sowre,"—

saith the old ballad; and winter had scarcely passed over, ere the warm friends of the restored monarch found the success of their cause more problematical than in the height of their joy they had anticipated.

The hostility which the citizens of London had always borne toward foreigners, rendered them less willing to welcome Margaret, than the supporters of her cause had fondly expected; and the rumours that Edward was about to attempt a landing, excited the hopes, and revived the expectations of the Yorkists once more. In harmony with the spirit of the times,—dreams of

mysterious but awful import,—omens of fearfu significance,—and prophecies indistinctly shadowing forth evil, attracted the attention and aroused the wonder of the citizens, and began rapidly to work out their own fulfilment. The postern gate of St. Helen was thronged more than ever with newsmongers; for, "signs from above and signs from beneath" were following in rapid and fearful succession; and all, but the enthusiastic master Poynings, began to doubt the stability of the house of Lancaster.

Come in, good mistress, exclaimed the shrill voice of the portress of St. Helen's as mistress Bassett passed by: come in, an ye have any charity; here have I been sitting all day, nobody to speak to, and Joan, when she brought in the firewood, said, all Paul's church-yard was in an uproar.

Ah! strange sights are seen there;—well, mistress Amy, those who live longest will see the most, returned Margery Bassett, shaking her head oracularly. Strange sights, mistress Bassett? our lady! if I have heard a word about them,—what were they? what's the meaning? nay, ye *must* come in. No, sister Amy, I must hasten home, and Quentin, poor lad, is just behind. Let him come in, mistress Bassett, he's a good youth and a civil one, not so ready for riots—not

so fond of laying about with his club, and breaking peaceable men's heads, as prentice lads mostly are. Ye're quite mistaken in the lad, indignantly replied mistress Bassett, justly scandalized at the compliment bestowed on her nephew's pacific virtues, and feeling laudable pride in the belligerent propensities of the London prentices. Did not he knock down Miles Foster, old Rampayne's prentice—he that is the mercer over against St. Ethelburga's—two years ago, though he was a head and shoulders taller? and last Easter, when nobody dared to say a word about king Henry, did not he put a red rose in his cap and go into Finsbury fields? Here the appearance of the valorous apprentice, put an end to his aunt's elaborate vindication of his warlike "faictes et gestes"—and, accepting the portress' invitation to rest themselves on the oaken bench within the gate, mistress Bassett forthwith began her fearful account of signs and wonders.

Aye, I'll warrant me, Paul's church-yard's full enow, for that banner, which my lord of Warwick consecrated in St. Paul's, fell down yesterday without hands; well, they put it up again, but down it fell; and again they put it up, but down again it fell; so it lies on the pavement, and some say that there is somewhat like drops of blood sprinkled over it. There's something in

that, which my lord of Warwick little dreams of, said the portress; methinks, it tokens no good to the cause.

Well then, mistress Amy, ye mind the large east window in Guildhall, where the aldermen had the white rose that was a top of the city arms taken out, when king Edward went away, and they put a red rose there instead; this morning, behold you, it was all in shivers on the ground. That's a certain sign of evil, mistress Bassett, for just before alderman Breton's death, his coat of arms in the window of his best room, fell down without hands, all in pieces;—*that* tokens no good to the red rose, for certain. Nay, mistress Amy, interposed young Quentin, some Yorkist broke the window with his cross bow, I doubt not. No, no, it was done by no earthly hand I'll warrant me;—by St. Helen! here's old master Levenham, of London bridge foot, the woolstapler, with his orange tawny coat, lined all through with rabbit skins, and a velvet cap a-top of his hood for warmth, because of the ague. Our lady! ye'll ne'er get up May-hill, methinks! We'll ask his honor to sit down and rest him, and give us his judgment about these fearful signs; he hath not lived eighty years in the world without knowing somewhat about it.

Good morrow, honourable sir, will ye step in

and rest a little,—strange news abroad,—what may all these things portend, your honour? I will sit down, mistress portress, for I'm wondrous feeble and short breathed, returned the aged citizen, laying aside his brass studded staff, and slowly seating himself on the bench. Good morrow, mistress Bassett. Ah, I saw your late husband christened in the church of St. Mary Overy, near sixty years since. Aye, your honour has seen many strange things in your time, replied mistress Bassett, curtseying. Aye! truly, when I think on them all, I seem more than a hundred years old;—I mind, when I was a youth and stood beside the conduit in Cheap, to see our gallant king Henry, after the battle of Azincour, —a goodly sight! I may never see the like again, for citizen and uplandish man, knight and knave, gentle and simple, were all agreed, all merry together. No fierce looks and hard speeches, and bandying about of blows. Then, in the year thirty-one, when his son came to London, and the Lord mayor in crimson velvet, with a girdle and baldric of gold, and the aldermen in scarlet gowns and sanguine hoods, and the companies in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with the devices of their mysteries worked on their sleeves, went out to meet him—all was merriment; and rightly so, for there was good duke

Humphrey to govern, and brave lord Talbot to fight. Then, years after, I saw king Henry riding prisoner through the streets with York, now have I seen him riding as king with Warwick—heaven only knows the end!

Aye, master Levenham, what will the end be? what say you to these signs? They portend no good to king Henry, replied the old man; three nights since, an honest worthy man who hath lived all his days in St. Olave's parish, said, he saw somewhat like a fiery sword over the Tower, just at night-fall;—well, Edward must come back. St. George, knight of our lady, forbid! vehemently exclaimed the young prentice, striking his club on the ground; we'll all fight like lions, and all die like men ere *he* shall come. He must come back again, returned the old man, shaking his head, and his brother, the crookt back, will reign after him—the rhyme saith so, and it was made by one who never was deceived:—

> "When the bear is muzzled and cannot bite,
> When the horse is fetter'd and cannot stryke,
> When the swanne is sicke and cannot swymme,
> Then shall the splayfoote England winne."

When the bear is muzzled? that must be by death, master Levenham; for, methinks, nought else, can muzzle the bear of Warwick;—there's

something then of truth about his banner falling. His time is not long, depend on it, mistress Bassett; a stranger thing than any of these hath chanced this afternoon. I was musing and walking onward, when, just against the duke of Somerset's mansion, the trumpets sounded, and, there were the red coats, and bear and ragged staff badges of Warwick's retainers. So I stood up beside the gateway to let them pass. There was Warwick himself, on his roan steed, the footcloth glittering with gold and gules, and the bearings of half the noble houses in England upon it; you are worthy the name of king maker, methought, as he rode on so proudly, like king Alysaundre in the romance, when the kings of France and England, and the duke of Athens met him at the tournament at Babylon; well, I felt some one pluck my sleeve, I turned about, and behold it was crazed Gillian; ye may chance to know her, she is harmless, though she thinketh herself some great one, and she goeth about with her bell and clap dish. I know her well, master Levenham, many a dole of bread and meat, and many a mess of pottage hath she had here, replied the portress.* What did she say? for these poor innocents know far better what's to come about than we do. I never shall forget it, while I live, sister Amy; though that cannot be long. "Look at lord

Warwick," quoth she, "and his horse with a pall big enow to make me three brave kirtles, he sits above his pall now;—but, how think you it will look above him?" I bade her go away, for, truly, there were many bystanders, and I feared something might be said that might cause mischief, but she would not. Master Levenham, saith she, "I've a bonny new rhyme—what say ye to it?"

"Onward Warwick in mekyl pride,
Beware, ere thou willest to Oxford ride;
When thou takest the star for the bright shining sun,
Then shall Warwick's proud race be run."

I mind the words well, for she said them three times over, and then went away. What think you they mean, your honour? I may not know, good mistress Bassett, but certainly no good to Warwick.

It is all the craft of the Yorkists, to make us fearful, exclaimed Quentin Bassett. *I* will believe nought of it. Ah! "youth is wilful," returned the old man, sighing, wait a few years my fair boy, and ye will find "all is not gold that glitters." Well, whatever befal, "for the red rose!" say I, whether it be borne on the banner, or trodden under foot, and so saith my worthy master, and young master Fitzhugh.

There is somewhat that I cannot make out

about that young man; his clothing is costly, his bearing is noble, and yet what is he? said the old man, musingly. If he be a trader, what's his business? and if he be a gentleman, where's his estate? Well, heaven mend all, and heaven clear up all; but, truly am I distressed, to see that worthy citizen, master Poynings, so taken with one that nobody knows. Master Fitzhugh is a courteous and noble gentleman, replied the apprentice, and of some great family in the country. Master Contarini, the rich Venetian merchant, hath known him from childhood. Alas! alas! I fear, ere long, Contarini and that master Fitzhugh will be the ruin of your good master; I never yet knew a citizen who consorted with outlandish men but it was his ruin. That master Fitzhugh is a sweet young man, though, interrupted mistress Bassett, he plays the gittern like a knight of romance, and readeth Latin too, like my lady prioress. Ah, he may be the more dangerous for that, mistress, there's talk that perchance he will marry master Poyning's daughter, but methinks, some worthy young citizen were far better than this young man, whom nobody knows; good even to ye, mistress portress,—and you, mistress Bassett,—I have rested, and methinks I may get home ere even song bell.

Master Levenham slowly arose, and wrapping

his long coat lined with rabbit skins about him resumed his brass studded staff, and departed.

Heaven forfend I should live to your age, master Levenham! exclaimed the young apprentice as he watched the tottering steps of the old man;—methinks, if ye wanted a coat of arms, a raven would suit ye wondrously; for white rose or red, York or Lancaster, nothing is right with ye, and nothing prosperous. Well! when a man cares for nothing in this world, methinks it were high time he were out of it.

Ah! the red rose that blossomed last year so gaily! what say ye to the red rose now? master Poynings, exclaimed that "dire augur of ill," master Levenham, who, in despite of a bleak east wind, and a fresh attack of the ague, had wrapt himself in his coat lined with rabbit skins, and proceeded as far as London stone, to condole with master Poynings on the unexpected and unwelcome intelligence of Edward's landing; and from thence, as is customary with such croaking friends, to take occasion to compliment *himself* on his prophetic foresight. Ah, master Poynings, said I not it would be but a St. Martin's summer?

And if Edward de la March hath landed, replied the yet sanguine draper, have we not lord Oxford, and lord Warwick, and bold hearts with-

out number, and strong arms too, to drive him back;—aye! the red rose will yet be triumphant. Sweet ladye! when will men take warning! what, master Poynings, did lord Warwick's banner fall down thrice without hands—and the red rose in Guildhall window break in pieces—and the fiery sign, like a sword, hang over the Tower at night-fall, and all portend nothing? a man must be a heathen, master Poynings,—aye, worse than a heathen, a complete heretic, not to believe them.

Then ye must call many a gallant knight and many a bold yeoman heretic, master Levenham, for I but ere now passed by the court-yard of my lord of Warwick, and there were knights, and nobles, and billmen, and archers, with the red rose on their bonnets, going in as though to a high festival; and, then the shouts of the men, and the clash of the armour, and the clang of the armourers' hammers, riveting the helmets: by the cross at Canterbury! the noise was louder than that of all the braziers in Lothbury. They leave at four in the afternoon, come with me, master Levenham, to the postern gate of St. Helen's to see them pass, and if that goodly sight do not make ye toss up your bonnet, notwithstanding the east wind, and cry, "St. George for the red rose!" I will even believe that this stone, on

which we know the well being of our fair city depends, may be carried away by the Turks.

Ah! master Poynings, seventeen years since did not Jack Cade strike his sword on it, and say, "Now is Mortimer lord of London?" But he did not carry it away, master Levenham, nor could not.

> It is so sure a stone thatte thatte is upon sette;
> For, though some have it threatte
> Wyth menaces grym and grette,
> Yet hurte hathe yt none.
> Our lorde's the very stone
> Thatte thys cytie is sette upon,
> Whyche, from all hys foone,
> Hath ever preserved yt;

and through his mercy will yet preserve it; but, come to St. Helen's, master Levenham, and see Warwick's gallant army pass out; and when ye look at the brave knights, and their good companies, methinks ye will feel proud of the name of Englishman.

And what citizen, whether partizan of the red rose, or of her snowy rival, could repress the glow of patriotic exultation when the bold and far renowned yeomanry, and gallant chivalry, that assembled under the proud banner of Warwick, passed before him, joyfully displaying their

blooming cognizance, and lifting, for the last time, the standard of Lancaster, within the walls of London. Who but gloried in the name of England, and re-called the proud trophies of Acre, and Cressy, and Poictiers, and Azincour, as the billmen (whose commanding height and gallant bearing, had so repeatedly called forth the admiration and almost envy of Froissart and Philip de Comines) in their iron caps, and habergeons, grasping their ponderous black bills with a giant hand, moved onward; or, when that good company, whose skill was sung in every lay that told of the prowess of England's chivalry, and whose bold daring was chronicled in every history that recorded the valour of her armies,—the archer band met his view; and onward they came, with short full frocks of Lincoln green, and cloth-yard shafts, and six-foot yew bows, and the cap graced with the red cross of England, and the bugle suspended from the brass studded baldric; all telling a wild and witching tale of the merry greenwood, and the mysteries of forest and river; or, of the well-earned battle field, where the grey goose shaft sung through the air, and atchieved the victory.

But, vividly as the long vanished glories of chivalry sometimes arise on our minds, still how faintly can *we* feel the glow of enthusiasm that

arose in the breast of the ancient inhabitants of London, when the noble company of knights, with their esquires and men at arms, passed by; and the dazzling plate armour of brass, or steel,—the tabard glittering with heraldic blazonry,—the variously barred helmet, surmounted by the snowy plume, or ancestral crest,—the richly decorated shield with its fanciful devices,—the gauntleted hand,—the bright lance with its gay pennon or banneroll streaming from the point,—all awakening images of chivalry, and dreams of romance, that seemed to place him in the very midst of king Arthur's fabled company, or among the host of Paladins who fought and fell in the pass of Rouncevalles. And, high above the heads of the knightly company, banners, gleaming with gules and azure, vert, and argent, spread out their broad expanse against the bright blue sky; and, waving proudly pre-eminent, the red and gold quartered banner of Oxford, with its fatal "mullet argent,"—and the gules standard with its golden fesse and cross crossletts, of the yet unconquered Warwick, floated protectingly over that gallant chivalry, a presage of certain triumph. It was, indeed, a bright and inspiring pageant, more resembling the glancing hues and bright radiance of some gorgeous dream, than a scene of sober reality.

And, as the bold yeomanry, that formed the vanguard, passed beneath the gate, the rude ballad burst forth in wild melody; and hands, too soon to be nerveless in death, beat time with the heavy partizan, and lips, ere long to be closed for ever, joined recklessly in the joyful burthen.

For the blooming rose and Margaret!
The standard of battle this day is set;
And from morn we'll fight, till the closing night,
For the rosy banner of Margaret.
The baron hath swift his armour dight,
With lance in rest speeds the belted knight,
The billmen move onward in goodly row,
The archer bendeth his trusty bow,
And spears are gleaming, and swords are whet,
For good king Henry and Margaret.

St. George! St. George for Margaret!
Not in vain shall our rosy banner be set;
For, far off days, shall learn the praise
Of the gallant army of Margaret.
Sweet rose, thy rival is deadly white,
She blancheth with fear, at the goodly sight
Of the billmen, and bowmen, who ne'er will flee,
And Warwick's unconquer'd chivalry;
And the lances, and banners, and swords well whet,
For the worthy cause of Margaret.

St. George, for the red rose and Margaret!
Wave high the banner of Margaret!
The queen of flowers,—the pride of bowers,—
Shall ever be high on our banners set.

What fiercest foeman might e'er withstand
The battle-tried yeomen of fair England,
Who boast of Acre,—and Cressy of yore,
And the hard-earned field of Azincour;—
That valorous fight can they e'er forget
Who fight for king Henry and Margaret?

Heaven speed ye, brave company! and St. George, knight of our lady, grant them the victory! exclaimed master Poynings, as the rude sounds died away in the distance, and the last banners disappeared beneath the gate.—Amen! ejaculated the lady prioress, with almost as great enthusiasm as the lady who had, erewhile, sent forth her knight to maintain in battle field the proud claims of her beauty. O St. Michael! who beat down the dragon with true knightly prowess,—spread thy red cross shield over them, and protect them from all danger!

And saw ye not master Fitzhugh? exclaimed Quentin Bassett, who, almost exhausted with waving his cap, shouting to the utmost extent of his voice, and running beside the gallant company until they passed the city bounds, now returned faint, and out of breath to his master. Our lady! had ye but seen him on his bonny grey horse, and all clad in bright armour! methought, as he rode along with his gilt spurs, and —Hold there, Bassett, it could not be he; what? have you been reading "The Order of Chivalry,"

and how Sir Hugh, of Tabaria, knighted king Saladin; and, know you not, that none but knights wear gilt spurs? besides, methinks ye might have known *that*, without any reading. Aye, truly, master Poynings, interposed the portress, sister Amy,—has not he seen Sir John Stockton ride proud enow with his gilt spurs, while alderman Crosby, who's twice as rich, and ten times as worthy, dare not wear them? And why may not master Fitzhugh be a knight, returned the apprentice? ye know but little about him, and many a noble gentleman hath gone under a different name: did not king Horn dress himself like a minstrel? and in the noble history of the mighty prince and high renowned knight, king Ponthus, of Galyce, does it not set forth how he disguised himself as a poor palmer, and put "upon hym," as the very words say, "the poor man's gowne, his gyrdle, his hosen, his shoon, his hatte, and his bourdon?" It *was* master Fitzhugh that I saw,—he rode in lord Oxford's company. It cannot be, returned master Poynings, Fitzhugh did not know lord Oxford, he never spake of him. Its all vain to talk to him! exclaimed sister Amy, for, truly, since master Wynchyngham lent him that book of romances, his head hath been clean turned,—every one, forsooth, is some knight in disguise,—St. Helen help the lad!

nothing is too marvellous for him; and yet, if one only talks of any fearful dream, he will not believe it. Ye may say as ye please, sister Amy, but as sure as the sun's in the sky, I saw master Fitzhugh, replied Bassett, determined not to be convinced against his will;—I could not see his face, it is true, because of his close visor; but I knew him to be master Fitzhugh, by his riding,—for, truly, he sits on his horse like St. George, or Sir Lancelot, flower of all chivalry!

Well done, my fair boy, ejaculated the portress, lifting her hands, ere long I trow ye'll find your knight nothing more than a "squire of low degree." He is, indeed, like the "squire of low degree," for,

> "He courteous is and hend,
> Eche man him loved and was his friend,
> An hardie man was he and wight
> Both in batayle, and in fyghte,
> A gentyl man forsooth was he;"

and so ye would have said had ye seen him, mistress Amy. I tell ye, foolish boy, if master Fitzhugh can get sixpence a-day at the long bow, it is as much as he can,—gilt spurs forsooth? Well, did I not run by his side until they came to the gate?—"St. George for the red rose, master Fitzhugh!" said I, and he waved his hand. Aye, waved his hand, truly; I warrant the knight, whoever he

was, wondered why a prentice lad should be running beside him. A London prentice may run beside any one, methinks, indignantly returned young Bassett; shall I not be free of that worshipful company of drapers, of which was the first Lord mayor, four years hence? and may I not some day be a knight like Sir Richard Whittington,—and entertain, perchance, ever so many kings like Sir Henry Picard? ye liked master Fitzhugh well enow in times past, but that old croaking raven, master Levenham, hath set you against him, by those evil tales which he could not prove. Well, our lady watch over them all, and most specially over him!

Amen! sighed Constance Poynings, who, though standing close beside the angry disputants, had taken no share in the discussion; but, from that afternoon, every morning and evening beheld her kneeling beside her aunt in the church of Helen's, with a devotion that excited the admiration of the holy sisterhood, invoking the protection of St. George, the especial patron of English chivalry, and St. Michael, the lover of all brave knights, and a host of subordinate saints and angels, to watch over that gallant army, that had lifted the banner and couched the lance, in the cause of the red rose of Lancaster.

Alas! for Constance Poynings, if her prayers

were offered up solely for the success of the cause! Scarcely a month elapsed, ere Edward re-entered the city almost in triumph; and that gallant army, which, with so bold a step and so proud a bearing, had quitted London beneath the auspices of the victorious Warwick, lay stretched in death on the field of Barnet, beside their till now unconquered leader; or were fleeing into the mountains, and wild fastnesses of Wales, with their luckless commander, Oxford.

"Ye mind what I told ye, sister Amy," said master Levenham, seating himself on the oaken bench, and finding a strange solace in reflecting on the truth of his fatal predictions. "I do, master Levenham, alack! when will it end? and yet, saving that master Poynings will be sore cast down, I know not why I should be sorrowful;—York, or Lancaster, it is the same to us; moreover, perchance we may get some other largesse from alderman Crosby, for *he* is joyful enow;—and I heard say hath sent two sheep and a barrel of ale to the debtors in Newgate; it 's a sore coil for master Poynings. Heaven forfend that evil happen to him; but truly, mistress Amy, never did I see him less cast down, he laments for my lord of Warwick,—but "I will not be downcast," saith he; "Margaret hath landed, and all will be right again." I like not his man-

ner, mistress Amy—too great confidence goeth before a fall; for, such is the blindness of our mortal nature that when we most fear, we are in great surety, and when we are reckoned surest, the axe may be over our heads. I pray he may do well when king Edward comes back.

Aye! master Levenham, St. Marie grant there may be no hangings! not that I mean to say so of pickers, and pillers, and masterless men, whom, our lady wotteth, I care not to see hung up by the dozen, but worthy, honest men, free of the city companies, I mean. Aye, mistress Amy, I would all foreigners, and outlandish men who come here to spoil the trade of Englishmen, and gain great riches at their expense, like Contarini, were hanged. Nay, master Levenham, he is in some sort charitable and generous,—he gave thirty marks toward the repairs of our church, albeit he is not in the parish,—and he sent a fair parcel-gilt dish, flourished round the brim with lilies and ivy leaves, to the church of St. Botolph. It may be so, mistress Amy, but yet I say London will never thrive till all outlandish men are cast out; is not our city our own—then what business have they among us? and is not our bread our own—then why should these outlandish men eat it? Aye, master Levenham, ye are right there, for when my lady wanted a new silk

covering for the altar, on festival days, she had one from Italy, very beautiful, truly, but of better work than the London embroiderers can do. It is shameful, replied the old citizen, justly scandalized at the assurance of foreigners in presuming to outdo the English, and more especially the Londoners; it is shameful, truly;—were I but lawmaker, they should be all cast out, or hanged, within twenty-four hours. I never knew a cause that had foreigners in it prosper, and I never yet knew a citizen who consorted with them but they were his ruin. Heaven help master Poynings! that young Fitzhugh, as they call him, is enough to ruin any one; but he and Contarini together, methinks, are enough to ruin the whole court of aldermen.

Master Poynings was sitting disconsolately in his warehouse, listening to the merry sound of the bells which were ringing out in honor of the victory of Barnet, and sorrowfully musing on the swiftly changing fortunes of his darling cause, when a light footstep was heard on the stairs. I bring you heavy news, said a voice which the draper instantly recognised as that of Fitzhugh, —but are you quite alone? Master Poynings raised his head, but it was by the voice alone, that he had recognised his young friend; for the person who stood before him, wore a gown of

green cloth with open hanging sleeves, and a girdle of red leather; a silver chain was round his neck, and his bonnet drawn low over the brow, and was adorned with a half dirty feather. The dress was that of a travelling minstrel; and master Poynings could scarcely believe that it was the young and handsome Fitzhugh who now stood before him. I come on weighty business, master Poynings, but are you quite alone? can any one see us?

Methinks truly, master Fitzhugh, ye may well not like to be seen in that fool's dress, like a scatterling minstrel, replied the draper, struggling between the partial feelings with which he had so long regarded him, and his lately awakened suspicions,—I should greatly like to know who you really are. Quentin Bassett said he saw you armed like a knight, riding in lord Oxford's company,—now you come dressed like a minstrel for May-day. I like no disguises, master Fitzhugh.

When a man comes into the city at the risk of his life, master Poynings, methinks he may well wear a disguise, though he were the first noble in the land;—but hinder me not, master Poynings, my time is short;—can we be overheard, or overseen, by any one? Curiosity had now gained the ascendancy in the draper's mind, and to satisfy this most craving of all desires, he was

willing to defer his vituperation to a more convenient season; he arose, looked out of the strongly grated window,—returned—and after cautiously looking down the flight of ladder-like steps which afforded the only entrance to the warehouse—closed and locked the door. 'All's safe, master Fitzhugh, and now, what would you with me?

Fitzhugh unbuttoned his minstrel gown, and, taking the knife that hung from his girdle, proceeded to unrip the seams of the lining, and from various folds, so neatly contrived that they were scarcely visible, he drew forth, while master Poynings looked on with an amazement that rendered him speechless, the most costly jewels, arranged according to the fashion of the times, in seal rings, carcanets, and crosses.

The overpowering wonder of master Poynings at length found words. 'Sweet Marie! they are worth a king's ransom! they glitter like the jewels that the Soldan's daughter sent to Sir Bevis! and this cross, sweet lady! Queen Margaret wore one the very fellow to it, when she went to St. Paul's with York,—how came ye by them, master Fitzhugh? Ye must take charge of them, master Poynings, for I have had a wearisome journey, and more than one perilous encounter to bring them here.—But how came ye by them, master

Fitzhugh? they must be royal jewels; for, though master Breton the goldsmith, of Lombard street, hath often shown me jewels of great cost and value, yet I never saw such as these; that's a fair sapphire ring on St. Erkenwald's finger, in Paul's church, which Richard de Preston offered years agone, but *this* is larger and finer still; and this ruby carcanet, if it doth not shine and glow like the carbuncle in the hall of the Soldan, that Sir John Maundeville telleth of. Ye must take them and keep them safe till better times, master Poynings,—my dear mistress, alas, hath lost her crown, then see that she lose not her jewels also. As I look for the joys of Paradise will I keep them safe: well, master Fitzhugh, though that cannot be your true name, there is some comfort in the midst of our sore afflictions to think that queen Margaret's jewels are safe, and that, perchance, she may yet one day again wear them.

Heaven grant it, my good friend; see that they are kept securely, and above all, away from every one; for, were they found, ye would take your last draught at St. Giles's before three days were over. Farewell, master Poynings! Nay, stay one moment, will ye not bid Constance farewell, and Bassett, too, who longeth to see ye? I may not, my good draper,—alas! I hoped to have

rode into London before lord Warwick and Margaret, with the red rose in my bonnet right joyfully; but now, I dare not ride save after nightfall, and ere long I may be forced to flee away for my life. 'Heaven grant we may soon again see ye, master Fitzhugh; our lady prioress had a special service for ye; for, truly, saith she, "methinks he's a worthy young man, though I cannot imagine why he will not meet alderman Crosby;" and Constance never misseth matins, or vespers,—and Bassett went last Sunday to St. Paul's to pray at the shrine of St. Erkenwald for ye,—for, said he, St. Erkenwald being a patron of the city, he may be more likely to hear a city prentice than any of the outlandish saints; ah, ye're not forgotten master Fitzhugh!'

Many thanks, master Poynings, many thanks to ye all—if I may meet ye once again, I will clear up all the mystery that hangs about me; I may not stay longer—tell Contarini I am safe, but tell no one about the jewels; and give Constance this ring from me.' Fitzhugh hastily resumed his minstrel gown, and taking a ring from his finger, gave it to master Poynings—he unlocked the door, but turned again—affectionately wrung the hand of the draper, and swiftly descended the stairs.

It was Paschaltide, and all the bells of the

churches rung merrily;—the altars were dressed with early spring flowers,—the choirs were strewed with ivy leaves, and the whole population of the city, noble and retainer—master and apprentice—the aged matron creeping slowly onward with her crutch, and the gay damsel bounding lightly along as though she should never be old,—all arrayed in their best apparel, pressed eagerly to their parish churches, to celebrate this most joyful festival of Christendom.

"*Resurrexi et adhuc tecum sum;—Alleluia!*" chaunted the white robed priest at the flower-decked altar of St. Helen's,—but the lady prioress sat mute and sorrowful in her richly carved stall. The huge vellum service book, with its large diamond formed notes, and black letter characters, bound in white sheepskin, and beautified with bosses of gilt brass, lay unopened before her;—the delicately illumined breviary was held almost unconsciously in her fair hand, and she turned involuntarily from the joyful recollections of Paschaltide, to the probable fate of her brother-in-law, who, but the night before, had been suddenly conveyed to prison.

"O filii et filiæ,
Rex cœlestis, rex gloriæ
Morte surrexit hodie,
*Alleluia!*"

resounded along the aisles in joyful and inspiring harmony, as the service concluded;—but the exulting hymn,—the gaily adorned altar,—the assembled crowd in their holiday apparel,—and the clear bright sunshine that streamed in through the large east window, gilding every arch and pillar, and pouring a flood of radiance on the monumental effigies, and sepulchral brasses,—a fitting type of that supernal light which hath shed a heavenly splendor over the shadows of the tomb;—all oppressed the mind of the gentle lady prioress by their painful contrast; as the shadow deepens and darkens in proportion to the intensity of the light.

Alack! good sister Amy, who could have thought of this? exclaimed master Rampayne, the mercer, of Bishopsgate street, as he crossed the court-yard; methought there was somewhat—for my lady prioress' voice was not once to be heard, and truly, of all churches in London, commend me to St. Helen's, say I, because of the nuns' singing.

Truly, master Rampayne, replied the portress, half forgetting her sorrow at the commendation bestowed on their superior mode of performing the service; our ladies all sing well, and much care hath it cost my lady; but I never can hear *her* voice, but I think of the legend of St. Cecily, who served the Lord, as the service saith, "like

a busy bee," and who had even angels to listen to her. Ah! master Rampayne, if ye had but heard that last hymn sung, and my lady leading it! Alas! little heart hath she, doubtless, to sing, said mistress Bassett, coming up. O sirs! what times do we now live in,—a citizen—a worthy householder of more than twenty years standing—and, moreover, an under warden of the fraternity of the blessed lady Marie, of the mystery of the drapers,—to be taken from his house,—aye, from his bed, almost at midnight,—a dark time for such a dark deed, truly,—and to be carried to Newgate, just like some sheepstealer, or some scatterling, after whom there has been hue and cry through four counties. Our lady! a goodly deed for holy Saturday: a good man, and a worthy man,—aye, and a worshipful member of the third city company;—I would ye could see poor Quentin, so woe begone; alack, poor lad, he hath lost a good master!

They will not dare to hang him, mistress Bassett, said master Rampayne; for my lady prioress hath great power, and she will make interest for him—but why have they put him in prison? I shrewdly believe that Contarini hath had a hand in it.

He had warning upon warning, exclaimed old master Levenham—who, astonished at the accu-

rate fulfilment of so many of his predictions, began now really to imagine himself possessed of the gift of prophecy. Aye, warning upon warning! did I not tell him even last Lord mayor's day, as we stood on the steps beside the river, to beware of outlandish men, and people that nobody knew?—did I not walk to Candlewyck street, albeit in a sore fit of the ague, and in spite of a bitter east wind, to tell him that the red rose would never lift up its head again? and did I not, when I saw that great seal ring on his finger, say, that most likely he would get into trouble about it?—well, "a wilful man weaves his own halter."

Heaven forfend! master Levenham; a halter! who could think of a halter for good master Poynings—and who could think of a halter on Easter Sunday?—People talk of the Turks, who, they say, have come nearer us of late years; but, methinks, there are Turks enow here, to take up worthy citizens on holy Saturday, and to have hangings, or even think about hangings, at Paschaltide.

Aye, mistress Bassett, resumed the portress, you talk of the Turks, and methinks *that* was the great cause that king Henry never prospered; now, what better thing could a knight or baron do in the old time, than go and fight against the

Turks, or Saracens, as they called them? only hear the romances, and the lays,—set aside the holy legends which no man may gainsay,—now, ye mind, when that outlandish prince came here to pray king Henry to aid him—how he was put off with fair speeches and glosings, and nothing done; now, who can say, but had king Henry set about making a croisade, and sent out good Christian knights to fight against these paynims, we might have heard nought about red rose or white; but those too brave gentlemen who fell only for a flower, not worth a tester the bushel, might have died gallantly battling the Saracens, and gone quick to Paradise. Sweet Marie! would that they had! ejaculated master Levenham; aye, mistress portress, ye are right, and as that poor young prince lost his crown through those cursed heathens, so has king Henry lost his. Well, it was strange, the first time I ever saw that ring methought some harm would come of it.

What ring? good master Levenham, anxiously enquired master Rampayne, the mercer. *I* can tell your honor about that, replied mistress Bassett, for Quentin, poor lad, came laughing about it not a week since: poor boy! had he but known what was coming to pass, he'd have laughed on the wrong side of his mouth. You see, master

Poynings had seen master Fitzhugh,—though where, I know not—for Quentin saith he never saw him at the house; but one night, master Poynings comes in—I've a ring for you, Constance, saith he. A ring for me? saith she—methinks it would do for an alderman's thumb ring, rather than for a lady's finger,—I'll have none of it. By St. Helen, saith he, it's a goodly ring, and here's an image, or arms, or somewhat graven upon it. A strange thing, truly, saith she, to send a seal ring to a lady,—I pray you take it yourself, for *I* cannot wear it. Well, master Poynings wore this ring, and he sealed a piece of vellum with it, and, our lady only knows, what was on the ring, or who it belonged to,—but it hath got him into prison,—the foul fiend seize it!

I heard, good mistress Bassett, that it was lord Oxford's seal ring, wherewith he sealed the proclamation, replied master Levenham, and methinks I can make out the whole matter. The ring came from that young Fitzhugh, ye say; now, lord Oxford, after that sore defeat, was forced to fly, and ye well wot how many outlaws and masterless men are about;—now, I'll warrant me, he met with some clerks of St. Nicholas, who took charge of his ring and his jewels, and let him ride on with a light purse. Ah! ye

shall shortly find, Fitzhugh is neither more nor less than a knight of the greenwood,—a clerk of St. Nicholas,—at high service on moonlight nights,—and in good possibility to plead benefit of clergy with the rope about his neck.

Nay, master Levenham, Fitzhugh dressed like a man of repute, and was in some sort a gentleman. And what of that, mistress Bassett, was there ever a fairer young man, with his gold broach, and feather in his cap, and his purse full of rose nobles, than Maurice, of Enfield, that was hanged at the cross road beside Edmonton, for robbing lord Berner's company? Aye, a sweet youth was he, replied the mercer, and a foul shame to hang him;—*he* had but seven in his company, and lord Berners had sixteen,—by St. Paul! had I been of the jury, I had starved ere I'd found him guilty! But old Contarini lodged him, resumed mistress Bassett, and, though ye all know I have but scant love for outlandish men, yet, methinks, that old Lombard would not have put his neck in a halter through harbouring felons. *He* might not know who Fitzhugh was, mistress Bassett, and if he gave him a broach, or a seal ring, now and then, Contarini would not ask questions where they came from, returned master Levenham. Well, I should like much to know the end of master Poynings,—'twill be

great expense, even if he comes well through. Master Wynchyngham will be his counsel, doubtless; but then, 3*s.* 4*d.* a day, and 4*d.* for his dinner will be a sore cost and charge, beside presents for the judges, which we well know must come to something.

Alas, poor master Poynings! sighed the bystanders as they separated and returned homeward. And I hope, good people, this will be a warning to ye, how ye pick up young men in the greenwood whom nobody knows, was the parting address of master Levenham, as, taking his way to master Wynchyngham to hear all about this melancholy affair, he departed.

"Make way, good people! make way, for the love of our lady, and all the saints!—let me get only a little nearer," was the exclamation of mistress Bassett, as, leaning on her nephew's arm, she attempted to make her way through the dense crowd that filled the court-yard in front of Guildhall, on the afternoon of master Poynings' trial; ah! this is a sore trial, good people! was there ever heard the like of it? to think of hanging a warden of the mystery of the drapers;—ah, sirs! what hath this world come to, when a worthy citizen may not wear a ring but they say he is seditious, and puts forth evil proclamations against the king. Nay, good mistress, interposed

a bystander, how could Poynings have come by lord Oxford's own seal ring, unless he had known him well; and, as *he* is a traitor and outlaw, and five hundred marks are set on his head—all his abettors must stand the chance of a halter.

Our lady knows that good master Poynings never knew lord Oxford farther than seeing him,—and as to the ring, did not that master Fitzhugh bring it? I would that Sathan had carried him away, and the ring too! alack! my masters, it is a sore judgment on the city companies, for one of them to hold up his hand here. Peace, good mistress Bassett. Peace, indeed, master Rampayne! returned the matron, turning indignantly round,—peace, truly! when honest men are to be hanged; and that Urswick, the recorder, more willing to hang them than to say his prayers, which heaven knows is far more needful. Well, it may be subtle craft in him after all—he wanteth all the halters to be used up, lest one should be left for himself.

But, good master Rampayne, is worthy master Wynchyngham there?—and who are his jury?—and how did poor master Poynings look?—I sent him a comfortable mess of plum porridge, with malvoisie in it, last night, but poor Quentin could not get to see him;—hold up your head, Quentin, he may not be found guilty. The foul fiend seize

judge, jury, and all, muttered young Basset, still holding down his head. "Aye, good people," continued his aunt, "see how it is with the poor lad, he hath never spoken as it were,—never held up his head,—and eaten,—our lady save us!—if he hath eaten more day by day for this week past, than ye would give to a ger-falcon, who ye meant to be sharp set when ye went a hawking! These are sore troubles for a lone woman, good people!

"Stand back,—stand back,"—said the constables, enforcing due obedience to their commands, by the unsparing use of their partizans,—as two men at arms, covered with mud, urged their jaded horses toward the gate. "What news? what news?" resounded on all sides,—but no answer was returned, and the anxious crowd drew back, and began to form unnumbered conjectures with regard to their mission. Ere long, alderman Crosby appeared, surrounded by his men, as sheriff, while the warm greetings of the populace echoed on every side. "Good alderman Crosby!" exclaimed mistress Bassett, throwing herself into the thickest of the crowd, and with a courage, which, at other and calmer seasons, she could not have considered herself possessed of, seizing his bridle rein; "how goeth on the trial, good alderman Crosby? tell me, for the sake of Dame Alice, who hath not broken fast to-day, and with all the holy

sisters is praying for master Poynings;—truly, lord Oxford is an elderly man, and it was a young man, Fitzhugh by name, that gave the ring to him.—Away, good mistress Bassett, returned the sheriff, gently disengaging her,—I know all,—I know young Fitzhugh better than master Poynings doth,—be comforted, good woman, all may be well.

Rouse up, Quentin, my fair boy, rouse up! said mistress Bassett, resuming her former station, and shaking the disconsolate apprentice as though to awaken him from a deep slumber;—alderman Crosby, whose word no man may gainsay, saith all will be well; he knows master Fitzhugh too—so cheer up.

There hath strange news come, methinks, said master Levenham, coming up, for I met alderman Crosby going down to the bridge, and there is proclamation made for all the fellowships of the companies to assemble at their halls, and all the prentices to be kept at home—heaven only knows what the end will be!—what, no verdict yet!—why, night is coming on! If it be midnight, I will not leave, master Levenham, until I hear it; for I must take the news to my lady prioress, and sister Amy.

O! good master Wynchyngham, what is it!—nay, don't shake your head, only say—yes, or no.

And is he found guilty? continued the bystanders pressing around the serjeant who had just quitted the hall, and must he be hanged? Hanged! exclaimed young Bassett, raising his head fiercely, and looking round with the bewildered look of one suddenly aroused from slumber,—who dares to hang my good master? "for the red rose," my masters—a rescue! Hold, Bassett, exclaimed the affrighted serjeant; our lady! ye may get into prison yourself. In prison, or out, I care not, returned the apprentice, now thoroughly aroused; "for the red rose" say I,—aye, and will say so, though Edward himself heard me,—aye, though the halter were about my neck!

But, good master, how did master Poynings hear his sentence? said the bystanders. Like a valiant hearted citizen, good people,—he took off his bonnet and waved it;—"for the red rose!" said he.

Aye, "for the red rose!" let us rescue him,—we are more than they, and the night's dark, cried young Bassett. Alack, master Wynchyngham, if I went to my lady prioress, and got a letter from her to alderman Crosby, might not he get a pardon? said the aunt. Pardon! indignantly cried the nephew, by St. George, and by our lady, who is greater,—I would cram a pardon down the throat of him who should bring it!—a pardon

forsooth! what has my worthy master done to need a pardon? they who gave in their wicked sentence, methinks, more need a pardon.—No, a rescue! St. George and Margaret! Silence, Bassett, whispered some one behind, while a hand endeavoured to close his mouth. "For the red rose!" continued the struggling apprentice, dashing away the stranger's hand, and continuing his cry with the pertinacity of the youthful martyr of Lincoln, whose head continued the hymn, though severed from the body. Come with *me*,—again whispered the stranger, and tell me about your master.—I can tell you that, soon enow, master Fitzhugh, said young Bassett, now recognising the speaker—you have tied the halter round *his* neck, I would it were about *yours*.—Hush! Bassett,—do not fear for your master; here are three thousand bold yeomen ready to come into the city to-morrow; but say not a word. Come along, my fair boy, cried mistress Bassett, we must e'en to St. Helen's,—heavy news have I to take there! Meet me at Contarini's, whispered Fitzhugh,—and ere the apprentice could answer, he had vanished.

"*Justus es Domine, et rectum judicium tuum*," said the prioress, sighing heavily, as mistress Bassett concluded her fatal intelligence. If such

as I might speak, my lady prioress, continued mistress Bassett, dropping a reverent curtsey,—I would pray ye to indite a letter, if it pleased ye, to alderman Crosby, who is yet at Guildhall with the aldermen; he can do much ye know, and, moreover, methinks, he would as soon have a rope about his own neck as put one about good master Poynings. My good and honourable lady mother, exclaimed young Bassett, if ye will but indite a letter, methinks I can get master Fitzhugh, whom alderman Crosby saith he well knows, to carry it. What! and have ye seen that clerk of St. Nicholas,—that ne'er do good,—that scatterling,—who will, one day, make the letter *I* at Tyburn, cried mistress Bassett. I would, indeed, that alderman Crosby had seen him; our lady! *he* might have chanced to hang to-morrow then, instead of good master Poynings.

The letter was soon written, and with sanguine hopes of success, Quentin Bassett wrapt it in his kerchief, for fear of soiling the delicate white vellum, and proceeded to Guildhall. Through the kindness of that before-mentioned friend, to whom the writer is indebted for the verbatim copy of Dame Dionysia de Burgh's will,—the gentle reader is presented with an accurate copy of the letter, which was indited, signed, and

sealed, by the fair hand of dame Alice the pri-
press, and addressed to her trusty friend alder-
man Crosby.

"Moste worschipfulle and welbelovyed frende, I comende me to you and praye our Lorde daye by daye to haue you in hys holie kepeyng—I am in sore afflyctione for my poore brother, who tho' he knowethe not my lorde of Oxforde, and dyd openlye weare yatte rynge (whych ye wot well he hadde not done hadde he knowen ye daunger) liethe now in Newgate in sore jupardye of lyfe—O myne honorabil and trustyé frende, remember he is of gode nurture, foregrowen and broughten uppe in ye warde of Candlewycke, usynge ye crafte of a draper in alle honestye, hauing gode reporte of frende and foe, gentyl and sympul—and for hys ryghte vertuous lyfe and conversacion mayde a warden of hys fraternitye—O gode aldermanne Crosby take uppe hys cause, so yatte he lose not hys lyfe so pyteouslye by an halter—for ye sake of thys fayre citye—for ye sake of ye worschipfulle citye, cōpanyes—and for ye sake of ye gode estate of thys royaume—let not an Englyshman—a citizen and a warden of a citye cōpanye lose hys lyfe like a pycker and pyller or stoute maysterless manne. My verie gode frende, seeing yatte your poore beadsweoman hathe receiued grete and manifolde benefyts fro you, she

prayethe once agan your helpe—beseechynge ye blessed Trinitye to speede you and keepe you of hys mekyl mercye,

"" whyche ever prayethe,
" Alyce of Seyncte Helen's."

This epistle was neatly written in a character between that of the old English and small Roman hand; it was neatly folded, sealed with green wax, and superscribed,—

" To ye ryghte worschipful Johan Crosby, Squyer, Aldermanne and Sherryf, be thys byll delyveryd in haste."

Whither so fast, Bassett?—ye forget the way to Contarini's! said a well remembered voice, as bearing this precious billet, the anxious apprentice turned into Cornhill;—why, ye run like some prisoned damsel's foot page, or like little John when the sheriff of Nottingham's men were behind him.

I am charged with a letter from my lady prioress to alderman Crosby, master Fitzhugh, replied Bassett, scarcely checking his speed,—ah! sore trouble have ye brought on us all,—it may be nought to clerks of St. Nicholas, master Fitzhugh, (if that be indeed your name) to hold up their hand, but it is a sore distress for a citizen and draper;—if ye did take lord Oxford's ring, methinks, ye need not have given it my master.

Gently, my fair boy,—it was a sorrowful mischance, and the saints wot well, I will adventure life and limb to save him; but many a good man hath had an halter about his neck, who, after all, died in his bed,—cheer up, my boy, remember Cloudeslée, when he lay in the cart, and a strong rope round his neck too:—

> "I have seen as grete mervail, said Cloudeslée,
> As betweene thys and pryme;
> He that maketh a grave for me,
> Himself may lie therein."

Ah! master Fitzhugh, our lady, and St. Helen grant it!—alack! that my good master should be so set on stopping up the well, and never to think about that ring, till John Lystote came and said, "lend me your seal ring," and when he had sealed his letter—"the saints save us," saith he, "is not this the very seal that lord Oxford sealed the proclamation with, that some traitor stuck up on the standard in Cornhill, last week, bidding the citizens not to be cast down, for queen Margaret had landed?" "I know not lord Oxford farther than having seen him when he left London," said my poor master; and instead of taking warning and going off, so vehement was he all on a sudden about the well, that he must help at it with all his might, and I verily

believe he put the first rubbish and stones in himself.

What well was it, Bassett?—That old one just beside the steps,—our lady knoweth why he did it,—it was very good water, and his father and grandfather both used it;—"I like not stopping up old wells," said that croaking raven, master Levenham, "it is bad luck—like stopping up old gateways,"—alack! bad luck truly have we found it; so my lady hath sent a letter to good alderman Crosby, to pray his help,—my aunt saith he knows you.—When did he say so?—This afternoon,—so good master Fitzhugh, if you will but come with me, a word from you may do much. No, no, my fair boy, alderman Crosby and I must not meet, I must serve your master in another guess manner. I understand you, good master Fitzhugh, replied the now well pleased apprentice, ah! master Levenham and sister Amy said truly;—ye will bring your good company down to-morrow morning, and rescue my master;—you clerks of St. Nicholas must live a merry life in the greenwood. St. Helen! I know not but if king Edward cometh back, and goeth on with his pillings and pollings, but I'll e'en buy a tough yew bow, and a good brass bugle, and off to the merry greenwood with ye.

Let not our young favourite, Bassett, suffer

in the estimation of the gentle reader, by this singular determination; but let him rather turn to the treatise of Sir John Fortescue on the "difference of an absolute and limited monarchy," and observe the strange exultation with which he records the fact, that there "be more men hangyd in Englande in a yeare for robberye and manslaughter, thanne theyre be in Fraunce in seven;" and he must concede, that what was a subject of boasting to a lord chief-justice, might fairly be a subject of admiration to a London apprentice.

Young Bassett forced his way through the crowd that still surrounded Guildhall, and presented the letter. What effect it produced on the minds of the aldermen, supported as it was by all the eloquence of the worthy sheriff, has not been recorded;—that it did not induce any alteration in their laudable determination of hanging, seemed evident, from the short colloquy that passed between Urswick, the recorder, and alderman Crosby, as they crossed Guildhall courtlyard.

"I would that king Edward had heard your sayings, master Crosby, growled the recorder,—what can be more edifying and comforting in these dangerous times than the sight of a hanged traitor? Poynings taketh his last meal to-night,

for, by eight of the clock to-morrow, he shall be turned off. At eight to-morrow! exclaimed the thunderstruck sheriff; what! when a band of masterless outlaws, and Falconbridge, who fights like any dragon, are even in Southwark! are we to endanger the peace of this poor city to hang a worthy citizen?—He must be hanged if ye get not a respite, coolly returned the recorder.—Our lady! we shall have enow to do to get bills, and partizans, and pikes, and axes, for our men, and to see that the draw-bridges and portcullises are in order; well, my lady prioress shall send to the Tower, though, alas! I trow it will be in vain;—what, hang a worthy citizen on such evidence! exclaimed the sheriff, mounting his horse, and spurring as though he rode for his life:—aye, it is such as ye, wolves in sheeps' clothing,—cowards who love a halter because they dare not use a sword,—that have brought shame on our cause, and dabbled our stainless white rose in innocent blood.

The exertions of the lady prioress were vain;—with her niece, Constance, she took her last sorrowful farewel of her brother, and returned to pass the night in fervent supplications for the eternal welfare of him, who, on the morrow, would cease to be; and the faint white light of day-break dawned on the flickering and dying tapers

on the altar, and on the pale and care-worn features of the holy sisterhood, who, through the watches of the night, had been prostrate before it. As the morning reddened into day, the clang of armour, the neighing and tramp of horses, the harsh grating of the cross-bows, and the loud shouts of the crowd of men at arms, already assembled at Crosby-place, formed a strange and melancholy contrast to the silence of the adjoining church; unbroken, save by the solemn chant of the *miserere*, at intervals swelling into full harmony, and then dying away in sweet and mournful cadence.

Our lady, and St. Helen, and all the saints in the golden legend, save us! cried sister Amy, rushing in and wringing her hands with as terrified a countenance as St. Anthony, when assaulted by all the legions of the evil one.

No time for praying now, my lady,—masterless men,—fierce robbers,—outlaws and scatterlings, no one knoweth who, are assaulting the bridge!—here's old master Levenham, from the bridge foot,—"truly," saith he, "my house, methought, would be about my ears, so I've e'en come hither;" and here's mistress Bassett holding up her two hands,—and here's master Rampayne with his chest of plate,—and master Hardell and his prentice with the best household

stuff,—and old mistress Breton with her dog and two parcel-gilt cups,—all praying sanctuary;—though, truly, 'tis only a sanctuary in some sort, as being a religious house. Come, my lady, or by St. Helen, the gate will be battered in pieces,—for the great cross bar is all rust eaten, and the lock, like myself, Heaven save us! is growing worse and worse every day.

The prioress arose, and, if indeed she felt alarm, it was undiscernible, for she pronounced the blessing with a firm voice, and, dismissing the holy sisterhood, took her way with a slow and steady footstep to the gate.

Heaven save us, my lady! exclaimed master Levenham, as he entered; the bridge-gate shook as though mangonels were against it,—and there's alderman Joscelyn riding about with one of his mens' sallets on his head, instead of that brave new helmet master Ambree, of Coleman street, made him,—and there's alderman Crosby in bright harness, making proclamation at the standard, in Cornhill, about our lord the king,—and about Aldgate; and, moreover, there are the watch and ward men, not in their bright caps, but in old battered morions, with pikes and new bills,—and Miles Fordham, the blacksmith, and his men, with their great sledge hammers for the portcullis. Aye, my lady, said mistress Bassett, anxious to

throw her small quota of information into the general stock, there were two of lord Rivers's men at arms came galloping down past Leadenhall,—"The scatterlings are at Aldgate," said they, "five hundred or more of them—we must have some good bowmen, and a company of stout billmen. Come hither to the gate,—to the gate," —cried they.

O my lady! we can let in no more, said sister Amy; good master Rampayne help me,—bolt and bar the gate, and let your great chest be set against it. Master Breton! could you not knock this bolt well home? Miles Fordham said he would put new ones, because my lady prioress cured his burnt arm,—methinks, said I, ye might mend our gate for nothing:—I will, said he, and I'll put a new cross bar, and three strong bolts too,—but now his arm's cured, ye may go whistle for him. Pray sister Amy! shut not the gate! Quentin will be here anon,—for the love of heaven! sister Amy, let him come, cried mistress Bassett. Stay, interposed the prioress, father Benedict, who was with my poor brother, will soon return; alas! in our care for those who must die, let us not forget our duty to the living. Ah, my lady, returned mistress Bassett, Quentin will not believe it,—"Master Fitzhugh will get my good master off yet," saith he. The prioress

shook her head, fearful to indulge, even for a moment, so joyful, but so illusory an expectation.

O my lady! screamed the portress, we must indeed shut the gate, the people are all running past,—here are some of the watch and ward men, and some stout looking knaves in leathern jacks, —the rebels have entered,—aye, they're pressing down from Aldgate,—they've forced the gate as sure and as certain as the legend of St. Brandon: —hark! do ye not hear the billmen playing their bills against their iron caps?—here are two horses without riders, running past as though the foul fiend were on them, and an arrow whizzed by but just now.

The gate was quickly closed and bolted,—the more terrified among the crowd retired into the cloisters; while sister Amy, who seemed to consider retreat a dereliction of her important duties, mounted on master Rampayne's plate chest, and looking through the small grating above, like some warden on his watch-tower, or rather like sister Ann in the childhood-delighting story of Bluebeard, gave notice from time to time to her anxious companions, what she "saw a coming."

Our lady! 'tis well we closed the gate. Here's a company of stout fellows in buff jerkins, driving back alderman Clopton's men,—I know them by the lions' heads on their sleeves; though, truly

saith master Forde, methinks an ass's head would suit alderman Clopton better,—here is sore work. Sweet St. Helen! if there is not alderman Bassett, your husband's cousin-german, mistress Bassett, on a white horse, in a suit of brass armour, laying about him as though he were Judas Macabee, in the miracle play,—and there are men at arms behind him, with battle axes at their backs, and short swords and bucklers;—here's alderman Crosby, noble gentleman! aye, he's not the man to fly away,—with his bright sword, like St. George when they saw him in the Holy Land, and he hath a pennon in his hand—he waves it,—what doth he say? good master Hardell, for your ears are younger than mine,—he is off, and they all follow after like so many stag hounds. By the seven joys of Paradise, I marvel not that our youth love these wars and fightings, for the good company have set up a shout, and tossed up their caps, as though they were bidden to a Christmas banquet;—alack! here's father Benedict, with some brother of the holy Trinity, and Quentin, in the midst of the fighting, laughing as though 'twere a May game!—ah, ye young ne'er-do-good,—your worthy master hanged, and ye laughing as though breaking Christian men's heads were as good sport as the popinjay!

' Let him in, sister Amy,—he brings good news, doubtless, cried the aunt; while her petition within-side, was supported by a most peremptory knocking without. St. Helen save us, or we are clean undone!—hold,—hold,—father Benedict! stay them,—the gate will be in pieces, we cannot let in the rebels in buff coats, screamed the portress. We had better let them in, or they will make way for themselves, said master Hardell, swiftly removing the various encumbrances that had been placed against it. Help! good people—alderman Crosby help! cried sister Amy, regardless of the anger of father Benedict;—what? not call for help, and this ancient and pious house, of more than three hundred years standing, beset by rebels? good people, bid alderman Crosby come hither, for we are all in sore jeopardy of life! we are all undone!

St. George! cried young Bassett, entering, commend me to a knight of St. Nicholas;—throw off the cloak, my good master, and tell them how bravely master Fitzhugh brought ye off. A wondrous deliverance hath, indeed, been wrought for me, replied master Poynings, throwing back his hood,—where's master Fitzhugh? Here, replied he, laughing, I made bold to borrow a coat from one of alderman Bassett's serving men, and now

I can go down to the bridge in safety;—hasten and bid farewell to my lady prioress and Constance, for in an hour ye must be down the river.

Farewell, good friends,—farewell, mistress Bassett, said master Poynings, again wrapping himself in the churchman's gown, and taking Fitzhugh's arm. The fiend seize that screaming portress! cried young Bassett in a tone of despair; ye must away, my master! Alderman Crosby, and a party of men at arms are at the gate. It is all over, said Fitzhugh, he is *here*.

The sheriff entered, and bent a look of extreme astonishment at Fitzhugh, who returned the look with a glance of mingled pride and disdain. We have met at last, alderman Crosby; and though ye may not get five hundred marks for my head, yet ye may chance to gain half. I fight against Falconbridge and his band *to-day*,—not against Lancaster,—and I never will seize an unarmed man, replied the sheriff. Suffer this holy father to pass in safety, resumed Fitzhugh, and I yield;—it shall never be said of me, that I owed my life to the charity of a friend of Edward. Young man, as sheriff then, I *command* you and your companion to depart from hence,—there is no charity in this, I trow? No, no, replied Fitzhugh, holding out his hand to the sheriff—by St. George, there's many a knight and noble in

this land who had not done so knightly a deed; —farewell, my brave enemy; our lady grant we may meet again; for, whether in the castle hall, or in fierce and deadly conflict, a braver, a gentler, a more noble foe, St. Michael knoweth, I never shall see.

And now, cheer up good sister Amy, said young Bassett, returning, for I bring you nought but good tidings. The robbers are driven back;—alderman Crosby hath been knighted; and better than all, my good master, and that gallant young Fitzhugh are gone safe down the river. There were men with chests and baskets, and I heard say, there was nought belonging to my master but was there. The queen's jewels are safe, said master Fitzhugh, for we unstopped the old well, and got them all out.—I know not what he meant, but my good master seemed marvellously joyful. Well, ye may talk of knights, and nobles, as ye list, but of all men, commend me to a clerk of St. Nicholas.

It was about the close of August, 1485, that a knight, in complete armour, mounted on a gallant charger, passed beneath the archway of Bishops Gate: his face was concealed from view by his visor, but the rich inlaid work of his casque and breastplate, and the splendid armorial bearings that graced his tabard, shewed him to be a member of some noble and ancient family. He was followed by two esquires, in plate armour, on horseback, one bearing his richly blazoned shield, and the other his lance with the square pennon of a knight-banneret depending from it; while four men at arms, in red serge jerkins, steel caps and breastplates, bearing stout halberds, and round leathern bucklers, followed.

It was a bright and beautiful evening,—the high peaked gabels shone against the blue sky, and the airy spires glittered in the sunset, and the merry sound of bells floated in fitful melody as the light breeze rose and died away. And there was the laugh, and shout, and confused murmurs of merry converse, echoed from the house-tops and balconies, where the citizens were spreading tapestry of various colours and quaint devices, in honour of the entry of king Henry the Seventh and his victorious army, on the morrow.

The knight rode onward, apparently lost in

thought, until he stopped at the postern-gate of St. Helen's, where, sending his attendants onward, he alighted, and knocked at the well-remembered door. The shrill voice of the portress struck on his ear, and the care-worn features of mistress Bassett met his view as he entered; and, it seemed but as yesterday since he stood there an object of suspicion to all, save master Poynings, and his affectionate apprentice.

Good even, sister Amy, was his salutation to the astonished portress; can I see the lady prioress?—sister Amy, with a reverent curtsey, departed to seek her lady, while seating himself on the oaken bench, he entered forthwith into conversation with mistress Bassett. And is Quentin doing well? and master Wynchyngham, and old master Levenham, are they yet living? Many thanks, noble sir, replied she, glancing a wondering look at the rich dress of the knight, and marvelling at the condesension of so noble a gentleman. Master Wynchyngham hath gone on well, even in the worst times; and when his friends were wont to say, "Ah! it is all over with the red rose," he used to answer, "Nay, nay, there's a goodly shoot that shall one day put forth a fair blossom."—Master Hardell saith, it is thought he may be made one of the new judges of the

Common Pleas for that saying;—and old master Levenham, that your honour asked after, why, truly, as outlandish men were his sorest trouble during life, so in some sort they caused his death. 'Twas on the morrow of St. Barnaby, three years agone, that he lay a-bed with a sore fit of ague that lasted him from Candlemas, when he heard St. Botolph passing bell,—who is dead? quoth he,—Contarini, the rich Venetian merchant, said I, and he hath left store of plate, and jewels, and near ten thousand marks in hard money;—alack! that I should have said so! for he fetched a deep groan,—ten thousand marks! quoth he, all out of the purses of Englishmen,—the well being of the city is over, it was never merry England since foreigners came in,—and so he went on, and took nought but a little sack; and the last words he said, were, ten thousand marks,—our lady! ten thousand marks hard money! Well, but how is young Quentin?—Doing marvellously well, fair sir; truly, it is great honour for such noble gentlemen as ye to ask after him,—he liveth in Candlewyck street, a credit to his brotherhood, and a great comfort to us all;—I should be as happy as any one in the land, could I but see my dear master, and that brave gentleman Fitzhugh, once more, saith he;—and last Paschaltide he brought five marks to my lady prioress,

As heaven hath blessed me in trade, quoth he, methinks I ought to remember the poor; so I pray ye, good mother, give this to some sad and virtuous old people, bidding them especially pray for my worthy master, and brave master Fitzhugh, that they may once again return and dwell among us. His prayer is answered, said the knight, for he will see them both ere to-morrow. Sweet St. Helen! I can scarce believe it, cried the overjoyed mistress Bassett; ah, good master Poynings, when ye last stood here in sore jeopardy, little did I think, old as I am, I should ever see ye again.

Sister Amy returned, and conducted the yet unknown knight into the church; where all was unaltered, save the appearance of the fair marble tomb, on which the effigies of the gallant Sir John Crosby in complete mail, and his beautiful wife, with her delicate hands gently raised in prayer, seemed resting in placid slumber.

The stranger knight knelt down, and offered a silent prayer for their eternal happiness, with a fervor of devotion which excited the wonder and sympathy of the lady prioress.

He was a brave and a worthy citizen, fair sir; and a sorrowful day for us all was it when he departed. Alas! alas! continued the knight, scarcely conscious of her presence, fourteen

years have passed away since I parted from thee, Sir John! and then thou stoodest with men at arms around thee, in all the pride of chivalry,—and now here thou liest! I would that wealth, or power, or prayer, could recal thee; for a braver hand never placed lance in rest,—and a bolder heart never beat beneath harness,—and a truer, gentler, and more knightly spirit never dwelt in man;—well, heaven rest thy soul, my brave foeman! and grant thee the joys of Paradise! for London shall look long ere she meet so worthy a citizen, and England may seek far ere she find thy equal.

My fair sir, said the prioress, there is somewhat in your voice that reminds me of long past days—may I ask, who ye are?—Remember ye not Fitzhugh, who rescued your brother, and married his daughter Constance? replied the knight, unclasping his visor. Yes! after fourteen years sorrowful exile, we have again returned to shout once more "for the red rose!" and I, to lay aside the name of Fitzhugh, for that of Walter de Vere. De Vere! exclaimed the prioress, not daring to doubt the testimony of her senses, as she gazed on the well-remembered features of the speaker, yet scarcely able to believe that her niece, in marrying an unknown stranger, had become allied to

the ancient and noble house of Oxford. It is true, continued the knight, smiling,—ah! none of Edward's partizans, save that gallant Sir John Crosby, knew my real name or degree, else Fitzhugh had not dared to shew himself within the walls of the city, much less to have brought off master Poynings, after that luckless mischance of my father's ring.

The following day beheld all the various characters, who have acted their part in this little history, as happy as the state of mortality would allow. Again the bells rung merrily, and accompanied by the Lord mayor and city companies, the monarch, who ended for ever the feuds of the rival roses, with his bold yeomanry, and gallant knights, and nobles, passed through the tapestried and pageant-decked streets amidst the shouts of a countless multitude. And there was Sir Walter de Vere on his noble charger,—and there was the lady Constance on her milk-white palfrey, receiving the heartfelt gratulations of the sisterhood of St. Helen's, who, on this joyful day, were permitted, from the postern gate, to view the procession,—and there was master Poynings, welcomed, and welcoming his brethren of the "fraternitye of the blessed Marie of the drapers," and greeting with fatherly affection the

overjoyed Quentin Bassett. And when, after the sumptuous dinner given by the Lord mayor, at Grocer's hall, to the principal members of the city companies, the civic monarch commanded silence, and, raising the mighty silver bowl of well spiced Ippocras, drank the health of "that most worthy citizen, master Lambert Poynings, draper, with long life to him, and to his worthy son-in-law, Sir Walter de Vere, heir of the brave earl of Oxford."

O! my worthy and well-beloved brethren, and you, my singular good Lord mayor, cried master Poynings, almost overcome by his feelings, when I remember, that fourteen years since, the halter was about my neck, and death before mine eyes, —I first would thank Almighty God, who, through his great goodness, hath caused me once more to enter this sweet city, and again to sit among ye, my worthy companions and brethren; next, my thanks are due unto you, my singular good lord, for your honourable notice of me and my worthy son-in-law; and, lastly, I thank ye all, my good brothers, for your kindly offices so oftimes afforded me, and for your good wishes and prayers when kind offices could avail me nought. Fill your tankards, then, my brothers,—fill them to the brim I pray ye, and now that war hath ceased, and we look to live in peace and great concord

together, let us drink "to the prosperous estate of this our sweet land,—to the wealth and great increase of this our good city"—and suffer an old Lancastrian, once more, to shout

"ST. GEORGE! FOR THE RED ROSE!"

# AN EVENING AT YORK PLACE,

## A TALE OF WHITE HALL.

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies;—there will be
The beauty of the kingdom, I assure you.—HENRY VIII.

Then sayde he, who arte thou?
Yatte arte hither ycome I trowe
Myselfe, nor none yatte is wythe me,
Never sente after thee!—SYR ORPHEO.

# AN EVENING AT YORK PLACE,

## A TALE OF THE 16th CENTURY.

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"Room, for my lord Cardinal! on before, my lords and masters, on before,—room, for my lord Cardinal!" was the cry of the bare-headed gentlemen ushers, to the crowd that had gathered around Westminster hall;—a cry replied to by many an angry look,—and many a muttered curse,—and many an expression of impotent rage and hatred,—as the silver crosses,—the scarlet trappings,—the gilded pole-axes,—gleaming from beneath the lofty archway of the hall, indicated the approach of the son of the Ipswich butcher, who, as bishop of Winchester,—primate of York,—lord Cardinal,—lord high Chancellor,—and Legate *a latere*,—was returning in more than kingly state, from his judicial duties in the Chancery Court and Star Chamber, to his princely habitation, York place.

"Room, for my lord Cardinal! on before, my

masters,—on before,—make way for my lord Cardinal!" again resounded through Palace yard.

Curse on this Ipswich bull dog, muttered a serving man as he was forcibly thrust to the wall by one of the Cardinal's attendants. Curse on all priests rather, exclaimed a stern looking young man beside him. St. John could preach repentance in camels' hair, and coarse raiment, but ye must have priests to preach unrighteousness in scarlet, and purple, and soft apparel. "Make way for my lord Cardinal!" exclaimed one of the foremost attendants, who had overheard part of the bold stranger's remarks—lifting his partizan—make way for your betters, and go to the devil. I should be loath to go before my betters, replied the stranger, and it would ill become me to take precedence there of my lord Cardinal:—Seize the traitor and heretic! exclaimed the attendant; but the crowd seemed in no haste to obey the mandate:—such was the popular hatred of Wolsey, that even the terrific watch-ward heretic was insufficient to arouse them to pursue him; and he quietly, and unmolestedly, took his stand at a short distance.

A bold fellow this, and a brave one, I'll warrant me, said the serving man, to a person standing near him; he is wondrously like master Norris, the king's favourite groom;—I would we

could get him for this evening. Be wary then, and be sure not to tell him our name. I know not but he might greatly assist us, returned the other. I will seek him out, replied the serving man,—for, truly, it was enough to do any Englishman's heart good to hear how vehemently he spake against this proud Cardinal.

The serving man had but just time to place himself beside the stranger, and to endeavour to enter into conversation with him, ere the cry, "room for my lord Cardinal!" again resounded, and again his numerous attendants, by the unsparing use of their partizans, made a way for the almost regal state of the ambitious Wolsey.

Two gentlemen of his chamber clothed in fine scarlet, and mounted on horses similarly caparisoned, first advanced, bearing massive silver crosses;—two others, similarly apparelled, succeeded, bearing two silver pillars;—then followed a serjeant at arms, with the mace, also of massive silver;—while, immediately before the richly caparisoned mule of the lord Cardinal, two young noblemen, attendants on the ambitious churchman, advanced, one bearing the broad seal of England, and the other the red hat.

Ah! well indeed do those scarlet liveries

"Token the crueltie of the redde man,"

as Dr. Bull hath set forth in his "Descrypcion," exclaimed the stranger. Yes, it becometh this scarlet dragon, truly, who would fain draw even the stars of heaven to the earth, to make his slaves wear his liveries;—though, that of Sathanas, methinks, were more fitting. Ye say truly, my master, returned the serving man, well pleased with the violent expressions of his new associate; what? are the old nobility to stand cap in hand before the butcher's son?—marry come up! even *my* father was a substantial yeoman in Kent, and gave his daughters five pounds a-piece to marry them, and yet I dare not look in this priest's face. He is lifted up with pride and all unrighteousness, replied the stranger, and therefore shall he fall into the snares of the devil; aye, by him

> "The godly light is putte abacke
> And he bryngeth in his devilish darckness"—

but it shall not be for long,—there he cometh in pomp, like king Herod,—or Pontius Pilate,—or rather, like his father Sathanas,—with great power and state, because he knoweth his time is short.

And, onward, welcomed by no shout of gratulation, by no affectionate and heartfelt smiles, came the "ryhte triumphante lord Cardinal of Englande," on his sleek mule, gay with crimson velvet, embroidery, and gold;—surrounded by

his attendants, bearing gilt pole-axes, and habited (to use the words of his minute and affectionate biographer Cavendish) "in an upper garment of fine crimson satin ingrained, his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck sette about withinside with black velvet, a tippet of sables around his neck, and holding in his hand an orange, whereof the meate within was taken out, and filled up again with parte of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs." Aye, on with ye! muttered the serving man with clenched hand, as the haughty Cardinal slowly passed, and take the curse of all true English hearts with ye.—And the malediction of all godly men, too, replied the stranger.

"Aye! soon shall be fulfilled that prophecy,
Arise up Jack and put on thy salatte,—*
The temporal chivalry thus thrown down,
Wherefore priest take heed and beware of thy crown."

Truly, fair sir, I may not say amen to your good wishes concerning my lord Cardinal, said a man in a tawney coat, and leathern buskins, seeing that he is a most royally open handed master;—he would as soon toss a rose noble into your cap as a silver groat,—and whoever gets

* This seems to refer to the rise of the lower orders.

into York place may have liquor enow to make a cat speak.

Truly, these are marvellous virtues in a churchman, replied the stranger, for it were hard indeed if he who hath robbed this poor land so long, did not give part back again from ostentation. And, minstrels may well speak up for my lord Cardinal, continued the serving man, seeing that he never spared cost or charges for his masquings, and banquetings, as you know well, Antony Munday, when you came from York place last twelfth night with your scarlet ingrained doublet, worked hosen, and watchet coloured silk scarf. Your honour hath a good memory, returned the minstrel, it was when we enacted the three kings of Cologne, and I was train bearer to king Balthasar,—my lord Cardinal, moreover, threw a gold piece into my bonnet.

Who is this man, said the stranger, in a low voice to the serving man. My name is Antony Munday please your honour, answered the quick-eared minstrel most reverently doffing his cap,—one of the city waits, and player on the treble viol; I live, your honour, at the Chequers, in Fleet street, next door to the Green Dragon, and over against St. Bride's church; if your honour wanteth a goodly fitte of music, I and my company will well content ye;—we can give ye the

new "hunts up," which was played last May morning at the royal palace of Greenwich, before the king's highness, and mistress Anne Bulleine,—or, "The End of the World,"—or, "Green Sleeves."

We shall want you, and two of your company then, to-night, said the serving man. I humbly thank your honour, returned Antony Munday, bowing low,—for what noble lord did you say? It needeth not for whom, replied the serving man, for my noble master goeth to York place, on a masquing to-night, and he would not that the ladies at the banquet should know him. I understand, your honour,—I understand, replied the treble viol player,—it is not for such as us to know what noble lords do;—where shall we meet your honour? At Blackfriars stairs,—a barge with rowers in green and white will stop there: get into it, and I will come to you. We will be punctual, your honour, replied the delighted minstrel,—and we will bring our best viols, and our new cloaks, and we will put on our best tawney coats.

Ye need not mind your coats, replied the serving man, for my noble master will have crimson doublets for ye, which ye may take away as the manner is; but, be sure ye put on clean

hosen,—and have your pumps well blacked,—and good strings to them;—and, moreover, most specially,—eat no garlic. No, truly, your honour, it is not our manner,—for, says I to Jack Elston, he, your honour, who playeth on the recorders;—he played last Lord mayor's day, in the barge of the worshipful company of Grocers,—so says he, —Jack Elston, your honour,—Come, Tony, and have some pottage with me. No, truly, says I, your honour, no pottage for me; it may do for low mechanical men,—or, for minstrels who sing at alehouses for a groat a fitte, but not for such as me, who have played before his worship the Lord mayor, and before my lord Sands, and, moreover, seen the inside of York place. Ah! York place, your honour,—but to see the store of cloth of gold,—and rich tissue,—and cloth of Bodkin, of divers colours,—and the silver and parcel-gilt plate,—and the marvellous service for my lord Cardinal's own use, all solid gold;—I doubt if the king's highness can match it. It's not likely, says I, that a treble viol-player, who hath seen all this, should eat pottage, and smell of garlic. Well, go your ways, said the serving man, wearied with Antony Munday's long harangue; go your ways, and meet us by evensong bell time, at Blackfriars. Aye, truly, your ho-

nour;—smell of garlic! no, your honour, we'll rather be at the cost and charges of some sweet ball, and smell like a May bush.

The treble viol player departed;—the crowd had dispersed, and the serving man and the stranger were left standing alone. I commend myself to you, fair sir, began the serving man, and would gladly be acquainted, my name is Jenkin Ratcliffe, and I serve a most honourable nobleman,—may I crave your name, and from whence come you? I come from Oxford, replied the stranger, and my name is Christopher Goodman. Well, master Goodman, resumed the serving man, I would we might have your company this evening; for my noble master intendeth some sport at York place, which that proud Cardinal little wotteth of. Who is your master? Why, my good sir, I may not say just now, lest his plan be discovered; for my noble master hath wagered an hundred gold pieces that he will (albeit a great enemy of that wicked Cardinal) go to York place,—take the first seat,—drink out of his own cup,—and make him believe the king has come as he was wont to do:—now, if you, my very good master, would but go with us, ye might be taken for master Norris, the king's favourite groom, and so my noble lord should win his wager.

You would give me a perilous office, I trow, replied the stranger. Nay, nay, my very good master, such things have been oftentimes;—we go masked, and drest as shepherds, in which manner the king was wont to go;—moreover, as to peril, though I may not, until after to-night, tell you the name of my noble master,—yet this will I say;—though the Cardinal hateth him as Sathan doth holy water, yet, such is his power, he dare not molest him. I should like to see York place, replied the stranger, though not from any love to its master;—indeed, I should find my choler rise so high, at seeing the pomp and the state of this scarlet dragon, that I almost feel I should testify publicly, and before all the company, against his unrighteous doings, and vehement love of Mammon. Why, truly, master Goodman, as to pomp and state, ye will see enough,—for many of the nobility, and many most fair damsels will be there,—and truly, methinks, it is partly on that account that my noble master will go;—moreover, if you are from Oxford, and learned in book knowledge, which ye know the Cardinal greatly supporteth,—ye will hear goodly speeches, and choice poetry, and more Latin than they say in all the Christmas day services;—and, perhaps, that new outlandish language, which master Grocyn first taught;

though, some say, it is the cause of all these heretic notions now abroad; but I am a simple serving man, and can tell nought about it.

With such blind guides as ye have, truly, it is little marvel that ye can tell nothing, replied the stranger. Well, I will go with ye, and see the state of this proud Cardinal; this wolf who hath climbed over into the sheepfold,—this inordinate taker of tithes, and usurper of heaven's prerogatives. Ye go masked, you say? Yes, my very good master, and in garments of cloth of gold, and crimson satin, paned,—with caps of the same, and most marvellous well looking visors, with beards of black silk. Now, if you will but just put your visor aside, when we go in, they will think, at least, that we come from the king, seeing that master Norris is amongst us. Ye will meet us then at Blackfriars stairs, at the evensong bell,—and, truly, it will be well worth going for.

The day passed swiftly away,—and ere long, the chiming of the various bells announced to the young stranger the time of assignation was at hand; and hastily threading his way through the ill paved and almost unpeopled streets,—where a solitary lamp, gleaming before the rudely carved image of saint or virgin, at far distant intervals, served only to render the darkness more

visible,—he at length reached his place of destination. The garrulous treble viol player, accompanied by two others, had already arrived; soon after, the plash of oars broke on the silence of the evening, and the young stranger, with the musicians, silently entered the barge.

There was joy, and mirth, and revelry, in the lofty and gorgeously furnished apartments of York place. Rich damask, and quaint tapestry hangings, lined the walls,—the cupboards displayed their unmatched profusion of silver and gold plate,—the huge perfumed wax candles, in their splendidly chased silver candlesticks, emulated the brightness of day,—and smiles of real or assumed pleasure, sat on the countenance of every guest. Many of the fairest and most noble were there; for it was well known to the court, that at York place, "banquettes were set forthe, and masques and mummeries displayed in so gorgeous a sorte, and so costly a manner, that it was a heaven to behold them;—neither wanted there dames, or damosels, to garnish the place; alsoe, there was all kind of music and harmony set forth with excellent fine voices, both of men and boys:" and, when to these (certainly powerful) attractions, were added those of "viandes of the finest that could be gotten for money, or friendship," it will not appear surprising, that

many degenerate nobles, who execrated the aspiring Cardinal, and breathed out in secret bitter curses against him,—pressed with smiles of affection, and words of respect, to partake his kingly hospitalities; and, with a perfidy unknown to a ruder state of society, ate his bread, while plotting his destruction.

Gentle reader, would that I possessed that magic pencil which has so faithfully and so delightfully portrayed the merry pilgrims on their journey to Canterbury! for then might I place before you, in bright and vivid colouring, the gay and imposing scene which York place that evening presented.—The gorgeously apparelled noble in his exclusive and appropriated clothing of cloth of gold,—his velvet cap enriched with jewels, and the milk-white ostrich, or heron, plume, waving gracefully across;—the tight vest, and flowing mantle, of the high-born dames,—the neatly wrought carcanet of jewellery suspended from their fair necks,—the delicately enamelled golden tablet which hung at the girdle,—the close cap of gold wire, and pearls, half shadowing the parted tresses, and forming a rich frame work round the delicate features;—and the softly harmonizing tints of the ecclesiastical habits, where rich velvet,—shaded silks,—and lawn, slight as the gossamer,—mingled their varied hues,—like

the changing shadows of a summer's evening sunset; but, I must decline the task: for what pen, save that of the matchless author of Ivanhoe and Kenilworth, can emulate the creative powers of the pencil?

In the principal room, termed the chamber of presence, on a high raised chair placed beneath the cloth of estate, sat the lord Cardinal in lofty and unparticipated grandeur;—many recollections, which he could not banish, must have crossed his mind, as he watched the gay scene, and observed the joyous company. At such a festive meeting, king Henry had often appeared, —and at a similar masquing, in that very hall, he had first met that new and beautiful favourite, whose rise seemed destined to cast a disastrous and fatal shade over the long prosperous fortunes of the "trusty and well-beloved Wolsey." Yet, though he felt that he stood on the brink of a precipice,—though he knew the hollow-heartedness of his smiling and servilely respectful guests, —well trained in courtly dissimulation, no shade of care seemed to mark his open brow;—and with smiles of kindness and complacency, and with neatly expressed compliments, he welcomed his various guests as they successively bent before his footstool.

Ere long, the presence chamber was cleared,

and a goodly pageant, accompanied by solemn music, moved forward towards the chair of state.

In earlier times, the procession into Noah's ark, the nine worthies, or the flight into Egypt, offered subjects of intensest interest to the multitudes that flocked to behold them;—but now, when Europe had just awakened to the charms of classic literature, every thing was compelled to partake that character; but, the more polished genius of classical literature shrank from an alliance with the wildly energetic genius of the north;—the chaste elegance, and severe beauty of Grecian fable, refused to harmonize with the fanciful imagery and gorgeous sublimities of romance;—and from their forced and unnatural union, resulted the most ludicrous anachronisms, —the most tasteless incongruities. On this occasion, Hector of Troy,—Amadis of Gaul,—king Arthur,—and the schoolman's idol, the Stagyrite, —marched in solemn procession; while the three rival goddesses of mount Ida, most appropriately accompanied by Faith, Hope, and Charity, laid the emblems of their respective attributes at the feet of the lordly Cardinal.

These strangely grouped personages having departed, the genius of ancient Greece, fitly apparelled in satin and point lace, holding a richly bound volume from the press of Wynkyn de

Worde in her hands, advanced, and in a Latin speech, redolent of superlatives, complimented the Cardinal on his enthusiastic love of learning, —on his laudable hostility to all heresy,—on the glory which would arise to the nation from his projected college at Ipswich, and lastly, commended to his patronage, her native tongue, which she went on to assure the Cardinal was *not* invented by heretics, but was, indeed, an ancient and orthodox language.

The gentle lady, however, was not destined to conclude her harangue;—a noise was heard in the outer hall, and the gentlemen ushers hastened thither. A party of shepherds from Arcady, my lord, have just arrived, said one of the attendants, joyfully approaching Wolsey; and continued he, in a lower voice, they come from down the river, for master Norris is among them. A sudden gleam of uncontrollable delight lighted up the features of the astonished Cardinal. They come from the king, then? I know not, my lord, but I should think so, seeing that master Norris is certainly among them. Bid them welcome, and see that all honour be done them. The doors were thrown open, and twelve men in masques with crimson liveries, bearing torches, advanced; then came Antony Munday with two of his company, also masqued, playing on their viols;—

lastly, four persons of nearly similar stature, clothed in rich dresses of crimson, satin, and gold, bearing crooks ornamented with flowers, —the last of the four carrying a covered cup of richly chased gold.

It were impossible to describe the amazement that pervaded the company at this unexpected visit. Wolsey was certainly again restored to favour,—but how?—Had the new favourite become suddenly reconciled to her powerful rival? or, had she, whose rising glories seemed destined to shed disastrous eclipse on the long-prosperous fortunes of Wolsey,—had she fallen from her swiftly attained elevation?—Had the emperor Charles espoused the cause of the politic Cardinal,—and was the king forced to conciliate, because he dared not offend?—or, more than all this, was the Pope dead? and was the triple crown waiting to encircle the brow of the ambitious churchman?—no one could say; and the very uncertainty and mystery which hung about the subject, added fresh fuel to their curiosity.

Look at the pomp and state of this proud Cardinal, whispered one of the shepherds, in whom the reader might recognise Jenkin Ratcliffe, the serving man, to the stranger who personated master Norris,—aye! look at him, joyful enow, I'll warrant ye; I'd forfeit my whole half year's

wages but my noble master will win. Now, I pray you, just put aside your masque as you go near, and if that wicked priest say "I commend me to ye, master Norris,"—bow, and speak low, for that is his fashion.

The Cardinal arose from his chair of state, and respectfully bowing to the masquers he welcomed them with graceful courtesy, addressed to them many elegant compliments, and appeared even to their prejudiced minds not altogether unworthy his great elevation,—from the high cultivation of his talents, and the matchless fascination of his manners. Disport yourselves, fair sirs, I pray ye, said the politic Cardinal, here be store of noble gentlemen, and fair damsels,—nor shall banquettings, nor music, be wanting;—the which am I enabled to offer ye solely through the great bounty of my royal master, whose most obedient subject and poor chaplain and beadman I am, and so will be during my life, accompting myself nothing—nor to have any thing, but only of him and by him.

Music, dancing, and gorgeous pageantry conspired to beguile the time;—"divers dyshes of wondrous costly devises, and subtilties," graced the banquet,—and "thus (to use the words of Cavendish on another occasion) passed they forthe the nighte,—with many other triumphante

devises, to the great comfort and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

The night was far advanced, when Jenkin Ratcliffe advanced toward the stranger, who was standing far from the scene of merriment. We have won, my good master, exclaimed he, delightedly. That proud Cardinal but even now whispered to his gentleman, "Are ye sure the king is not among them?" So now I would we might depart, lest somewhat should arise to mar all. I would also, returned the stranger, for I am wearied with these fooleries; for what with these cozening priests, and flattering nobles, and all men bowing down before this mighty Dagon,—this golden image which the king hath set up,—it beseemeth me as though I were in the devil's own anti-chamber. I would most vehemently we were gone, continued Jenkin Ratcliffe; for, look at my noble master, he hath got beside his evil genius, and, alack! it will be all over with us. The stranger looked toward the other end of the apartment, and saw the young nobleman standing close beside a beautiful young damsel, and apparently listening with close attention to her conversation with a young man who sat on the opposite side;—this young man had just been singing, and applauses, greatly disproportioned to his merits, had followed. The

masqued nobleman seemed to turn away with disgust at the praises bestowed on him, who seemed to be his rival, and he beckoned to Antony Munday. Our lady, and all the saints! exclaimed the agonized serving man, we shall be undone! O! master Goodman! see, see, lord Surrey hath taken Tony Munday's viol, and he will play, and sing, and ruin us all! Lord Surrey? enquired the young stranger, evidently much surprised. Alas! and indeed is he;—he hath gotten beside lady Geraldine, that he writeth verses on, and will now be discovered. O lord Surrey, no one can play and sing like you, as all England knoweth; and ye must fall into the snares of this proud Cardinal.

Jenkin Ratcliffe advanced to his too imprudent master, and by signs, and whispered remonstrances, endeavoured to dissuade him from his rash purpose; but, irritated by the applauses bestowed on his rival, and anxious to display before his mistress his far superior talents,—the impetuous and high-spirited Surrey, deaf to every remonstrance, and in despite of every consideration of prudence and caution, rashly struck a few chords on the viol, and addressed to the beautiful lady Geraldine the following verses:—

Lady, too fair! the sleepless mariner,
With anxious heart, scanneth the midnight sky,
On one bright star alone, tho' hosts shine near,
Fixing his eye.

For, tho' the sea in cloud-high waves may rise,—
Tho' the storm rage, and felon winds rebel,
He knows that sweet star beameth in the skies
Unchangeable.

Alas! for him who life's rough sea would try,
Fixing his gaze on meteors blazing far;
Making the changeful beam of beauty's eye
His polar star.

The seaman trusts, indeed, nor trusts in vain;
For constant are the bright-eyed host of heav'n;
While the swift changing of the fickle main
To beauty's giv'n.

But thou! who in the pride of beauty brave,
Shin'st brighter than the fairest star on high,
Take not *thy* pattern from the fickle wave,
But from the sky.

It was not the unrivalled skill of the performer,—it was not the graceful elegance of his manner,—it was not the exquisite modulation of his voice, that caused the multitude that had gathered around this unknown musician, to stand spell-bound with astonishment;—it was overpowering surprise, at the rashness and fatuity of the gifted Surrey, which had led him, not merely to make

his unsolicited and unwelcome entrance into the halls of his most powerful enemy, but, by prompting this most unexpected exhibition of his transcendant powers, had afforded an opportunity of injury to one who never shrunk from using it.

Too late did the noble and accomplished Surrey perceive his folly, the viol dropt from his hand, and he looked wildly around;—his attendants quickly surrounded him, and ere he had recovered from his stupor, they had conveyed him on board his barge. It is all over with us now, lord Surrey, exclaimed Jenkin Ratcliffe, the proud Cardinal and your noble father must have a race, and he that loseth, must forfeit his head on Tower hill;—I pray heaven it may be the Cardinal!

All was confusion in the halls. The birds have flown, said one of the attendants, but here is one of the covey, as he dragged forth from a recess, the unlucky Antony Munday, who had partaken in such large potations of the liquor which he boasted might make a cat speak, as to be alike unable to speak or to move. And here is another, exclaimed his companion, pushing forward the young stranger, who, lost in his own meditations, had neglected to secure his retreat; —off with your masques, and let's see who are the goodly companions of this scape-grace lord Surrey.

My very good lords, and my fair and most honourable ladies, said the Cardinal, rising, and endeavouring to conceal his deep mortification under the most courteous smiles, many thanks for your most pleasant company, the which, through this most strange and unaccountable circumstance, I may not any longer enjoy;—the duty and humble service which I owe unto my sovereign lord, and most royal master, moveth me, forthwith, to enquire into this most daring and traitorous doing:—ye are witnesses, my very good lords,—how that this evil disposed young nobleman, hath not refrained from using the very dress and manner which my most beloved master used aforetimes to come hither, in;—and, when I remember the joy and delight which I had, to see the pleasant and princely presence of his highness, whose I am in all obedience and loyalty,—ye will not marvel that I am so chafed; for, truly, I fear not the malice of my mortal enemies,—if my sovereign lord be not set lightly by.

The Cardinal again bowed, and waved his hand in token of dismissal; while the servile nobility, with low obeisances, and smiles of assumed regard, and expressions of deep regret, hastily quitted the presence chamber,—to muse over the singular occurrences of the evening, and to make arrangements for ranking themselves among the

foremost adherents of that party which should gain the ascendancy in this contest, not merely for power and favour, but, perhaps, even for life.

The two masqued performers continued standing before the chair of the Cardinal until the whole company had departed;—their masques were then removed, but they were unrecognised by any one; and the rubicund countenance, the vacant expression, and bewildered looks of the poor treble viol player, formed a strong contrast to the stern, but handsome features,—the lofty open brow, and the eye flashing with intellect of the young stranger. Who are you? said the indignant Cardinal, addressing the treble viol player with a look which but few of the degenerate nobility of the court of king Henry could encounter unmoved. Antony Munday, your worship, at the Chequers, in Fleet street, next door to the Green Dragon, and over against St. Bride's church, replied the trembling musician, almost sobered by his fears. And who brought you hither? Alack! your worship, a civil spoken gentleman who promised me a piece of gold;—I know I have taken more ale and posset than I ought; but, good my lord, do not set me in the stocks, for I never was set there, save and except, when I played at lord Sands—and as we came home, we beat the watch of Candlewyck ward;—and last Martinmas twelve-

month, when I broke Jack Elston's head with the peg tankard; and, that time when I —— Peace! peace! interrupted the Cardinal, authoritatively waving his hand; we cannot listen to the babblings of this drunken fool. But, who are you? bending a searching glance on the young stranger, who, fixing his eyes with a calm but proud expression on the stern features of Wolsey, in a firm voice replied, Christopher Goodman, student of Jesus college, Oxford. A student from Oxford?—what could have moved *you*, sir, to become the consort of drunken minstrels, and such beggarly company? What moved *you* to join in this most scandalous enterprise of that proud, and disdainful, and prodigal, lord Surrey, whereby the king's majesty is brought into contempt? Sathanas, I trow, returned the young stranger, calmly. Ye say truly, master Jackanape, but I command you to say further, who brought you hither, and for what intent?—the young stranger continued silent. By mine authority in this state, which ye shall ere long know to be great, and by my spiritual power which ye dare not gainsay, I command you to answer my questions. I bow to no such authority, replied the young stranger, with as unmoved an air, and as unchanging a countenance, as though he were answering a mere common place enquiry. Thou

most insolent and heretical beast! returned the Cardinal, irritated beyond endurance at the extraordinary and unexpected conduct of the student, thou knowest I have power to fine, to imprison, or to hang thee, and yet thou darest mine authority? *That* dependeth not on you, my lord Cardinal, nor on Pope, nor devil, but on the will of Almighty God. That we shall see ere long, when ye are hanged at Tyburn, fiercely answered Wolsey.

O! my very good lord, exclaimed the now sobered treble viol player, most piteously,—falling on his knees, and lifting his hands imploringly, do not hang us! your worship spoke about heretics, and hanging,—and they are two grievous things, both of them; truly, my good lord, I love the church, and all belonging thereto, and never spake against it, saving and except when I was ordered to fast a week for eating mutton one Friday, and even then I spake not against the *church*, only against the *fasting*; for, alack, salt herrings and cold water suiteth wondrously ill with us ale-loving minstrels.

Take them away, and keep them safe, said the Cardinal, turning to his attendants, we will find means to make them answer to-morrow; and as for my lord Surrey, *he* shall hear more than he thinketh of concerning this, when we call him before us in the Star Chamber. My lord Cardi-

nal, said the young stranger, in the same firm tone, and with the same unmoved countenance, though I allow not thine authority, yet do I say, I lament I ever entered here;—for, I have put my life in jeopardy for a fool's game, and gone where I had no call;—I do not ask mercy, for as I have sowed I must reap; but I demand justice in behalf of this man who knew not but he was brought here at your special desire, and to make you disport; therefore, for justice sake, I pray you let *him* go free;—the Cardinal returned no answer, and the stranger and his companion were led to their respective cells,—the poor treble viol player calling on all the host of saints and angels to witness his innocence of all heresy, and his sorrow at having been drunk;—the young stranger exclaiming, to the great horror of the orthodox attendants,—Woe unto ye Cardinals, for, like the Pharisees of old, ye love tithes of all things, and pass over the weightier matters of justice and mercy.

The night passed slowly away, and the following day was far spent, ere the keeper appeared at the door of the cell, where the young student lay, meditating on the luckless chance that had led him to enter the fatal precincts of York place. The young stranger, doubting not but that he was about to appear before the judges of the Star

Chamber, aroused himself from his musings, and with a firm step and determined air, followed his keeper along the winding passages and long galleries, until he arrived at the suite of apartments, which, on the past night had witnessed their fatal masquing,—but all seemed confusion;—the perfumed napery had not been withdrawn from the tables,—the relics of the banquet still remained in the rich silver dishes,—the half emptied wine flagons still occupied the places where they had been left,—the gorgeous and tempting profusion of gold and silver plate still decorated the cupboards,—and the servants, with looks of sorrow and dismay, were wandering about apparently lost to every thing around them.

I give you joy, master Goodman, exclaimed a familiar voice, my noble master hath indeed won his wager. The young stranger turned and recognised the joyful features of Jenkin Ratcliffe, and beside him the now liberated treble viol player. Are we free, then? said he, scarcely daring to hope for so unexpected a deliverance. Aye, indeed are you, my very good master; that proud Cardinal, whom ye saw but yesterday riding in all his pomp and royal state, will never ride so again;—thanks to the saints! My lord of Suffolk, and my lord of Norfolk, have been here this morning, and caused him to deliver up the great

seal; and thus my lord Cardinal, being stripped of his honors and riches, may be better enabled to seek after heaven.

Nay, rejoice not against a fallen enemy, replied the young stranger, but rather consider how vain and evil a thing is it to put trust in the favour of princes. "Put *not* your trust in princes," saith the word of God; but, alack, were an angel himself to come and preach such doctrine at court, he would be set in the stocks, or sent to the hospital for lunatics.

My very good friends, said lord Surrey, meeting them as they past with a joyful step the threshold of the outer gate of York place,—I owe ye much for the jeopardy in which I placed ye;—here, Antony Munday, are five broad pieces for ye,—truly, I never intended ye should be put in fear of your life, or of the stocks. Many thanks, my most noble lord, replied the overjoyed treble viol player, bowing almost to the ground, methinks, for such a royal guerdon, I might be well content to remain yet another night in prison,—bating the fright about hanging. I would I might do somewhat more serviceable for you, master Goodman, continued lord Surrey, addressing himself to the young stranger; as you are from Oxford, I will pray my noble father here to get

you some office about the court, which might be suited to a scholar.

No, no, interrupted the churlish duke, no scholars for me; methinks, I have seen enough of learning. Here was this proud Cardinal, ruling the land as though he were lord paramount, because, forsooth, he had book learning;—there's that arch heretic in Germany, setting all the world in commotion with his devilish notions, because, forsooth he is book learned;—and here again is a light-headed wilful boy, with his fine speeches, and verse makings, which are marvellously well fitted for a morality play, or a Whitsuntide mystery, bringing my very head into jeopardy, through his mischievous book learning:—"England was never merry England since Cardinals came in amongst us," said my good lord of Suffolk; but, truly, last night had I more reason to say,—"England was never merry England," since book learning came in among us. And so, thou proud, disdainful, stomachful boy, with thy Latin and Italian, like a shaveling priest,—and thy lute jingling, and fool's verses like a vagabond minstrel,—I pray our lady, this may be a sufficient admonition unto thee to use thyself more wisely hereafter.

Alas! what shall I do for you, said the gene-

rous Surrey as the duke departed, I would that my father would but speak for you at court,—but he will not; take this purse, however, and this ring,—when I come to my estate, I will truly remember ye. I will take the ring, lord Surrey, returned the student, and I will keep it in memory of this wonderful deliverance, but I pray you take back the purse; little of this world's wealth sufficeth for a humble scholar, and He who hath beyond all expectation brought me out of this danger, hath doubtless some work for me to do, and therefore will not suffer me to want;—farewell, my lord Surrey, heaven grant *ye* may not fall from your high estate, even as hath this lord Cardinal.

Alas! never again did I meet the noble and highly gifted Surrey, said Christopher Goodman, many years after, when,—as the friend of John Knox,—the pastor of the English church at Geneva,—and one of the translators of its celebrated Bible, he was looked up to with affectionate veneration by the leaders of the early puritan controversy, and hailed as their patriarch. Truly, said the old man, as he told the often repeated, but always interesting, story of his eventful life, I have been in peril by land and by sea; in battle, in storm, and in persecution; but never did I meet so wondrous a deliverance (albeit un-

'worthy of it from my boyish folly) as that from York place. Things are changed since then, I would they were yet more changed! The true gospel light hath indeed again shined on us, but her fair, and sweet, and far surpassing lustre hath been dimmed by the shadows of man's inventions. Well, though there are rites, and ceremonies, popish habits, and lord bishops,—thank heaven, we have no Cardinals!

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Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

00097955

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019